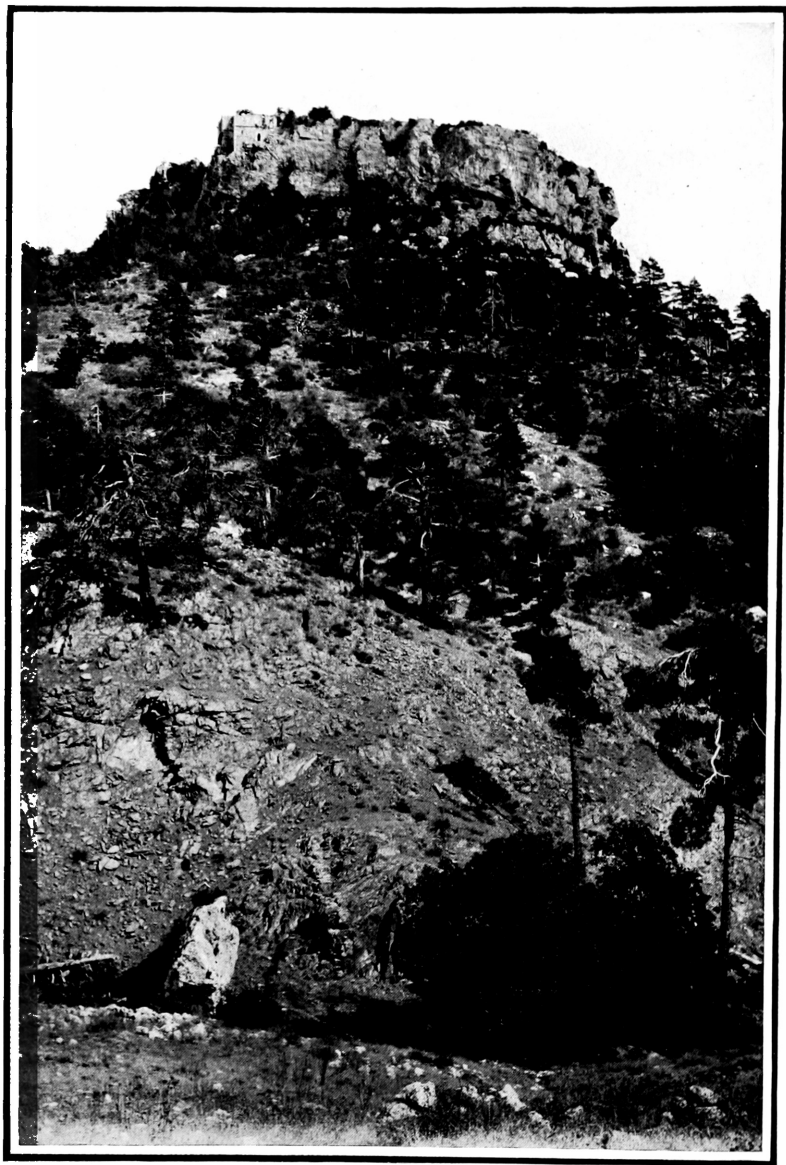


McGhee

457

A MILITARY CONSUL IN TURKEY



CHUNDAH KALEH

An old Armenian Castle in the Ali Dagh, vilayet of Adana.

A MILITARY CONSUL IN TURKEY

*THE EXPERIENCES & IMPRESSIONS OF
A BRITISH REPRESENTATIVE
IN ASIA MINOR*

By

CAPTAIN A. F. TOWNSHEND, F.R.G.S.
LATE OF THE SCOTTISH RIFLES

With Many Illustrations

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P R E F A C E

THE following account of my experiences as a Military Consul in Turkey describes the country and the conditions therein as I saw them from 1903 to 1906, not long before the Young Turkish party came into power. In my last chapter I have dealt with the new régime, and have endeavoured to form an estimate of its probable stability.

A Military Consul is an officer seconded from his regiment for service under the Foreign Office and sent to particular stations where it is thought that his special training may prove of value. He has, of course, to perform the duties of a civil Consul also in every particular, as though he actually belonged to the Consular Service.

Chap. XXII. is reproduced in slightly different form by the courtesy of the proprietors of "Travel and Exploration," while the gist of Chapters XVIII. and XIX. has already appeared in "The Near East."

A. F. TOWNSHEND.

Sept. 1, 1909.

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CHAPTER I

TRAVELLING, SERVANTS, AND TRANSPORT

A MILITARY CONSUL IN TURKEY

CHAPTER I

TRAVELLING, SERVANTS, AND TRANSPORT

THE first essential for any one going to Turkey is to provide himself with a passport, without which he may find things unpleasant.

In the summer of 1903 the European vilayets of the Empire were in a very disturbed state; the Bulgarian rising had been sternly repressed and the unfortunate districts, which were already sorely tried by the passage of the Turkish soldiers, were being kept in a ferment by bands of komitadjis, whilst every one entering the country from Europe was suspected of being a possible agitator or revolutionary. It happened that my first experience of Turkey took place during this state of affairs.

Every one with whom I was concerned in London no doubt took for granted that I should see to it that my passport was in order, but I, on the contrary, never gave the matter a thought. In the various countries in which I had been, in and out of Europe, I had never possessed anything of the kind and had never

TRAVELLING, SERVANTS,

wanted it, so that it was in blissful ignorance that I took my place in the Orient Express one day in July of that year. On leaving Vienna the conductor of the train came round to collect the passports of those travellers who were booked through to Constantinople. "Monsieur n'a pas de passeport?" His eyebrows vanished into his cap. Monsieur would never be able to enter Turkey—it was quite impossible—Monsieur would do well to get out at Belgrade—otherwise—well, we would get to Mustapha Pasha at 3 A.M. next day but one, and Monsieur would be forcibly removed by the police.

The news spread like wild-fire, and, whenever I passed through the dining or smoking compartments, I was followed by curious glances and whispers of "Voila le monsieur qui n'a pas de passeport." I have no doubt that I was suspected of having my bag full of bombs and seditious literature. It was vain to explain to the conductor that I was a newly appointed British Vice-Consul; he said he could never satisfy the Turkish frontier authorities on that score. Early next morning I telegraphed from Belgrade explaining my position to the British authorities in Constantinople, and that night went to bed and hoped for the best.

At about 3 A.M. the train stopped and was boarded by the Turkish police, and soon the door of my berth was opened and two be-fezzed officials presented themselves; to my relief they explained, in perfect French, that there was a telegram about me from the Sublime Porte, and could they have the pleasure of doing anything to make me more comfortable? So ended an incident which, had I not been officially known and

AND TRANSPORT

expected, would have meant getting out involuntarily at Mustapha Pasha, a small station near a small town, where there is no hotel, and being kept under observation until I should either have obtained a passport from England, or satisfied our nearest Consul (no easy matter in those parts) that I was really a genuine British subject.

On arrival in Constantinople, or whatever other large place his passport entitles him to go to, the traveller must provide himself with a *teskereh* or Turkish passport for travelling within the country. In the case of a foreigner this must be obtained through a Consulate, and takes some time to get. It must state all about the person for whom it is intended, age, height, and appearance; and, judging by the frankness of some descriptions I have seen, it is just as well that most foreigners cannot read Turkish, as they might not appreciate the impression of themselves produced on the *Teskereh Mudiri*.

Better than a *teskereh* is a *buyuruldu*, which is a special order given (generally by the Governor-General of a *vilayet*) to all and sundry, not only to afford the traveller protection and to let him pass freely, but also to assist him in every way and to provide him with anything of which he may stand in need. It is sometimes quite comical on arrival in some up-country town to see the effect of a *buyuruldu*. Perhaps some police-officer has come to ask your business and where you are going, and in fact to be rather officious and inquisitive; but at once on seeing a *buyuruldu* his whole aspect changes, he is your most humble servant, wouldn't the *Effendi* like

TRAVELLING, SERVANTS,

a better house? shall some soldiers be put on guard over his things, &c.?

Speaking generally, however, a foreigner should have no trouble about his credentials, and a *teskereh* once obtained will last for a year.

Any one intending to go into the interior will have to make up his mind to spend several days at his point of departure, which will probably be either Constantinople or one of the seaports. A great deal, of course, depends on what he proposes to do. If it is merely a question of seeing as much as possible by rail, either by the Anatolian Line to Koniah and Angora or by the Smyrna-Aidin Railway, very little preparation is necessary; but if, as is usually the case, the object is a journey into more interesting and unknown districts, a good many things must be attended to, and one of the first of them is the question of servants. The seaports are very cosmopolitan, and on landing at most of them one may hear people talking (or rather shouting) Turkish, Arabic, French, and Greek. If a traveller himself speaks only English he had better try, through his Consulate, to secure the services of a *Dragoman* or servant-interpreter who speaks English and Turkish.

A Greek who fulfils these conditions is sometimes available, or an Armenian educated in one of the American Mission schools. It is comparatively easy to find a French-speaking servant.

One man wants a regular *Dragoman* who takes charge of everything, several other servants, and all sorts of baggage, tablecloths, sheets, chairs, &c.; others take one servant-interpreter, one packhorse-man, and

AND TRANSPORT

a zaptieh (mounted policeman) as guide, and seem to get on equally well.

My own experience is that, for a journey of any length in the interior, one gets on very comfortably with two servants, one as cook and the other to do odd jobs, pitch tents, break up wood, pack up loads, and fetch water. If the cook has to cook and wash up for the whole party and escort, not much else can be expected of him during the nightly halts.

The next consideration will be that of transport. It is quite possible to do a lot of travelling even far up country by means of an araba, a generic name applied to everything from a landau in the towns to a wood-cutter's primitive cart in the mountains; but although some very interesting journeys are along the great caravan routes, I think most people would find it more enjoyable on horseback, not only because it is very uncomfortable and dull to be jolted about all day in a carriage, but also because one is so much more independent on horseback and it is nice to know that at any moment it is possible to turn aside and follow some mountain path as inclination or fancy dictates. In Asia Minor the travelling araba of the interior is at once the most uncomfortable and most useful of vehicles. It certainly has springs, but they are necessarily so strong that they might almost as well be non-existent; the inside of the carriage is like that of a wagon with a loose plank stretched across to sit upon, but this seat is usually dispensed with and the interior filled with luggage, on top of which the passengers lie. Overhead is an awning of painted calico stretched on thin rods.

TRAVELLING, SERVANTS,

The araba is drawn by two or three horses abreast, and it is wonderful to see the wheels jumping and bumping over rocks and ruts. It speaks much for the skill of the drivers that accidents or upsets are of rare occurrence.

There is also a superior kind of araba which is slightly longer and narrower, and which has an attempt at a cushioned seat about a foot over the floor. This carriage is of lighter build and not fit for really bad roads, nor does it take so much luggage as the other kind, but it travels faster and does not shake its passengers so much.

Packhorses are, however, more satisfactory in the end. For oneself and one's Dragoman (if any) saddle horses are required. To English ideas the Anatolian horses are mere ponies, being 14.2 or 14.3 hands; but they will carry a heavy load for nine or ten hours a day over the worst of mountain paths, and require only about one day's rest in a week; although lightly built, they are hardy, wiry, and very sure footed. All these horses are entire, and are perpetually trying to fight, so that the unwary rider who comes too close to one of his packhorses runs a good chance of himself receiving the kick which will probably be aimed at his horse. The horses are fed on barley and chopped straw. When I first made a trip with packhorses I was still imbued with the ideas of South Africa—it was shortly after the war—and I was consequently surprised to find that, except for grooming purposes, the saddle or pack is never taken off during a march; to off-saddle is considered fatal to a horse, so he wears his saddle

AND TRANSPORT

always, the girths being a little slackened at night. Another peculiarity is the type of horseshoe, which is an iron plate with the smallest possible hole in the middle for the ventilation of the hoof; an ordinary shoe would pick up stones every few yards on the mountain paths. A Turkish saddle is much wider than an English one, and has a piece of wood which catches the uninitiated on the insides of the legs about eight inches above the knees; the reason being that the native rides with very short stirrups, and the saddle is of course built to suit the local requirements. Still, for slow marching I even got to prefer it to an English one.

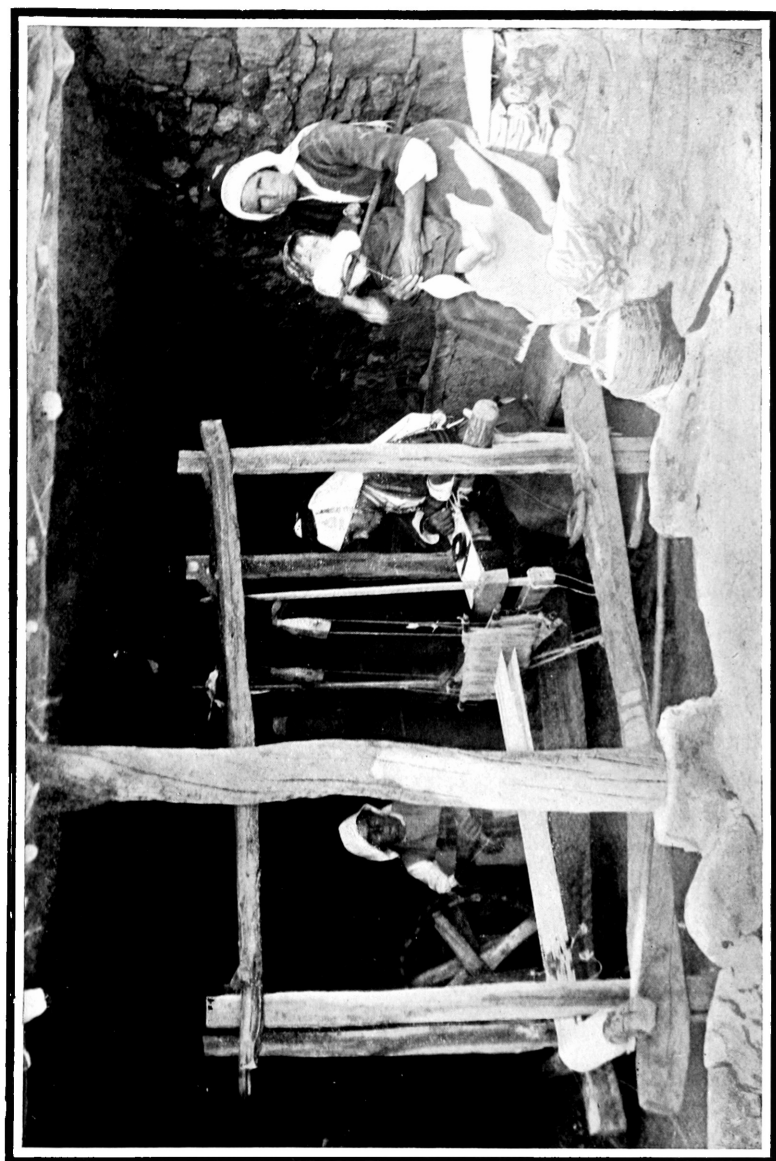
The men who come to look after the horses are called kirajis, or sometimes catirjis, though the latter term really means a mule-man. They may be of any of the local races or creeds; it is wise to have them all alike, if possible, as two Turks or two Armenians are less likely to squabble than two men of different races. A kiraji either owns the horses he looks after or is an employé of the owner, and divides the loads apportioned to his horses as he thinks best; he generally manages to keep one load light, so that he may take a ride on top of it himself every now and then. The best plan is to pay so much per day per horse, and have nothing to do with the feeding or other arrangements except to see that the horses are in good condition. Kirajis seem able to walk all day in a broiling sun without showing any fatigue; but it is often hard enough to get them up in the mornings, and they are invariably provokingly slow in getting started.

TRAVELLING, SERVANTS,

Another preliminary is to procure a zaptieh (mounted policeman) as escort and guide. In the more civilised regions one man is sufficient, but everything depends on the state of the particular district. I have made considerable journeys with only one, and on other occasions have had as many as twelve for an escort. A zaptieh provides his own horse, but expects to be fed and paid about fifteen piastres a day for his services, which are well worth it, as he is a most useful article on the expedition.

He is generally dressed in the oldest of ragged uniforms, his rifle is probably a Martini, and his ammunition of doubtful quality and immense age. One frequently hears people say, "Oh! I won't take a zaptieh; I know the road myself, and if anything *did* happen, he would be the first to run away," which is possible, but I do not think at all probable, and in any case does not affect the question, the main point being that the Government is not answerable for any one who does not place himself officially under its protection, of which the outward and visible sign is the zaptieh. The latter should be changed at the boundary of his vilayet, as outside his own district he is of no use as a guide; but everywhere he is otherwise invaluable, as he, being responsible for the safety and comfort of the party, is bound to look after Christian servants, and see that they do not get into trouble in the case of halting in any village so fanatical (a very remote contingency) that the people are hostile to native Christians even when accompanied by a European.

All these preparations take time. They cannot be accomplished in an hour or two, as they might be



GREEK PEASANT WOMEN WEAVING IN A VILLAGE NEAR ADRIANOPLE

AND TRANSPORT

in Europe; the most common of all expressions in Turkey, and one which is applied to everything, is "Yawash, yawash," best translated by the French *tout doucement*. No one is ever in a hurry, or loses his self-respect so much as to let himself be hustled by a foreigner into unbecoming energy.

The first thing that struck me forcibly was that everything hinged on either politics or religion or both, and they are so interwoven that one cannot well say where one ends and the other begins. I have often been asked to what church some well-known Englishman belonged, and, on my replying that I did not know, my questioner has been at small pains to conceal the fact that he did not believe me. In Turkey every one knows what are the professed religious opinions of all his acquaintances, and he judges them accordingly. If you ask a man what his nationality is he will probably say, "I am a Catholic," or "I belong to the Greeks," as the case may be. The Government for a long time recognised only Moslems, Christians, and Jews, but now recognises the subdivisions of Christianity into Orthodox Greek Church, Exarchists, Catholics, Protestants, Gregorians, &c.

Every one takes the keenest interest in politics, local and international; the country peasant is full of curiosity to hear about the relative strength and power of all the European States, and which of them are friendly or otherwise with each other, while the Turk of the towns sits in his café every evening and discusses such political news as has filtered through, and a great deal *does* filter through in spite of censors, distances, and absence of reliable newspapers.

TRAVELLING, SERVANTS

The guiding principle is that the politics of people of your own church are right, and those of members of any other church are wrong. They cannot understand how in Western Europe Protestants, Catholics, and heretics may be on one political side and other Protestants, Catholics, and heretics on the other, nor how political enemies can be friends in private life.

CHAPTER II
INNS, TENTS, AND FOOD

CHAPTER II

INNS, TENTS, AND FOOD

WHEN you leave civilisation in the shape of semi-European towns, you must also leave hotels and sleep in hans, guest-rooms, private houses, or tents. The latter is the most comfortable course provided that the weather is not too cold, and that naturally depends on the season and the locality. It makes one independent of arriving at a village at night, and enables one to camp just where one likes beside a stream in some beautiful wooded valley, or outside, but not too close to, a village; also curious idlers, who are often a great nuisance, can be excluded. On the other hand tents involve extra packhorses, and a great deal of delay in both pitching and striking camp with men unused to the work, and some difficulty about cooking, especially in wet weather. Provision of wood, water, barley, and straw has to be taken into account, and finally there is a certain amount of extra trouble in not finding a room ready to hand where one can at once establish oneself at the end of a day's march. Tents can be bought at places like Smyrna, and, of course, at Constantinople.

Hans, or inns, vary from a more or less pretentious building with half-a-dozen or more rooms to a large open shed where men, horses, oxen, camels, and donkeys sleep together. A typical one has a good stable with rather stuffy accommodation for a large

INNS, TENTS, AND FOOD

number of horses, a small and very inferior room for local travellers, packhorse-men, &c., and a slightly better room (called the oda) for people of higher social standing.

The first thing to do is to get this latter room swept out; it is not spotless even after that operation. But in spite of the bad reputation of hans I can truly say that, having slept in a good many of them, I have never come across anything worse than a flea; but I understand I have been unusually lucky. It is, of course, understood that a traveller takes his own bedding and camp-bed. As a rule there is no furniture of any kind except, perhaps, a rickety table. In large towns there is sometimes an iron European bedstead and a mattress, but personally I was never brave enough to make use of either. The best room I have ever had was in a han (which, by the way, called itself a hotel), in Dortyol, near the head of Alexandretta Bay; in it were a bedstead and bedding, a table, a couple of chairs, a looking-glass, and a water-bottle and glass. On the other hand, the worst room I have had was in the wretched little village of Ada Teppé, a short day's march east of Karaman; the han there consisted of a stable and an attached room, with an earth floor, on which were some perfectly filthy mats. It was late in the day, and bitterly cold weather in the very early spring, otherwise we would not have entered such a dirty hole; however, there being nothing else to do, I had the mats thrown out and slept in the oda, with a zaptieh and two servants in unpleasantly close proximity, the rest of the party lying, as far as I could see, amongst the horses' legs.

INNS, TENTS, AND FOOD

The proprietors, or hanjis, can always supply wood for cooking, barley and straw for a small sum, and very often have, or can get from their neighbours, chickens, eggs, milk, and native bread, which is far more like unsweetened brown pancake than anything else.

Guest-rooms are kept in villages where hans do not exist, and are much cleaner and more comfortable. There are generally carpets on the floor, stools, plenty of wood ready cut up, and feather counterpanes, something like a French *duvet*, are to be had on demand. No payment is asked for, but in practice is just as much expected as in a han, and a guest-room has the great disadvantage that you are supposed to behave as the guest of the proprietor, who arrives to entertain you (save the mark!) when you are tired after a long day; he is accompanied by half the village, who squat round the room and have an enjoyable evening while you sit uttering platitudes and longing to go to bed. At least that is my experience; but any one new to the country, and of less morose temperament, would perhaps find the evening interesting and amusing! Otherwise the resources of a guest-room are similar to those of a han.

There remains the town or village where either there is no han or guest-room, or where the local authorities or celebrities wish to do you special honour, in which case you sleep in a private house. This is, in my opinion, much the best thing to do when you can manage it and can get a house to yourself. The servants are well off in the kitchen, and you are assured of a fair amount of privacy. Sometimes, however, you are the guest (in every sense) of a well-off

INNS, TENTS, AND FOOD

resident, and then you are nearly killed by kindness, as you have to eat the fatted calf which has been killed in your honour, and consists of an enormous dinner of various strange dishes of the richest description.

In the interior it is quite possible to live on the local produce, but wise people carry a supply of tinned foods, jam, butter, bread, &c. Sometimes mutton is to be bought and more often goat, *à propos* of which it is advisable to insist on he-goat, which is much better and does not produce the same unpleasant consequences. Cigarettes, matches, and coffee can be bought everywhere; but not tea, except in the Circassian country, where they drink an inferior Russian kind.

There are a good many brigands or robbers scattered about, but they very rarely molest a foreigner, knowing that the consequences are apt to be more than they can deal with. The Circassians are the worst offenders in this respect. Their chief objective is the merchant returning from the coast with his pockets full of money, and they are likely to be quite civil and inoffensive to a European; occasionally they have been known to hold up the post, but cheques or postal orders are not of much value to them. In Asia Minor the motive is purely robbery for gain, a different state of affairs from Macedonia, where the brigands, bands of komitajis, are politicians or "patriots" and only incidentally robbers.

For the foreigner dogs are a more serious affair than brigands; the town dogs, especially those for which Constantinople is famous, are harmless and thankful for a kind word, but it is far otherwise in



Photo by Will R. Rose

Chester

DOGS ON A GARBAGE HEAP. STAMBUL

The street dogs are the great scavengers of Constantinople.

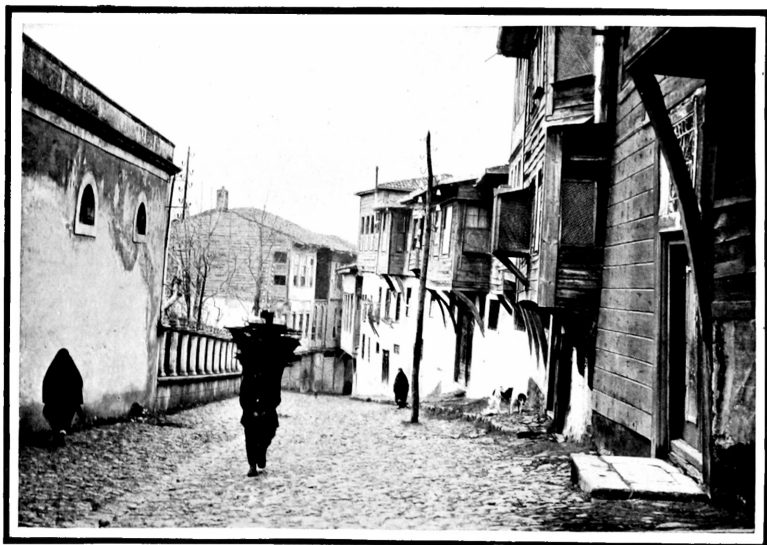


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KURDISH "HAMAL," OR PORTER, AT SCUTARI

Kurds have replaced Armenians as street porters since the massacre of the latter about fifteen years ago.

INNS, TENTS, AND FOOD

a mountain village. The breed usually found there are like very large whitish collies, but with shorter hair, and are very savage to a stranger; they will attack a caravan, and even try to pull men off their horses, and hitting them with sticks or whips only enrages them without in the least frightening them, unless there are five or six men together.

For this reason every one rides through a village where no halt is to be made, the packhorse-men climbing up on to the tops of the loads where the dogs cannot well reach them. The dogs then try to bite the horses, who, however, from long practice, are very clever about kicking them.

When one has occasion to leave the village house where one is staying it is necessary to get a native to accompany one; the smallest child whom they know will suffice to pacify the dogs, who are really a necessity to the villagers as a protection against robbers and wolves. It is considered a great insult to the village to shoot a dog.

There are two points which I think must especially strike an Englishman travelling in Turkey: (1) water-drinking, and (2) the relative position of a foreigner.

Most people nowadays have been in India or some other Oriental country, and have consequently and rightly a rooted and well-founded objection to drinking water, especially from a wayside well, which is generally the surest road to enteric fever. In Turkey the opposite holds good; it is essentially a water-drinking country, not merely for the Mussulman who abstains for religious reasons, but also for European, Levantine, and native Christian. Every one gets

INNS, TENTS, AND FOOD

into the habit of water-drinking, not to the exclusion of all other drinks, but still to a degree unheard of in India, or even in England, and the water is clean and safe. Enteric fever is almost unknown in the country districts, and the wells are the things of all others which the Turk keeps thoroughly clean.

The second point is that of the social position of a foreigner in the up-country districts. I need not describe the position of an English sahib in India—a member of the ruling race, and an altogether superior being. Such an one lands in Turkey and finds the tables completely turned; he finds that to call people “natives” is the highest compliment he can pay them, and he cannot call them “niggers” as they are as fair-skinned as himself. He is treated with outward respect and toleration and on terms of perfect equality by the humblest peasant, he who has been accustomed to the idea that he is rather a good fellow for tolerating “natives” finds that *they* tolerate *him*, and are proud of themselves for doing so! that they look upon him as a sort of curiosity, a thing to be studied with interest and amusement, but not copied—God forbid; an infidel, a poor benighted Christian, who cannot for one moment be considered superior to a True Believer. But, owing to their innate politeness, they will try to conceal these facts from him.

In short, he will find himself under a Mussulman Government, in a country where people talk seriously of sending missionaries to convert the poor people of England.

At the same time, of course, there is a very whole-

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some respect everywhere for the martial, if not for the spiritual, part of Great Britain.

As we shall have occasion in subsequent chapters to refer to Turkish officials, it may not be amiss to mention that a vali is the governor-general of a vilayet, and except in one or two isolated cases, such as the Lebanon, where Europe has interfered, is always a Moslem and is possessed of enormous power in his own province; but liable, at all events under the absolute monarchy of Abdul Hamid, to fall out of favour and be dismissed at a moment's notice, in which case he might consider himself lucky if he were allowed to retire quietly into private life without being exiled to a remote corner of the Empire, such as the Yemen or Benghazi in African Tripoli.

Each vilayet contains a certain number of subdivisions, called sandjaks, each of which is governed by a mutessarif, who in his turn has his sandjak further subdivided into kaimakamliks, each of which is under a kaimakam.

Finally, each village has its mudir, or head man, who is responsible for the maintenance of law and order.

CHAPTER III

VALIS, BEYS, AND THEIR HOUSES

CHAPTER III

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THE types of officials who were to be found under the old régime (and, probably, are still existent) were in themselves an interesting study.

There was the vali who prided himself on being a thorough Turk, and could speak no language but his own. He generally understood a little French, owing to having been brought in contact with foreigners, but he never attempted to speak it, and always maintained that he could not understand it. He made a special point of having everything about him as much *à la Turquie* as he could. He sought every opportunity of drawing his feet up under him, so as to sit as much like the typical Turks of history and as little like the European as possible.

All Turkish things were right in his eyes, and all foreign ideas were ridiculous. He secretly resented not being able to have an absolutely unchecked authority over the lives and property of any of the Christians of his vilayet, and it was only by the greatest self-restraint (and here I do not altogether blame him) that he could bring himself to speak civilly and show deference to any foreign Consul who appeared in his office with the avowed object of giving him advice as to the conduct of local politics. The mistake he made, how-

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ever, in this latter connection, was in assuming that the Consul was trying to "get at him" and to bring about something which would be harmful to Islam, to Turkey, and to him personally. The poor Consul, who was generally only trying to keep things straight, and to secure fair treatment for Moslem and Christian alike, never got the credit for such disinterested wishes.

Of course I refer only to the "Consuls de Carrière," who had a right to interfere to some extent in the local administration, a fact which it took me some time to grasp after my arrival in Turkey. Fancy a German, Austrian, Russian, or French Consul in England going to the governor-general of a county (if there were such a person) and saying, "I hear the rates in the town of Ditchwater have gone up 1d. since last year, and I don't see any reason for their having done so. Would you mind looking into the matter so as to discuss it with me the day after to-morrow?" Or, "It has come to my knowledge that the police arrested Mr. John Smith, of High Street, last night on a charge of reading a forbidden foreign newspaper, and, as it is rather the fault of the person who imported the paper, I think John Smith ought to be released. Would it not be a good plan to send for the Chief of Police now, and inquire into the reasons for his having been arrested?"

Yet that is, in effect, the way in which a Consul of one of the great Powers interferes (or interfered not long ago) in the happenings of his district in Turkey, so that it is easy to see how irksome the system must have been to the local government; yet a vali such as

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I have described in this chapter was very well able to take care of himself in any such discussion, being generally well versed in the arts of evasion and raising difficulties, and an absolute past-master in procrastination. He would also promise anything, and was always ready to end any unpleasant argument by a verbal private apology which left no record and meant nothing. An amusing trait in the character of an official of this type was his extreme pettiness. He would read or hear that England had been assisting Turkey in some way, and at once he would do all he could to further your wishes and fall in with your suggestions about everything; then perhaps a week afterwards the British Government might have had to expostulate with or make themselves unpleasant to the Porte, and at once difficulties would arise in the way of whatever you wanted to accomplish, and it was only by the Big-Stick Policy that you could get anything done in reasonable time.

When a vali of this sort entertained a Consul, the latter found the usual banquet which is considered necessary for hospitality, but the service and everything connected therewith was in the purely Turkish style. The guests sat on little stools round the table, and the host helped himself to whatever he liked from the dishes (which were put in the centre of the table) before other people had anything; and there were only one or two glasses, which did for everybody and were not left upon the table, so that each guest had to ask a servant for a glass of water whenever he was thirsty. The only exception was the Consul, who was given his own glass and knife and fork, and was helped first by

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the vali, in the European way, before any one put their fingers or their forks (if any) into the dish.

When the meal was over servants were waiting to pour water over the guests' hands, while they washed with highly scented soap.

Then there was the vali who prided himself upon his civilisation and knowledge of European habits and manners. He always spoke French fluently, and gave you to understand that he was completely thrown away by being buried in the provinces. He looked with an indulgent pity on the masses under his rule, and generally said *Pauvres gens!* when he referred to them. He loved to drive round, unaccompanied by his interpreter, to call upon Consuls and leading foreigners, and was desperately anxious at any social gathering that no one should notice anything Oriental in his behaviour. He often had a foreign governess for his children, and would tell you how they were learning English and German in addition to the French which, of course, they had been in the habit of speaking almost as soon as Turkish.

He always made a great profession of his impartiality in dealings with Moslems or Christians, but at the same time was very careful not to go so far as to render himself unpopular with his co-religionists, or to give his superiors any excuse for dismissing him. Very often he had been an official in Constantinople before being sent into the provinces, and he would take care to keep his memory green there by sending an occasional present—say, a pair of good carriage horses—to Yildiz Kiosk.

That is the sort of man who has, I expect, managed

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to retain his appointment, and has been perfectly willing to become a young Turk, and will probably make a very good one.

Sometimes a young Turk was to be met with in the old days ; that is to say, a man who would admit to you in private that he was a young Turk, but who otherwise took the utmost pains to conceal that fact, knowing that the fact of his being what he was would make him a marked man, and that there were plenty of spies eagerly waiting to gain kudos by discovering and reporting any sign on his part of wavering in his allegiance. Such a man often spoke a foreign language, but generally kept that fact in the background, and hardly dared to employ a foreign governess or to be on intimate terms with foreigners. He would behave almost as a European when talking to you alone ; but when any of his subordinates entered the room, or were present, you found yourself confronted by an apparently uncompromising, unpolished Turk of the Government clique.

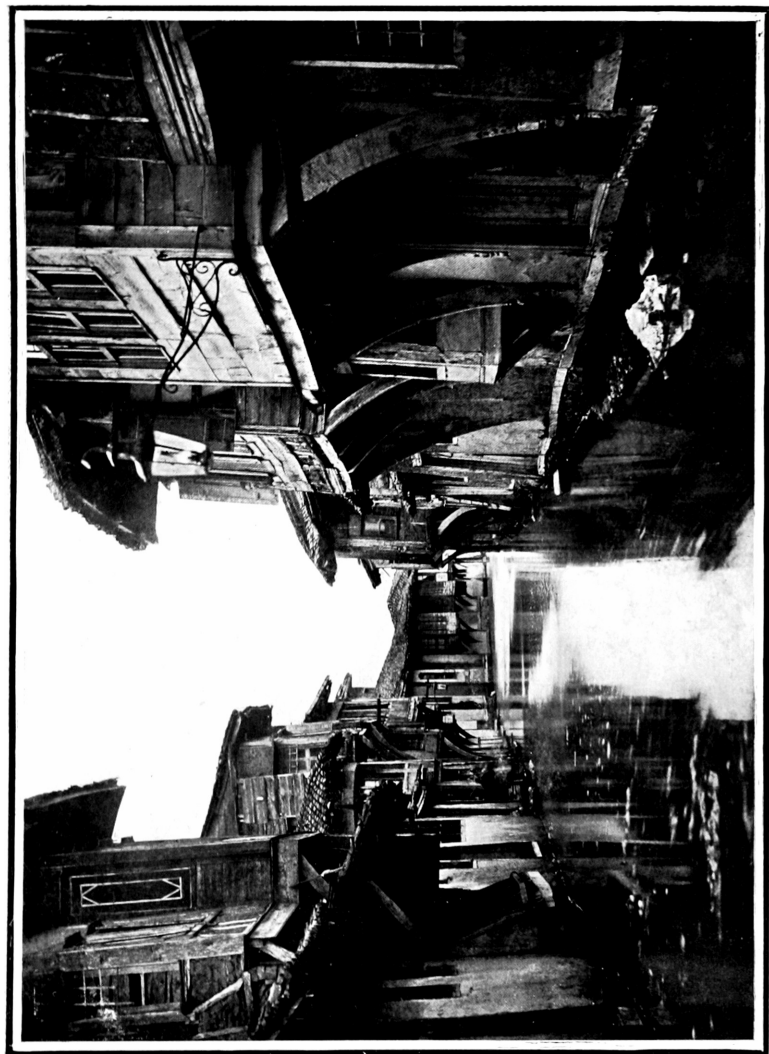
What has been said of valis applies equally well to the minor governors—mutessarifs or kaimakams.

All valis, and such mutessarifs as are brought much into contact with foreigners, have an official, who is really an interpreter, to interpret from Turkish into French ; he goes by a variety of names, *terjiman*, which means interpreter, being the most common, but he is also spoken of as the secretary, and sometimes as Director of Political Affairs, and his power seems to depend largely upon the relative strength of character of himself and his chief. The *terjiman* is sometimes a Turk, but is more often a Jew or an Armenian,

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and in the latter case is generally cordially disliked by his own people since, in order to retain his appointment and make himself popular with his superiors, he has to play into the hands of the authorities and guard against manifesting any sympathy towards Armenians. If he is a strong man, and not too scrupulous, he sometime attains to a great influence and ascendancy over the vali, and, by going to work tactfully with an assumption of extreme humility, can generally get the latter to issue any particular order. Thus it comes about that, if you have no influence and are smarting under a grievance, you go to the vali's *terjiman* and come to terms with him, which may mean the payment of a certain amount of palm-oil ; after which the *terjiman* bides his time, until the vali is in a suitable mood, when the subject is broached and the necessary orders given on the spot. It is therefore wise to be on good terms with the *terjiman*, unless you are in a position to say to him, "I know that you can accomplish such and such a matter, or induce his Excellency to right such and such a wrong, by putting the matter properly before him in his own language ; therefore, if it is not done, I shall hold you responsible." It is of the utmost importance to a *terjiman* to be in the good books of the foreign Embassies, inasmuch as they can bring about his dismissal if they are driven to make complaint of his conduct to the Porte, which, in my time at all events, was ever ready to find a scapegoat or sacrifice an unimportant adherent to appease the wrath of a great Power.

The houses of all "big" men, as they are called, such as pashas and beys, are divided into two parts,



FLOODED STREET IN ADRIANOPE

The rivers Maritza and Tundja which meet just below the town sometimes overflow their banks and flood the low-lying streets.

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the haremlik where the women live, and the salaamlik where visitors are received. The kitchen is generally attached to the salaamlik, and, since the cook is almost always a man and consequently not allowed to see the ladies of the establishment, there is an ingenious revolving dish-stand let into the wall which separates the two portions of the house. This dish-stand is on the principle of a revolving bookcase, with receptacles for dishes and plates, so that the cook, by turning it round, can send fresh courses to the ladies and at the same time get back the remains of the last course which the female attendants have put into the shelves on the opposite side of the revolving arrangement; and of course all this is effected without a possibility of the cook seeing into the haremlik.

The furniture of the salaamlik consists of carpets and divans with numerous cushions, and there are generally plenty of tiny tables for coffee cups, and, in the more up-to-date houses, a few chairs. In the haremlik the cushions are generally on the carpeted floor.

Before renting a house at Adrianople I inspected a vast number which I had heard were to be let, and found it a very lengthy business, as I was always made to wait at the entrance to the haremlik while the women were removed from the nearest rooms.

When I had seen the latter, I had to return to the salaamlik to wait there until the women moved back into the rooms I had just seen; then I went into the rooms which they had just vacated, and so on.

All such houses had very good gardens behind them, surrounded by high walls, so that the "family"

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could walk there without fear of being seen from outside; and if there was any danger of the garden being overlooked from neighbouring houses, a high wooden screen was erected in addition.

Young children run about as they please; but the girls are taken into the haremlık at an early age, and the boys take up their quarters permanently in the salaamlık after their circumcision.

When I went house-hunting in Adrianople a notable feature in all the large Turkish houses which I visited was that, no matter what the size of the house (and many of them had eighteen or twenty rooms), the accommodation for the servants was miserable, and generally consisted of a few gloomy, practically underground rooms, devoid of furniture and lighted only by tiny windows which were not made to open, being only an inch or two above the level of the street. The walls and floors of the rooms were plastered with mud. Several of the houses I visited were in the occupation of senior officers in the army, and in their establishments a crowd of soldiers—servants or orderlies—lived in these basement rooms in a state of extreme discomfort.

The vermin in these houses is perfectly awful during the summer. Paint is very expensive, and is therefore but little used even on the outsides of the wooden houses, and (as I speedily learned) the absence of paint upon woodwork is an invitation to bugs to establish themselves.

I doubt if I should be wrong in saying that when I arrived in Adrianople there was not a single house absolutely free from bugs, and that subsequently the

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British Consulate was the only one which could aspire to that distinction, but I had hard work to bring that state of affairs about.

My first question on going to inspect a house was on the subject of vermin, and the answer was invariably that such a thing did not exist. I honestly believe that the people were so indifferent to the presence of the bugs as to be unaware of the thousands of them which shared their houses.

Anyway, having selected a large wooden house in the heart of the Turkish quarter, I set to work to cleanse it, to the astonishment and extreme interest of all my neighbours.

The first step was to close up all the windows and other apertures as effectually as possible with the aid of newspapers and paste; then I had an earthenware pot full of burning sulphur placed in every room and every passage. (I had made it a condition of my taking the house that the landlord, a Turkish bey, was to take the risks of fire during these operations, the nature of which I had explained to him.) The house was then closed up, and left for two days and nights to be thoroughly fumigated. The next operation was the painting of every particle of woodwork in the house with phenic acid, which was very troublesome. About a dozen men and women, Greeks and Armenians, were employed in putting on the acid; and it took them three or four days, during which they had to be constantly watched to see that they did not leave any woodwork undone, and also that they were reasonably careful not to get the acid into their own eyes. When I say that the house was a large one, con-

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taining both salaamlik and haremlik, three storeys in each, and that every room had wooden walls, floor, and ceiling, the magnitude of the work can be appreciated.

The final course of cleansing was to wash the house thoroughly with hot water, soap, and soda; but during the year which I afterwards spent in it I was amply repaid, as I never found the smallest trace of any unwelcome insects.

My experiences in house furnishing on the same occasion were rather trying. When I had taken over a house from my predecessor at Mersina I had been able to buy a good deal from him; but, on my arrival at Adrianople, I had no such nucleus to start with. Unluckily I had brought nothing but camp equipment, and a few carpets and odds and ends, from Mersina; and I had not even a house, much less any furniture, awaiting me in Adrianople, where there had been no British Consulate for years.

Having secured a house, I was lucky enough to be able to buy a complete set of office furniture straight away from the representative of the Belgian Consul, who had recently died, but I had a lot of trouble to furnish the rest of the house. There are one or two furniture shops in Adrianople, where there were some very flimsy, cheaply made sets of furniture, for which an enormous price was demanded, the vendors of course thinking that a newly arrived foreigner, who was clearly in want of furniture with as little delay as possible, was of all others the most likely to pay for what he wanted at four or five times its value. However, by degrees I was able to get together a more or less comfortable establishment. Easy chairs were very hard to come

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by, a really comfortable arm-chair seeming to be almost unknown.

The buying of bedding will be an example of what I had to do with regard to other things. As far as actual bedsteads went I was lucky, as there was an Armenian shop which had a large selection of excellent English iron bedsteads with spring mattresses, recently imported, but it was when I came to the actual bedding that the chief trouble began. Such things as ready-made mattresses, bolsters, or pillows were not to be had, so I had to go to the Bazâr and buy ticking (or the nearest approach to what I thought ticking ought to be like!); I made elaborate calculations in square yards as to how much I should want for so many mattresses, and then tried to turn the total number of square yards into the local measure; finally I became the possessor of three times as much as was necessary. The next step was to find something to put inside the ticking, the chief essential being that it should be new and clean, and for the purpose I ended by buying a mountain of cotton, at least the heap of it looked nearly as big as my house.

Then I had to get men to "tease" the cotton, and some one else to make the mattresses, bolsters, and pillows, and stuff them, so that by the time I had them ready for use I was bitterly regretting not having telegraphed to London for them in the first instance; and between not knowing how much I should want and buying too much, and, I have no doubt, being grossly overcharged, it would have been far cheaper and quicker in the end to get what I wanted from England, or, at any rate, from Vienna.

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I went through similar experiences with curtains, blinds, and almost everything else for the house, the only bright feature being the kitchen utensils. My Syrian cook knew exactly what he wanted, and got it for his department, and I was only too thankful to let him have *carte-blanche*.

At first I thought I had made a great discovery when I heard of a foreign lady who purposed leaving Turkey and wished to dispose of all her furniture, and I went to inspect it. The lady had, I now believe, taken particular care that I should hear of her furniture, but received me with apparent astonishment. When I had explained the object of my visit, she threw up her hands: "Now, what a wonderful thing!" she cried. "Here was I just about to pack up all these beautiful things and take them away, and I am sure many of them would have been broken on the journey; but now—well—*le bon Dieu m'a envoyé le Consul d'Angleterre!*" The "*Consul d'Angleterre*," however, did not prove much of a customer, and most of the beautiful things had, I presume, to face the journey.

CHAPTER IV
THE ASIATIC PROVINCES

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THE ASIATIC PROVINCES

If you stand on a headland and look at a procession of vessels passing, and if you notice the crew of one of the smaller ones making desperate efforts to extinguish a fire, which, though only smouldering and tightly battened down, may at any moment burst into flame, you will naturally concentrate your attention upon that vessel and only casually glance at her more stately consorts with whom all seems to be well. Similarly, one's attention is attracted to the Balkans and to the efforts of the diplomatic ships' companies, and one hardly looks with a due appreciation of their importance at the Asiatic Provinces of Turkey.

Yet in reality the Turk is an Asiatic by origin and by empire; his possessions in Europe have gradually dwindled until they are now but a small portion of his domains, and it is to Asia that he must look for the future, since, even though he retain all he now holds on this side of the Bosphorus, it is not the real Turkey. Too many alien races and creeds are present in numerical superiority, and there is not the slightest hope of the European Powers ceasing to want a share in the management of matters.

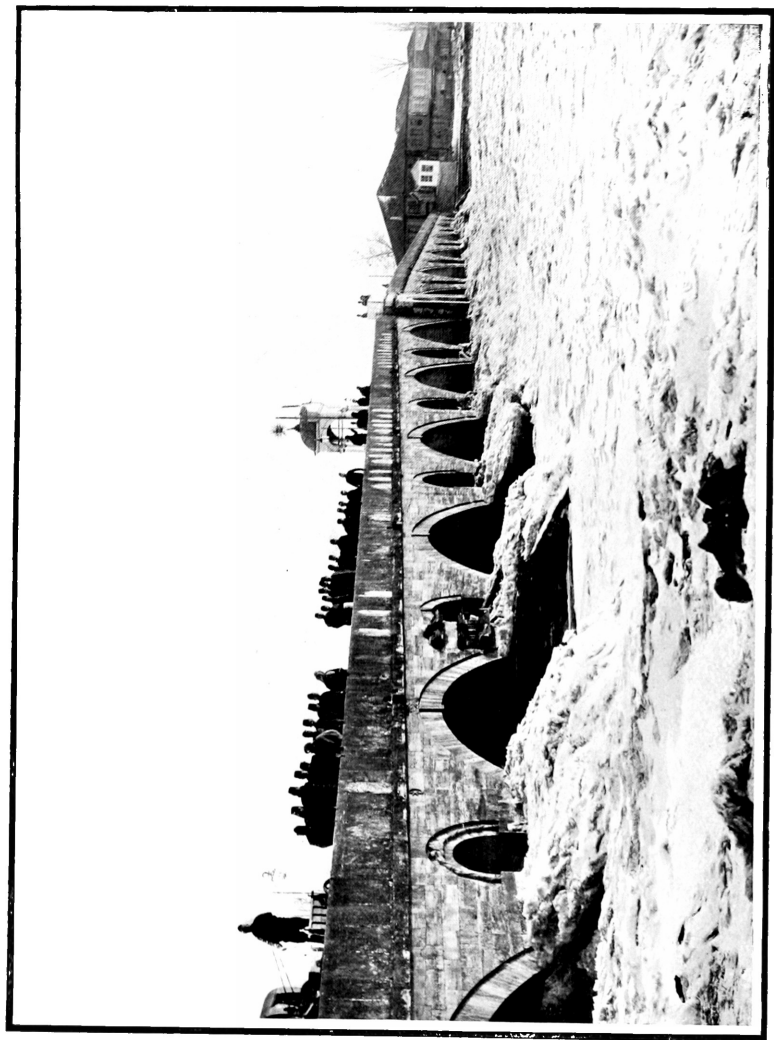
Surely the Turks should love the Bosphorus; tiny

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strip of water as it is, it makes all the difference to them. On its eastern side begins their real Empire, which stretches from there to the Persian Gulf, and from the Black Sea practically to the Aden hinterland. Their African possessions in Tripoli are also considerable. In all that vast extent they are the masters and the ruling race, though even there their sway is not undisputed, owing to the insurrections and discontent of their own subjects—of which more anon.

It is from Asia that the Government draws the bulk of the taxes, and it is to Asia, and to the peasants of the mountain villages there, that they must look for the Army which will enable them to retain their European Provinces and to make their national voice respected in the agreements and treaties of the future.

Turkey is a land of many climates and of many languages. In summer it is everywhere hot, and in places almost unbearable. One naturally expects heat in Arabia and on the shores of the Red Sea, and one is not disappointed; but on the coast of Southern Asia Minor, and especially on the Cilician Plain, the heat is also most oppressive from June to September. I well remember one of the first nights I spent in Adana; the temperature of my bedroom at midnight was 103° , the door and two windows being wide open; that was in August, when the heat of the Cilician Plain is very much the same as that of Cairo, but infinitely more trying owing to the dampness; it has, however, the advantage of an invariable sea breeze from about 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. so that the nights in the house are really hotter than the days. During the summer it is the usual habit for the natives in Adana and Tarsus to



BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER MARITZA IN WINTER

The cold is so intense, that the rapid flowing river becomes frozen on the surface and the ice covered with snow.

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sleep on the flat roofs of their houses. In other parts I understand (but cannot speak from my own knowledge), the people live in underground chambers to avoid extremes of either heat or cold. In the mountains of Asia Minor at a height of even 2500 or 3000 feet, the climate is almost perfect in the summer, and the nights, always cool, brace one up after the heat of the day. Even in the European vilayets the summer heat is very great, but not quite so pitiless as in Syria and Asia Minor.

In winter it is sometimes bitterly cold even quite far south. I have known it to snow heavily in Beyrouth, though that is unusual; and the winter on the Mediterranean shore can generally compare very favourably with our own, especially in length, as by the middle of February one hardly wants a fire.

Ever so short a distance into the interior, however, makes a vast difference. When the people at some southern seaport, such as Mersina or Alexandretta, are sitting on the shady side of the cafés, discussing the latest items of political news brought by a recently arrived steamer, they can see the mountains not ten miles away to the north and north-east where the villagers are still clearing the snow from their doors and sitting over huge fires of pine logs. There is an enormous influx of people from the mountain districts to the coast towns about October.

The shores of the Black Sea in winter are more inhospitable and bitter than our own, while in South-eastern Europe the grip of the frost is seldom relaxed from the middle of December to the end of February. A winter that I spent in Adrianople, although about

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the same latitude as Naples, was the coldest I have ever experienced, the frozen snow lying for weeks in the streets.

There is a Turkish saying to the effect that every language makes a man, and thus if you speak five languages you are equal to five men, and for business purposes that is nearly a fact. It is certainly true that if you want to be able to speak to every one of the permanent residents you must know at least French, Turkish, and Arabic, and even then you have to take for granted that all the subject races can speak one or other of those languages, which is not absolutely true, as there are Bulgarians who only speak Bulgarian and Greeks who know no language but their own. But, generally speaking, in Europe and Asia Minor you must know French and Turkish, and in Mesopotamia, Syria, and Arabia, French and Arabic. French is, of course, only for foreigners, and all foreigners in Turkey speak or are supposed to speak it. It is the language of diplomacy and society, and, if you meet a foreigner, he never thinks of addressing you in any other tongue; also it is the most useful of European languages for dealing with the people of the country, being spoken by a large number of the officials, and in many of the more important shops. In Constantinople, and especially in Smyrna where the Greek element largely predominates, one can get along well without any language but Greek; but directly civilised regions are left and one finds oneself in the Interior, all foreign languages are equally useless. In Europe and Asia Minor, as mentioned above, Turkish is essential; with it you are at home in Macedonia amongst Turks,

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Greeks, or Bulgarians, and in the same way you have a common language throughout Asia Minor with Kurds, Circassians, and Armenians ; many of the latter, indeed, cannot speak their own language, and have to learn it in the schools as they would English or Russian.

Turkish is the Government language, but it is not the language most generally spoken. Arabic is an easy first in that respect. Go east or south from Aleppo to the confines of the Empire, and, except to converse with an occasional governor or official, Turkish is as useless as Arabic would be in Central Asia Minor or in Macedonia. Arabic is by far the more difficult language to learn ; a sufficient amount of Turkish to make oneself understood is fairly quickly acquired. Arabic-speaking soldiers generally pick up Turkish during their service ; but the converse does not hold good, even though the Turk be years in a district where Arabic is spoken.

Arabic being the holy language, and that of the Koran, it is considered a great distinction to know it. A certain amount of English is now spreading, partly due to enterprising Levantines learning it for business purposes, and partly to the instruction given in British and American Mission schools. I had occasion, not long ago, to notice the difference in this respect between an American and a French school, both in the same town and within 500 yards of each other. The American institution was very low-church Protestant, and only received pupils (already Christian) in the hope of converting them, and expected them to take part in the Mission divine services. The French Catholic school, on the other hand, gave an excellent

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general education to all comers, simply in order to give it *in French*; the school was crammed with Greeks, Christian-Arabs, Armenians, and Levantines, belonging each to their own Church—certainly not to the Roman Catholics. Thus the French language, and, consequently, French influence and French commercial interests were being helped and fostered. Almost all Levantines are good linguists; it is the exception to find one who cannot speak three languages.

Up to the present the railways in the Asiatic vilayets are too few and far between to have become the general means of travel, and roads are therefore of greater importance to the public than in other countries. The pity of it is that the roads are deplorable—there is no other way of describing them from the point of view of means of communication. There are a few great arteries which were once well laid out and constructed, and even now provide many miles of good going for a carriage, but they have been steadily deteriorating in recent years. The so-called mountain road is a mere path, and, as the big roads are but sparsely distributed, it follows that the mountain tracks in their turn become of importance. Even on the drivable roads any attempt at metalling has in most cases long since disappeared, so much so that, after a day's rain, it is almost hopeless to try to make a journey. The mud baffles all description, and seems to be the one thing which completely disconcerts the Anatolian horse. It has happened to me, while riding along a so-called "road," to find my feet on the ground, my pony having suddenly sunk above his knees in the middle of the track; under such circumstances the

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packhorses have to be unloaded, and their loads carried by men struggling along on either side and keeping anywhere but in the mud of the road. The mountain paths are often of the most primitive sort. I used to think nothing could be more puzzling than the tracks over the South African veldt; but I did not then know Asiatic Turkey, where the paths have a way of losing themselves amongst boulders and the roots of the fir trees, or of entering the dry bed of a stream to emerge in three or four branches perhaps 500 yards lower down.

In spite of all this the people are taxed pretty heavily for the up-keep of the roads, and this tax, called "Yol parrasi," is a genuine grievance since, in local phraseology, it is "eaten," *i.e.* goes into the pocket of some official instead of being applied to its legitimate purpose.

It is quite a common thing to find a cart road fifty yards wide; some one avoids the mud by keeping on the grass at the side, and, when his example has been followed a few times, the next cart keeps outside the new tracks and so on till summer hardens the original road again.

The roads in Europe are generally slightly better, and some of them, being looked after by the military authorities, are quite good and are well kept up for strategical purposes.

CHAPTER V
THE EUROPEAN PROVINCES

CHAPTER V

THE EUROPEAN PROVINCES

So much has been written lately about the Balkans—in which are included all the European Provinces of Turkey—that there seems but little left for an unskilful pen to chronicle; but perhaps a year's residence therein, during which I was brought a good deal into contact with officials and people, may furnish me with a few incidents as yet unrecorded.

When I received orders to go and open a Consulate (which had been shut up for twelve years) in Adrianople every one in Asia Minor told me I should be going into civilisation. They said that I could buy everything the heart of man could desire straight from Paris, and, being a bachelor, it would be very nice for me to be able to live in one of the hotels without any worry and have my Consular offices in the town. Needless to say, this information was given in the usual Levantine fashion—that is to say, unasked for. The only person whose opinion was valuable was my French colleague—who had himself spent some years in Macedonia—so to him I betook myself and told him all I had heard of the luxury and splendour to which I was going, laying emphasis on the beautiful roads for cycling and the convenience of being in the hub of the universe. Monsieur

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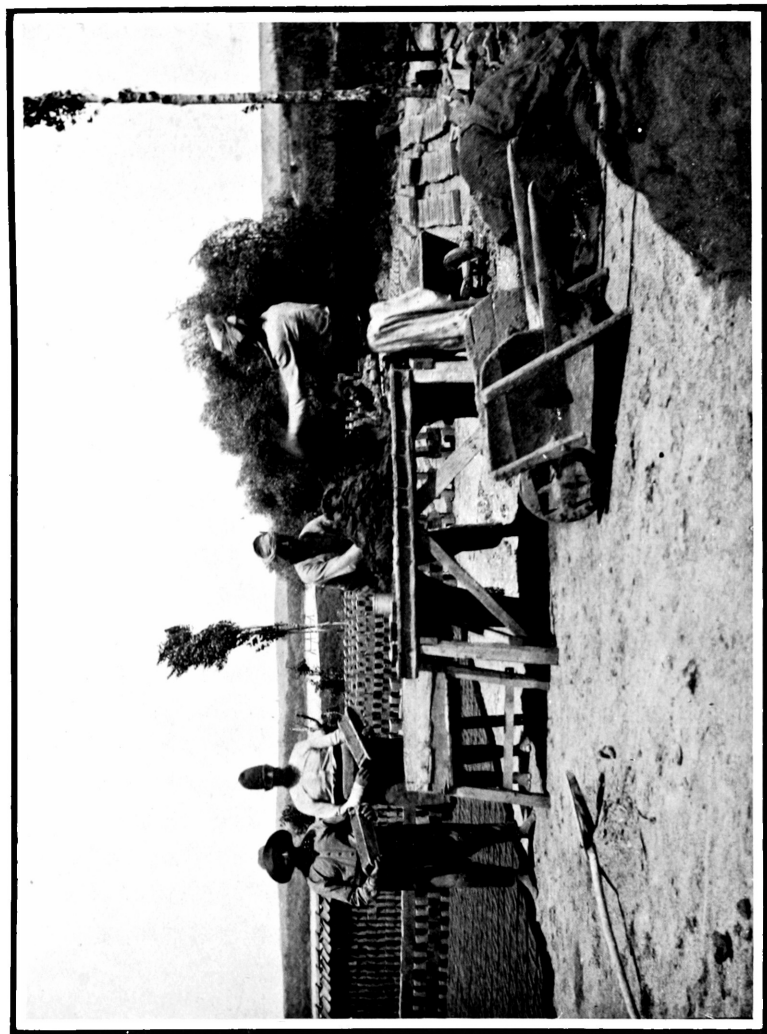
Guillois took a puff of his cigarette and looked at me with pity. "N'y comptez pas, mon cher collègue, et soignez-vous en allant vers le nord," was his reply, and the situation could not have been more ably put into a nutshell.

I still had hopes, however, and it was with pleasurable anticipation of a comfortable hotel, with a lounge containing easy-chairs and palm trees, that I left the train at Adrianople station one evening in April 1905.

I was met at the station by one of the vali's aides-de-camp, and was soon driving in an excellent landau over the two miles of bumpy road which separates the station and the village of Kara-Agatch from the town.

But I was not many minutes in the hotel, or han as it really is, before my hopes were shattered, and I had realised that I was still very much in the Interior of Turkey.

The most noticeable thing at first was the extraordinary mixture of the old order and the new. A good way to realise it was to go to the station on an evening when the Orient Express from Constantinople passed through about ten o'clock. You drive through a city of narrow squalid streets, badly lighted and badly paved; people are stepping gingerly along the footwalk (where there is one) in order not to walk on the sleeping dogs, each pedestrian carrying a lantern in accordance with the law. The traffic of the day is over and you go clattering through the silent streets, occasionally meeting an Army wagon, and listening to the shrill whistles of the night watch-



TILE MAKING

Tiles are used, almost exclusively, for roofing in Adrianople

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men and to the thumps of their big sticks on the cobble-stones. Soon you cross two rivers, the Tundja and the Maritza, by great stone bridges. You stop with a jolt and two figures appear; one is a toll-taker and the other a sentry. Then on again through the country into the village of Kara-Agatch, and you finally stop at the door of the "Gare d'Andrinople." The platform is deserted and as silent as the grave—no—there *is* some one alive, and it proves to be the inevitable sentry, who walks leisurely up and scrutinises you to see if you are likely to be a bomb-thrower or to afford him any excuse to assert himself. He finds you are a foreigner, and harmless, and he passes on. Soon a bell rings furiously, lights appear, the earth seems to open and liberate officials, policemen, and sorts of nondescript porters, and then appear the head-lights of the Europe-bound train. The great engine rushes past, the wagon-lits are all labelled in the white man's tongue: "Constantinople—Vienne—Paris," and "Constantinople—Wien—Ostende—London," flash before your eyes, a buffet opens as if by magic, and in a moment the station is full. Fragments of conversation catch your ear, "Wonder if they have any beer here?" "Es ist sehr warm!" "Andrinople, n'est-ce-pas?" and "What's this fursaken hole anyway?" They are all there, these passengers of the most cosmopolitan train in Europe. They take you for one of themselves, and for a few moments you think you also are homeward bound, till the conductors shout, "En voiture, messieurs! En voiture, s'il vous plait!" and the train has disappeared over the iron bridge on its way to the Turkish frontier,

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and you are standing once more with the sentry in the dark, unless possibly a German or Austrian official has recognised you and comes to exchange a few words while Hassan Ibrahim or Mahomet Ali is bringing up your carriage.

That is one way in which you see the two worlds in vivid contrast, the world of the bustling West, of English globe-trotters and Yankee tourists, blending for a moment with the old, old world where the ox still treadeth out the corn, and the faithful turn to Mecca at the call from the neighbouring minaret.

Slowly but surely Western ideas are advancing, and the fruits of them obtrude themselves upon the notice. Here you see the shop of Somebody Frères, with plate-glass windows and Birmingham goods, side by side with the stall of Yussuf effendi, where you can buy strange, coloured sweetmeats and red and yellow drinks; there you see the steam-threshing machine but lately arrived from England or Germany, working at high pressure, while in the next field the patient plodding oxen are laboriously trying to compete with it.

But it is the interior political situation that is at once the most interesting and the saddest part of life in European Turkey. Now that a Constitution is an established fact let us hope things are, or will be, different; but the state of affairs three years ago—aye, or one year ago—was so miserable that it seems inconceivable to think it could have been generally known in civilised countries and still allowed to continue. If ever there was an instance of “the most distressful country that ever yet was seen” we

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have it here. In 1905 the position of affairs in Adrianople was briefly that half the villages in the northern part of the vilayet were deserted. Their Bulgarian occupants had fled across the frontier of Eastern Roumelia to escape from the vengeance of the Turkish troops, some of whom, notably the Circassians, had behaved with great brutality. The villages were in ruins, and were held by Turkish garrisons while the people, now longing to return and rebuild their houses, were afraid to do so, thinking they might be accused of complicity in the rising of 1903; a complicity of which many were innocent, and to which others had been forced, partly by patriotic enthusiasm, but more largely by the armed bands of their fellow-countrymen and co-religionists who had poured across the frontier from Bulgaria.

The Turks had established posts, or "gates," by which the refugees might return; but only those who could establish their innocence were brave enough to do so, and even from amongst them were some who had to suffer imprisonment through false accusations, mistakes, and want of a fair trial. The authorities had a black list, largely supplied by Greek and even Bulgarian informers, as well as by the Moslem peasantry; and any one whose name was included either remained away or, returning to the neighbourhood of his village, hid in the mountains and was forced to become first an outlaw hiding from justice, and finally a komitadji, armed and equipped to fight *à outrance*. So the evil went on spreading, and no one was much to blame, except the so-called patriots of Sofia and Athens, who were determined that the unfortunate Naboth's Vine-

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yard of European Turkey should have no rest under other influence than their own. The Turks had behaved brutally in suppressing the rebellion, it is true, but then the Turk is an Oriental; he is a rough fighting man, taught that he has won his Empire by the sword, and so he must hold or lose it, and he knows no law compelling him to put on kid gloves when he goes forth to war.

Europe is not devoid of states which shoot down their own subjects when the latter are in a state of open rebellion, as the Bulgarian villagers were in 1903, and as they would not have been had they been saved from their friends and advisers in Bulgaria.

In Macedonia itself the state of affairs was even worse, but not quite the same. In those unfortunate vilayets there was, if not red war, something very nearly akin to it; and a point which cannot be too clearly understood is that it was war, not between Moslems and Christians, but between Christians and Christians. The Turks were only concerned to keep the peace, to hunt down the bands of komitadjis, and to punish, savagely it must be admitted, the villages which had harboured them.

The fighting and hatred was chiefly between Greeks and Bulgarians, Bulgarians and Serbs, and Serbs and Greeks, while the Vlacks were also ready to take a hand when opportunity offered.

The origin of this hatred is too big a matter to go into here, but we may assume that the Patriarchist or Greek Church wanted to convert all people of the Exarchist or Bulgarian Church, and *vice versâ*, and also that the chief object of the conversion was to

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change the nationality as well as the religion of the converts, though to our broad-minded ideas there is little difference between the two Churches. It all came back to one point, viz. the expansion of one of the contending countries at the expense of Turkey; and the fact that this was partly due to Turkish misgovernment, and the consequent misery of the Christian Ottoman subjects, in no way excuses or condones the methods adopted by the adherents of a Greater Bulgaria, or the believers in the "Grande-Idée" of Hellenism, or the Serbs who wished to regain "la veille Serbie."

Let us take an imaginary instance and see where it leads to, and I think it will be a fairly accurate account of what has taken place hundreds of times.

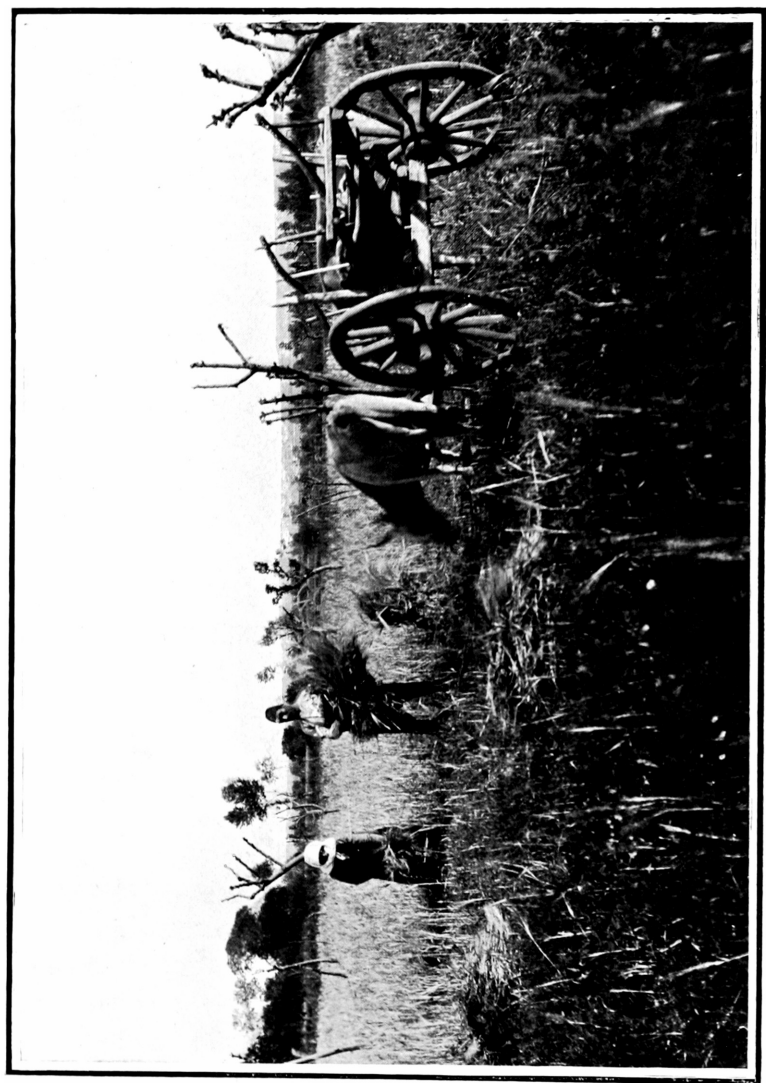
Let us suppose a couple of patriots in Sofia (we might just as well say Athens). They are fired with indignation at the treatment of their brothers in Turkish territory at the hands of both Turks and Greeks, and they decide, since they cannot fight the former, to avenge themselves upon the latter; and incidentally to keep Europe from forgetting her duties, and, if possible, force her hand with reference to Macedonia.

Our two friends easily collect half-a-dozen others of their own stamp, and they, all being thoroughly well armed and equipped, set out on their enterprise. They have no difficulty at the frontier; perhaps the Bulgarian guards look leniently upon them, or perhaps they pass at night singly or in pairs. On those vast stretches of forest-covered frontier a regiment could cross in safety on a dark night.

Once arrived in Turkey they proceed very cautiously,

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for the Turkish posts are alert in every village near the frontier. Finally they get into the heart of the country, and their field of operations is before them. They have some spare rifles, and know where to find others concealed for a year past. Soon they come to a Bulgarian village in which there is no garrison, and in they go, and are given a doubtful welcome and implored not to stay long ; but they have been fed, and their eloquence has gained a couple of recruits, foolish boys carried away by the glib tongues of the strangers. The same process is repeated again and again until our two conspirators have grown into a band of a score or more of men. Call them what you please, komitadjis or patriots, revolutionaries or brigands, they have become a force to be reckoned with and a terror to the countryside. The local men have burned their boats, and they are all as dangerous as mad dogs. They then arrive at a Greek village, in which they produce consternation ; they give the inhabitants an hour to renounce their own Church and embrace that of the band. In case of refusal they open fire on the village and shoot a few men, women, and children, making a special point of dealing with the priest and school-master if they can lay hands on them ; incidentally they burn some houses. In the meantime it is probable that some one has escaped from the village and given warning to the nearest Turkish military post, and a half-battalion of troops arrives on the scene. This is the signal for the withdrawal of the band, who take up a position near the village, exchange a few shots with the soldiers, and escape. The drama has, however, two more acts. The troops proceed to a Bulgarian



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village which is supposed to have harboured the komitadjis, and arrest fifteen or twenty men, who are brought into the nearest town and imprisoned on suspicion, and probably kept several months before being brought to a trial, of which it is almost sure the result for some of them will be years of imprisonment. The third act is the arrival of a Greek band of retaliation before a Bulgarian village in the neighbourhood, and the summoning of the troops for the second time, but by the Bulgarians instead of the Greeks. So the misery goes on, and no peasant can go quietly to bed in the certainty that he will not be plunged into horrors at the first streak of dawn.

The Reform schemes, it must be admitted, accomplished very little. Where foreign officers were appointed as instructors of the Gendarmerie they performed wonders in the way of teaching and supervising routine work; but the whole scheme was ruined by their not having executive control, without which they were only able to say what ought to be done but not to see that it was carried out. The root of the matter was that the Powers were, as usual, not a Concert in the true sense of the word; and the Yildiz Kiosk was able in that, as in almost everything else, to frustrate the mandates of Europe by playing off one Power against another.

The impression in the country was that the Reform scheme was a farce, and that the Mürsteg programme was useless. We have since then seen demonstrations of the truth of these views. It is now common knowledge that there was not much unanimity of purpose between Austria and Russia, who were nomin-

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ally working hand in hand on behalf of Europe for the good of all.

As I write the outlook in the Balkans is threatening enough; war may break out at any moment on the Austro-Servian frontier, and, should it be avoided, the country is still face to face with other difficult and dangerous problems. But there seems to be a hope that the rival races may have learned one lesson from the recent upheaval, and that is that it may be more to their interest, after all, to live as happily as may be under their Turkish masters than to strive for the impossible.

The Greeks who have been posing as the friends of Turkey are not too anxious to risk that friendship for the sake of the union of discontented Cretans; and the Bulgarians who, we were told, would never consent to become a kingdom while their brothers in Macedonia were suffering under Turkish misrule, have nevertheless not hesitated to grasp a rather unsuitable moment to declare their independence without reference to their suffering brothers.

CHAPTER VI
MOSLEM VILLAGES

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MOSLEM VILLAGES

THERE is a vast difference between the villages of the Interior, due chiefly to the nationality and religion of the occupants, and the latter may be roughly divided into three categories: (1) Moslems, (2) Christians, (3) a mixed population of both religions.

When we speak of nationality we should more properly say "race," as all are Turkish subjects, and therefore of that nationality from the English point of view, though not so according to their own way of thinking.

The Moslem villages must be again subdivided into those occupied by (a) Turks—including Turks proper, Turcomans, Yuruks, Kissilbash, and other minor races; (b) Kurds; (c) Circassians; (d) Arabs, including Fellaheen; (e) Afghans and Indians.

The Turkish villager, as distinguished from the Turk of the town, is a simple, honest, and hard-working person; he will give the best of whatever he has to the stranger within his gates, and expects a reasonable payment in return. He treats a European on equal terms, and does not think of cringing to him; nor does he exhibit any great curiosity as to who he is or where he is going. The chief thing

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which impressed me always in a Turkish village was the extreme *dignity* of every one. A man might be and probably was miserably poor, and there might be nothing worth having in his house, but the last thing he felt was any shame at not being able to offer more luxurious surroundings.

Once in a small village we had had a house handed over to us, and a boy of about fourteen was carrying in wood, water, &c., and generally tidying up. "Chojuk," I said, using a common word for "boy" or "young fellow," "go and see if any one in the village would like to sell a chicken." He answered, "Bash üstina" (on my head be it to do so), "I will get a chicken, but I am a 'hadji' not a 'chojuk.'" I had not noticed the white turban round his fez, which would have told me that he had made his pilgrimage to Mecca, and I felt duly snubbed; but it was the quiet dignity of the boy that impressed me.

On another occasion, in the village of Ulukushlu, between Eregli and Karaman, I had established myself in the guest-room, and in spite of some half-dozen of the leading villagers who were sitting cross-legged round the room, I was lying on my camp-bed, as I had a "go" of fever and ague, when a lad of eighteen or twenty burst into the room and began to pull all my things about the floor. I soon saw that he was an idiot, and it was a curious sight to watch the behaviour of the other men who wanted to induce him to go away. They invented all kinds of little devices to attract him to the door, and finally a grey-bearded man tried twirling a feather in his fingers. The idiot was greatly delighted, and followed the

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feather out of the room, the rest of the villagers remaining quite grave and looking on sympathetically.

Turks are almost always genuinely glad to see a European enter their village, and they are individually so honest, straightforward, and kindhearted that it seems hard to imagine them turned into the fiends which they become when excited to the highest pitch of fanatical frenzy, when for either political or religious reasons they fall with relentless cruelty upon their unarmed and defenceless Christian neighbours. At such times they are like so many savages, and even in periods of the greatest tranquillity they consider themselves the superiors of any Christians.

If one Moslem meets another on the road he says, "Salaam aleikûm" (peace be upon you), and the other answers "Aleikûm salaam"; but if a Christian greets a Moslem in the same words, the latter scowls and perhaps abuses him.

I have sometimes for curiosity given the Moslem greeting myself, but have never received the usual reply; the answer has always been a polite evasion, such as "Good-morning," "May your journey be successful," or, occasionally, "I commend you to God."

The surroundings of a village of Turks are generally clean, except that the people seem to have no sense of smell. They will leave a dead dog, donkey, or other animal lying just beside the village, and if you call their attention to it, you will be told that it is only something dead—"zarar yok"—there is no harm in it.

There is great discipline, and obedience to all the orders of the head man.

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It is quite a mistake to suppose that all Turks have several wives. On the contrary, it is only those who are well off who can afford more than one. Four is, however, the legal number of legitimate wives, and wealthy Turks generally have at least two or three. I remember rather an amusing episode in this connection. A Turkish officer came to see me one day, as British Consul, with a proposal to marry a girl who, although originally a native of the country, had become a British subject and had always been a Christian. The officer, who was a colonel on the active list, evidently thought that he was conferring a considerable favour on the recipient of his attentions. "I am a liberal-minded man," he said, "and I shall not insist on her remaining always in the house; in fact she shall be quite free, as a Christian, to walk in the streets even unveiled. She shall have all those privileges which are not accorded to my other wives."

However, in spite of such concessions, neither the lady in question nor the Consulate was in favour of the offer, so the marriage did not take place. At the best it was only to be a Moslem marriage, which could be dissolved by the husband whenever he felt inclined.

A somewhat similar case shortly afterwards came to my notice, when an Englishwoman came to get a *visa* on her passport. She was the wife of a Mussulman, an Arab, I think, who was an itinerant musician, and since they were only married in the Moslem fashion, she claimed that she was unmarried by English law, and had not therefore forfeited her British nationality. She could see nothing *infra dig.* in her position.

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But to return to villages. A Turcoman village is practically the same as above described; I believe the people *are* different, but I could never detect the difference myself.

As regards the Yuruks, one seldom finds them established in an actual village; they have large herds of cattle and camels, and they spend the whole summer under canvas in the mountains, only descending to the plains and the neighbourhood of towns during the cold months. They are generally civil, and are glad to sell milk and eggs; but their camps are too primitive to be of any use as halting places. There are only two or three tents together, in which several families live, sleeping on mats and skins, or sometimes out in the open; the tents are long and low—a man cannot stand up even under the ridge-pole. The women care nothing for the rules which are so binding on most Moslem women, they never cover their faces or avoid a strange man, and will probably come forward themselves and take matters out of their husband's hands if they think he is not making a good enough bargain for any supplies he is selling you.

The Kissilbash (or red heads) are a numerous and powerful people, whose chief characteristic is their unorthodoxy. The only certain things I can say about their religion are that they are Moslems and they are not Sunnis; but, on the other hand, they are not apparently Shias either, in the true sense, and they never go near a mosque. They are found everywhere, but the vilayet of Sivas seems to be their stronghold. In several long conversations about theo-

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logy with one of them, all I could get out of him was that his people believed in doing what was right for the sake of doing it, that their word was as good as their bond, and that the orthodox Sunni Moslems were generally hypocrites and liars who went to their mosques and repeated pieces of the Koran which they did not understand, and then came out and tried to swindle their neighbours, and to "eat" the public money. From which it may be seen that he preferred to point out the weak points of others rather than to explain the beliefs of his own people.

The orthodox Turks have no animosity against the Kissilbash, and regard them, if not as good Moslems, as, at any rate, good Turks and soldiers, and a valuable part of the community.

The Kurds are generally more lawless, rougher, and more independent than the Turks. A certain number of the nomad tribes of Mesopotamia are composed of Kurds who are very tough customers, and spend much of their time in a sort of tribal warfare against the Arab tribes whose country marches with theirs. Those who live in villages are generally amenable to the law if it does not press too heavily upon them, but they are essentially mountaineers, and chafe under the restraints of residence in a town. You can always be sure of a welcome in a Kurdish village, and the welcome, I have always found, extends even to any Christian servants who may be with you and who, if alone, would go miles out of their way in order to avoid the village. The hospitality which you receive is so comprehensive as to be almost embarrassing; the Kurds insist on doing everything for you and

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offering everything they have, and have a delightful way of then leaving you alone and taking no further notice of you until you call them. The women are not at all as strict as the Turks about covering their faces or hiding from strangers, and I have often seen them go on quietly working at carpet-making in the little wooden verandahs of houses in which I have been staying; they did not seem to mind strangers walking about or examining their work. Kurds always struck me as being very proud, and rather dominating the Turkish villages in their neighbourhood. It is a common practice in Armenia for the Christian villages to come to an arrangement with a Kurdish village, by the terms of which the Armenians have to send a certain number of men to work for a specified period every year for the Kurds, at any work to which they may be set, and in return the Kurds take the Armenian village under their protection. At first sight it seems rather a barren return for forced labour; but if you have the misfortune to be an Armenian villager, unarmed and in deadly fear of massacre in the far Interior of Turkey, it is no small advantage to be able to send for help to a powerful Kurdish village which can (and actually *will*) send a force of well-armed and warlike men to your assistance, a force before which the would-be attackers have melted away many a time.

This arrangement does not always exist, however, and the Kurds have often been the foremost and most relentless perpetrators of the massacres. They have no liking for the Armenians—far otherwise; but, if the latter make themselves sufficiently valuable, it is worth while to protect them. Almost all the porters who

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carry luggage and merchandise from the steamers at Constantinople are Kurds, and they are considered by Greeks and Armenians to be a very dangerous element. They replaced the Armenians, who did nearly all the carrying work up to the time of the last massacre in the city.

The next Moslem race which we are to consider here is the Circassian. I must at once plead guilty to a great weakness for Circassians, with their soft voices and gentle manners, which as a rule cloak the fact that they are the boldest thieves and most daring fighters in the country.

Originally refugees from Russia, they are now scattered over Asia Minor, and are especially numerous in Armenia and to the north of the vilayet of Aleppo. You can always tell them by their dress, which is quite different to that of Turks, Arabs, or Kurds; the three distinctive features of it being a round black cap of astrakhan or an imitation of it, a sort of grey frock-coat cut very tight round the waist, and a long implement, half dagger half knife, which hangs from the waistbelt.

There is, I believe, a saying in Russia that a Circassian is happiest when killing a Russian, and the Turks might qualify it by saying that a Circassian in their country is quite willing to kill any one at a moment's notice.

They are very fair skinned, and their features are much more finely cut than those of the Turks.

You hardly ever find one of them doing any farming or labouring work, except such as is connected with woodcutting. They will fell timber with pleasure, but they don't care about planting corn. Of all things,

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however, they are devoted to horses, and make a regular science of stealing them ; it is an axiom that a Circassian always has a good horse. They either steal horses from their stalls at night at a great distance from their own homes, or else they take a note of any good horse they see with a traveller and steal him at night from wherever his owner is sleeping.

I do not, of course, mean to imply that *all* Circassians are horse thieves, but it would not be far wide of the mark to say that ninety per cent. of the horse-thieves in Asia Minor are Circassians.

One of them (we will call him Ismaïl) once brought me a horse for sale, and a glance told me that it was a valuable animal. I looked at the vendor, an old acquaintance of mine, and said, "Where did you get that horse?" "Effendi," he said in his soft voice, "I bought him lately." "Ismaïl," I replied as sternly as I could, "you stole that horse—why are you such a thief? I am going to send for the Bimbashi of the Police."

Ismaïl laughed. "The Effendi will not do that, I know ; and, anyway, I myself know over seventy horse-stealers, and one more cannot make any difference !"

The wise traveller, therefore, in the Circassian country will do well to see his horses securely locked up at night or to put a watchman over them if he is camping out ; but if it happens that he is sleeping in a Circassian village he need have no fear. The stable door may be left wide open, and every one may sleep with impunity, knowing that nothing will be touched. Such are the unwritten laws of Circassian hospitality.

As distinguished from the Turks, who have no

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hereditary aristocracy, the Circassians are divided into nobles, freemen, and slaves.

The Arabs say that if you yield to a Tcherkess (Circassian) he will kill you, but if you spring upon him he will run away ; but they don't seem to do much "springing" all the same. In the time of the great massacres of about fifteen years ago the Armenian village of Zeitûn, near Marash, vilayet of Aleppo, was strongly fortified by its inmates, who made quantities of arms for themselves, and succeeded in resisting the attacks of Turks and Kurds alike. At last the authorities determined to reduce the village, and got a force of 2000 Circassians to attack it ; and when even they failed to effect its capture, the Embassies intervened, and insisted on the appointment of a Christian kaimakam and a pardon for the inhabitants.

After the Bulgarian rising in 1903, when the avenging Turkish troops were operating in the vilayet of Adrianople, a Circassian regiment carried fire and sword so literally through the district that the Powers had to insist that no other Circassian troops were to be employed in Europe.

Most of the brigand bands in the Anti-Taurus mountains are composed of the same people, and the local zaptiehs are in deadly terror of them ; and no wonder, since the brigands are better armed, better mounted, and able to call up an overwhelming number of supports. And yet, when you talk to a Circassian, you cannot help being fascinated by his manners, and his low musical voice, and his general air of being incapable of hurting a fly.

They are the strictest of Moslems. Once when on

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the march during the month of Ramazan, when no Moslem can eat or drink between sunrise and sunset unless he be a traveller, I noticed that the police escort used sometimes to take advantage of the latter proviso ; but a Circassian packhorse-man, who was one of the party, steadily refused, and spent his mid-day halt fasting and praying in preparation for bullying all the others (policemen included) during the afternoon !

The only Arab villages in Asia Minor itself are those occupied by the Fellaheen (if we can call them Arabs) on the Cilician Plain. The Fellaheen who live round towns such as Mersina, Adana, and Tarsus each have their own patch of garden, in which they grow oranges, grapes, nectarines, pomegranates, and other fruits, besides vegetables of all kinds. They are all Arabic-speaking, though most of them also know Turkish. They have a secret religion which they guard most carefully.

They are usually quiet, well-behaved people, and on an occasion, a few years back, when a massacre was feared in Mersina, the Fellaheen announced that in that event they would come to the help of the Christians, and thereby succeeded in preserving perfect tranquillity in the town.

In the vilayet of Adana there is a considerable colony of Afghans and Indians, who have settled there for the sake of being under a Mussulman Government or are the descendants of settlers. They are a troublesome element, being delighted to escape from British rule or interference, and being "plus royaliste que le roi" in Turkey until they get into any trouble

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with the authorities, or are asked to pay taxes, when they at once go rushing to the Consulate, saying, "Sahib! Save us from the Turks; we are British subjects, and the Consul-Sahib is our only protection!" The Afghans also claim British nationality when it suits them, but not otherwise. Indians and Afghans alike seem to get on well with their Turkish neighbours, and live scattered through the Moslem villages instead of keeping together and building a village for themselves.

CHAPTER VII
CHRISTIAN VILLAGES

CHAPTER VII

CHRISTIAN VILLAGES

I REGRET to say that I have always found it more comfortable to stay in a Moslem village than in a Christian one. In both a European may expect to be received with open arms, but whereas the Moslems receive, or appear to receive him thus for the sake of hospitality, the Christians somehow give him the idea that he is welcome first as a source from which money is likely to be obtained, and, secondly, as a channel through which they will be able to make their grievances known.

Far be it from me to say that the grievances are not very real, or that they ought not to be known to the whole of civilised Europe ; but the fact remains that a Moslem village is a more desirable halting-place for a foreigner. A native Christian would, of course, never think of going there under ordinary circumstances for a night's lodging.

In Asia Minor the Christian villages are peopled by either Greeks or Armenians, but the latter are so much more numerous that we need not take the Greeks into consideration until we come to consider the villages in European Turkey.

Armenian villages are to be found wherever one goes ; they are not confined to Armenia itself.

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As a rule the people are even poorer than in a Moslem village and have quite a different bearing, for which fear is largely responsible. If a European were to strike an impertinent Moslem he would be paid back in kind, but an Armenian would become cringing; his spirit is broken by centuries of oppression. For his religion, however, he is always ready to stand up; and to the lasting honour of the Armenians it must be remembered that hundreds of them submitted to be massacred when they could individually have saved themselves by repeating the Moslem formula, "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is His prophet."

On first arriving in an Armenian village the most noticeable thing is the inquisitiveness of the people; they crowd round and ask who you are, where you are going, and why, and inundate you with questions about all sorts of matters which don't concern them in the least; but the hereditary fear of a zaptieh will cause the crowd to disperse whenever one of the escort shows himself. It is difficult to know how to deal with them, as they make themselves a great nuisance and sometimes become very impertinent; and still it goes against the grain to send the zaptiehs to deal with them, as one would of course do were they impertinent Turks.

Their houses are dirty and uninviting, and for the most miserable accommodation they expect to be paid ridiculous prices, and will argue and haggle after they have received twice as much as would have satisfied a Turk.

Sometimes a villager has strolled up to me, hands in pockets and broad grin on face, and remarked with a

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distinct American twang, "I speak English! Where you going, eh? You English or American? Where you going, I say?" or some such words; but, as a rule, they only speak Turkish, and have to learn even their own language laboriously in school, though in Diarbekr and its neighbourhood Armenian is the usual language.

Every village has its church, and the latter is sure to be well kept up and cared for, whatever condition of misery and dirt prevails in the other houses.

In European Turkey the purely Armenian villages are more rare, and the large majority of Christian villages are occupied by Bulgarians, Greeks, or Serbs.

I have little or no personal experience of Serbs, but having often put up in Greek and Bulgarian villages, I certainly prefer the latter. The Greeks always seemed so self-assertive, and had a general air of thinking themselves so much superior to any one else that they were rather irritating. One of their theories is that it is only members of the Greek Church who are really Christians! They do not admit the right of Catholics or Protestants, or even Bulgarians, whose Church is so very similar to their own, to call themselves Christians. As an example of that theory I remember that, having occasion to get a wall in the Consulate garden repaired at Adrianople, I sent for a mason and soon afterwards saw three men working at the wall. I saw they were not Turks, and asked them in Turkish if they were Bulgars. "No," said one of them, "we are Christians." "And are not Bulgars Christians?" I asked. He shrugged his shoulders.

On another occasion a well-educated Greek was

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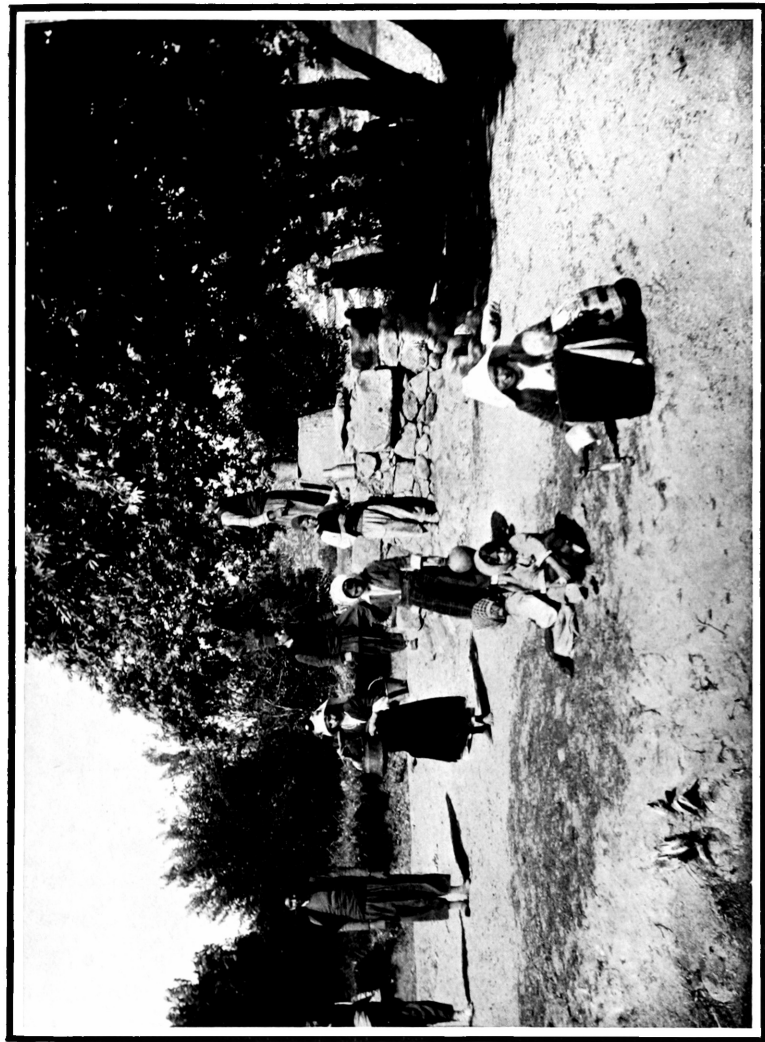
describing to me a meeting which he had attended. "There were two Moslems, two Catholics, and an Armenian," he said; "but I was the only Christian."

During most of the time that I spent at Adrianople the Greeks were in favour with the Turkish authorities, who were going through the periodical phase of being "down" on the Bulgarians, and it was disgusting to observe the way in which they (the Greeks) never lost an opportunity of trying to get the Bulgars into trouble, or to ferret out things which they might report to the authorities.

In saying so much I wish to state that I hold no brief for Bulgarians, and that I am perfectly well aware of their animosity against the Greeks, but somehow they have not the same self-satisfaction.

In the Bulgarian villages in which I have stayed I always found the people quiet and unobtrusive, with no sign of either curiosity or "uppishness"; but then they had not much chance of being above themselves just then, as most of them had but recently returned by permission of the Turks from Bulgaria, to which they had fled a few years before to escape the punishment which followed the insurrection of 1903.

Also, as there were Turkish garrisons in almost all the villages, I made it a point to request the officer in command to find me accommodation, so that no wretched Bulgarian might be accused afterwards of having invited me to his house in order to make complaints against the troops. It may have come about in that way that I always found my quarters good and clean, and the people civil and obliging.



CHRISTIAN VILLAGERS DRAWING WATER

This work is generally performed by women.

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The Kutzo-Vlacks, or Roumanians, who enter Turkish territory during the summer, are generally shepherds who move about in the mountains to wherever their flocks get the best pasture.

There are also a good many Gypsies in the European provinces, some of whom are nominally Christians; but whichever faith they profess it does not seem to have much effect upon them.

There remain the mixed villages, inhabited by both Moslems and Christians, in which the idiosyncrasies of both are rather accentuated from a sense of opposition.

There are lots of villages in Asia Minor which are half Turk, half Armenian, and when that occurs the Turks generally devote themselves to agriculture and farm all the land round the village, while the Armenians are the shopkeepers and tradesmen. Where any skill is required, as in the trade of a carpenter, builder, shoemaker, or the like, the Turks cannot compete with the Armenians, which fact perhaps contributes to the dislike with which the latter are regarded.

In Europe the Armenians are not sufficiently numerous to be considered a dangerous element, and are not therefore so unpopular; whilst in the cases of mixed villages of Turks and Greeks, or Turks and Bulgarians, the Christians have come off better than they would have done in a village only occupied by their own people, as the presence of the Turks constituted on the one hand a guarantee that the village had not been used as a harbour of refuge by the revolutionary bands, and on the other averted the danger of its being attacked by a band of rival Christians.

It often happens that, when travelling in an out-of-

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the-way place, one has occasion to engage fresh horses in some village, and in connection with this I have noticed that whereas in Asia Minor one Armenian from a village will come in charge of three pack-horses, if one hires horses in a Greek or Bulgarian village a man will come to look after each horse.

CHAPTER VIII
*CAPITULATIONS AND CERTIFICATES OF
NATIONALITY*

CHAPTER VIII

CAPITULATIONS AND CERTIFICATES OF NATIONALITY

THE Turks are very sore about their general treatment at the hands of the European Powers. They assert, with a great deal of truth, that no other State which has been officially recognised as a European nation is subjected to the same humiliations and restrictions. They think that they are dictated to and bullied, that they are not allowed to manage things in their own way in their own country, and they smart under the constant advice and interference to which they are subject. More especially is this the case with regard to the capitulations by which foreigners resident in the country are practically independent of the Turkish Law, except in the matter of house-property. When I first went to Mersina I found that the Greek Consul, who had had to leave his post at the beginning of the Greco-Turkish war, had never been replaced owing chiefly to the difficulties raised by the Porte in the appointment of a successor, and the British Government had consequently undertaken the care of Greek interests in the vilayet of Adana. It was an example of how the Turkish Government were perpetually damaging their own cause by their policy of obstruction. They had just

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beaten Greece and had no further fear of her, and consequently were in a position to treat her as they pleased; but the only result was that Greek interests were undertaken by the British Consulate, which was able to safeguard them in a way which had never been done before. A local saying is to the effect that "The Osmanli pig refuses to give nine, then gets many blows and ends by giving thirty."

The result, however, of the absence of a Greek Consul was that I had always on hand a series of questions with the local authorities about the Greek subjects resident in the district, and was enabled to see both sides of the question of the capitulations.

In a large body of people of any nation there are, of course, many black sheep, and I fear I cannot contradict the statement that one Levantine Greek is sometimes worse than three Genevese Jews; and I could not but admit that the Turkish authorities were very sorely tried. I have in my mind a case of a Greek waiter, a regular *mauvais sujet*, who was guilty of an astonishing number of crimes; time after time the mutessarif made official complaints of the conduct of this man, and time after time I had him brought to the Consulate and lectured, which had not the slightest effect upon him. Finally one night he got very drunk, nearly killed his wife, tried to stab several people in the Bazâr, and fired shots from a revolver, which he was not allowed to carry, at some Greek and Armenian women; he then refused to be arrested by the police, and dared them to touch him as a foreign subject. I had to send a cavass from the British Consulate to accompany the police and give

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them the necessary authority, and the man was brought under escort to the Consulate on the following day. As usual he promised faithfully to be steady and well-behaved, but I sent him to the Turkish prison and requested the mutessarif to have him put in chains. The mutessarif made some demur to this request, saying they had never taken such a step with a foreigner, but agreed to do so on my written request. In a few days four of the leading Greeks of the town came to me and guaranteed the good behaviour of the prisoner if he were liberated, and I had him released.

Two days afterwards he was as bad as ever, and I decided to send him out of the district. He was put forcibly on board a steamer bound for Cyprus, and was pushed up the accommodation ladder shouting, "Cursed be the British Consul and cavasses, and the Turkish authorities." At the same time he tore up his passport. The local Government issued stringent orders that he was never again to be allowed to land in the vilayet, and yet in ten days he was back again, having arrived in a Messageries steamer from Larnaca, and hidden himself under some cargo in a lighter.

He remained in hiding for two days, but was then re-arrested and sent under escort to the Greek Consul-General in Beyrouth, who, I believe, sent him as a prisoner to Greece.

That is one side of the picture, and though, perhaps, the worst case I can remember, is but one of many; and one can readily sympathise with the authorities having no power to deal with a scoundrel who would probably have got ten years' penal servitude in any other country. But the fact remains that, were they

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to have such power, the lives of Europeans might well become intolerable.

At Mersina there was scarcely a week that I had not to intervene on behalf of some Greek who was being unfairly treated, generally by being handicapped by ridiculous obstructions about his business, and it often turned out that the sole object was to raise difficulties until the man paid up in hard cash for the privilege of fair treatment.

By far the most difficult cases, however, were those of the Greeks and others, such as Armenians, who were Turkish subjects and had no official right to foreign protection, but yet looked to the British Consulate as their one stand-bye in case of need. Directly after the Greco-Turkish war hundreds of Greeks had flocked back to Mersina, only to be informed at the landing stage that if they wished to land they must sign a paper renouncing their Greek nationality and declaring themselves Ottoman subjects. Many of them refused to sign, and returned to Egypt or Cyprus; but others, who had business to look after, signed the paper and went ashore, and the fact of their doing so raised a question which is probably still going on. The Turks claimed that those who had signed were Turkish subjects, liable for all taxes and having no right to foreign protection, while the British Consulate, acting for the Greek Minister, refused to recognise any paper signed under compulsion. The Greeks were instructed not to pay any tax for which foreigners were not liable, and the authorities insisted on the payment. The result was perpetual war between the authorities and myself; when I say war, I should say official war only, as

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Djemal Bey, the mutessarif at Mersina, and Bahri Pasha, the vali at Adana, were only carrying out their orders and understood the question as well as I did myself. It was a pleasant feature in all disputes with them that, even at moments of bitter official enmity, they were both on the best of terms with me personally, and would smilingly tell me over coffee and cigarettes that official complaint of my conduct had been made to Constantinople ; but the Greeks never paid those taxes.

Another grievance of the Turks is the fact of foreign post-offices being established in so many towns ; but that is largely their own fault, and the result of the Censorship which gives the Government the right to detain and examine letters and papers. As long as such is the case they cannot complain at foreigners making arrangements for their nationals to receive their correspondence safely ; but the trouble is that, wherever established, the foreign post-offices are used by Ottoman subjects also, and the result is a large loss of revenue and a means by which the people can get forbidden literature, and sometimes seditious documents, from abroad. As there are no foreign post-offices up-country, every one is dependent on the Turkish post for communicating with the interior ; but no one in his senses, if he wants to write to a foreign country, will post his letter in the Turkish office, and run the risk of its being detained for examination, when he can hand it over to British, French, or Austrian postal authorities. Here again we have an instance of the " Osmanli pig " who won't insure the inviolability of his own post, and, in consequence, has to accept foreign-managed offices in his chief towns.

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The want of justice and the prevalence of bribery are at the root of half the misfortunes of Turkey. Nominally the Code Napoléon is in force, but only nominally. The power of the provincial governors is so great that they can order any one to prison and keep him there for an indefinite time without trial, while if two people enter into litigation it is a question of who can afford to pay most to the judge. I have heard of a case on first-hand authority where a huge sum of money was involved, and a great commercial undertaking was obliged to offer the judge £T. 2000, only to hear from the latter, just before the trial, that the other side had offered more; the first-mentioned concern then made their offer up to £T. 3000 and won their case! And in a smaller way the same thing happens every day.

One of the British cavasses at Mersina was once accused of aiding Armenians to leave the country by getting them on board a foreign steamer. I inquired into the case, and found that a certain number of Armenians had left by the steamer without passports, and I had strong reason to believe that they had paid over £40 to the police in consideration of the police-boat not observing them until the last of them had his foot on the steamer's ladder. I, therefore, would not allow my cavass to go for trial, he being under British protection, as an employé of the Consulate, although an Ottoman subject. Summonses to attend for trial came to him every six or eight weeks, and were sent back by me, until finally the authorities begged that, in order to close the case in the books, he might attend the Court for a few minutes *while he was being found not guilty*, which was done. Had he gone at first, he, and

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a couple of other cavasses, would have been made the scapegoats of the police. Bribery, however, is not confined to the Turks, but is just as prevalent amongst the Levantines, and is quite common with Europeans.

I remember, in a town that shall be nameless, I was in my office one morning when a rich Greek, one of the local celebrities, was shown in. We will call him Monsieur X. He spoke English very well, and, after some casual remarks, he informed me that he had been for three years in England, and then ensued a conversation something on the following lines:—

M. X. "I should rather like to become a British subject. What steps are necessary to do so?"

I. "You must live five years continuously in a British possession."

M. X. "Well, I have lived three, you know. I suppose that would not do?"

I. "I'm afraid not. It was a pity you did not stay two years longer."

M. X. "I speak the language so well too."

I. "Yes." Pause.

M. X. "I could not well go back to England now. You issue Certificates of Nationality to British subjects every year, don't you?"

I. "Yes."

M. X. "On your own responsibility?"

I. "Well, on production of a passport or their last year's Certificate, or on satisfying myself that they are genuine British subjects."

M. X. "I—er—I suppose £200 wouldn't be any good?"

It was useless to be angry; he was only doing

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what he and his had done all their lives, so I merely rang for the cavass to show him out.

On another occasion I had to expostulate with a Government official about a matter which had not been looked into as I had hoped. He replied quite frankly that his salary was many months in arrear, and that he had his position to keep up, and that his only means of livelihood was to extort payment from those who had business with the Government. "I cannot live on air," he added, "and the man who brought these documents refused to give me the five pounds I asked him for; but, since the Consulate has interested itself in the matter, I shall see to it at once!"

The idea of being confined in a Turkish prison conjures up horrible pictures of torture to one's mind, and it was quite a surprise to me to find that prisoners were not half so sorry for themselves as I was for them. They are generally overcrowded and very badly fed, often depending on what their friends bring them from outside; but prison discipline, as it is understood at Portland or Dartmoor, is quite unknown in Turkey. The prisoners talk as much as they please, play cards, sing, and do all kinds of work for their own amusement or profit. I heard of one case where a shopkeeper was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment, which he saw would be detrimental to his business; but he soon found a way out of the difficulty by paying a certain sum daily to the gaoler, in consideration of which he was allowed to leave the prison every morning and go to his shop in the Bazâr for the day, returning to sleep in prison at night.

Finding myself once about a day's march from the

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great prison of Pyas Kaleh, at the head of Alexandretta Bay, I determined to pay it a surprise visit, and arrived at the gates one morning without any warning. No difficulties of any kind were raised to my walking all about it, and I at once entered the large open interior space. It was pretty well full of prisoners, though at first it was hard to believe that the cheery, laughing crowd who collected round me were convicts. There were lots of shady trees dotted about, and a fountain of water, and the prisoners were amusing themselves as they pleased. A good many were playing cards, and most of them were smoking cigarettes. I bought various carved boxes, inlaid sticks, and such-like things from them, and, as I watched others being made, I thought how horrified some of our English prison officials would have been at the implements which were everywhere to be seen—knives, chisels, hammers, &c., were lying about and no one seemed to mind. One policeman, unarmed and bored, was in charge, and seemed on terms of easy familiarity with the prisoners. The latter consisted of every race in Turkey; there were Arabs from Syria, Turks from Asia Minor, Fellaheen from the Cilician Plain, and Greeks and Bulgarians from Europe, with a good many Armenians. The Greeks and Bulgarians were political prisoners, but seemed to have just the same treatment as the criminals who were their companions. An Arab came up to me and asked if it was true that I was the British Consul from Mersina, and went on to say that he had done twelve years of a sentence of fifteen for having murdered a man near Tarsus, so that he would be free in three years at latest, and would then very much like to be a cavass

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at the Consulate. He was interested in his chance of getting the appointment, but seemed to think the rest of his story hardly worth telling, and evidently looked on the murder as an unfortunate thing which any one might have to do.

In some prisons there are underground cells, and I have heard dark hints as to the methods adopted therein to extort confessions from political offenders or to force them to incriminate others; and I fear that it is true that Christians are liable to harder treatment than the custodians are in the habit of meting out to their co-religionists. All the prisons I have seen have been dirty and in want of repair.

CHAPTER IX
TYPICAL TOWNS

CHAPTER IX

TYPICAL TOWNS

IF other people's ideas are as vague about Turkish towns as mine were a few years ago, it may be of interest to describe a few of those which I have since come to know; it is unnecessary to say anything of such places as Constantinople, Smyrna, or Beyrouth, which are too well known to need description, so I shall confine myself to a few towns in the provinces as typical of others.

When I came on deck in the early morning on the steamer (one of the Messageries Maritimes boats) which was taking me to Mersina for the first time, I expected to see a collection of white flat-roofed houses, with a few palm trees growing along a sandy beach, but I was very much mistaken. The sandy beach was there, also the palm trees, but at first sight the latter were invisible, being swallowed up in the mass of poplars, cypress trees, and orange groves which grow right up to the town, on the land side.

As for the town itself, it looks like a place in Southern Italy, and it is only on closer inspection that a few minarets are visible over the roofs of houses built in European fashion. Beyond the town and apparently just behind it, but in reality at a distance of several miles, are the mountains, which extend right

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along the coast from east to west, and shelter the Cilician Plain from the cold northerly winds.

Before going ashore I remarked to one of the ship's officers that Mersina looked rather a nice place.

"Nice?" he cried, "why, no European can live there for more than a fortnight—there is nothing but fever—and I feel sure we shall have to go and see your grave when we return here again in two months!"

That is the reputation of Mersina, and I believe it was very well deserved some twenty-five years ago, when the place consisted of a few huts surrounded by marshes; but now the surrounding plain has been drained, and cotton fields have replaced the marshes, while the few huts have developed into a town of some ten thousand inhabitants. It is not exactly a health resort even now, and fever and ague are regarded as all in the day's work; but it is quite fit for Europeans to live in if they can get up to the mountains from June to September, when the heat is of the hot-bath type.

Mersina is very cosmopolitan, and I believe Turkish, Arabic, Armenian, Greek, French, Italian, German, English, Kurdish, and Spanish are spoken in it every day, but only the first five of them are commonly heard in the streets.

The latter are like those of any town of Southern Europe, narrow, paved with cobble-stones, and flanked by stone houses with balconies and "jalousies" on the windows. There is one principal street, which runs from the short iron pier to the station of the Mersina-Tarsus-Adana Railway, and in it the crowd

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contains nearly as many Europeans and Levantines as natives.

There is also a covered-in native bazâr containing both Turkish and Armenian shops. Most of the larger houses are on the beach and are occupied by foreigners and by the Consulates.

All through the winter the streets are thronged with camels, which arrive every evening from the far interior with bales of cotton, grain, or carpets, and reload with hardware, clothes, soap, and all kinds of imported articles for sale in the up-country towns.

The most prominent building is the Greek Orthodox Church. There are two missions, one American and the other French.

Like all the more important seaports of Turkey, Mersina has an excellent steamship service, the Khe-devial mail steamers of Alexandria, and the Austrian-Lloyd boats calling weekly, while the Messageries Maritimes, as well as Russian and Italian steamers, make it a regular port of call. There are several fair Greek hotels. If we leave out the foreigners and Levantines, the native population of Turkish subjects consists of Turks, Greeks, Armenians, and Greek-Arabs, as they are called, who are really Syrians belonging to the Greek Church; there are also a few Mussulman Arabs and a sprinkling of Jews.

Tarsus, on the Cilician plain, about sixteen miles to the east of Mersina, contains all the same elements, but the Turks and Armenians are in greater relative proportions. Europe-like houses are scarcer, and the foreigners comprise only Greeks and the members of the American Mission. It is a sort of stepping-stone

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between Mersina the Europeanised and Adana, which is practically a city of the interior. Tarsus lives upon cotton—that is to say that the cultivation of the plant on the surrounding plain and the cotton-ginning establishments in the town form the chief employment and means of livelihood; there is also the caravan trade with the interior, though that will presumably dwindle considerably with the making of the Bagdad Railway and the branch line which will run to Mersina. At present Tarsus profits by being the starting-point of the road which leads to the north over the Taurus mountains *vid* the Cilician Gates.

As at Mersina, there are gardens and groves of fruit-trees just outside the town.

Adana, the capital of the vilayet, is sufficiently Turkish to render insignificant what we may call the tentacles of Europe—the railway and the few European houses; they are unable to make more than a tiny difference in the general aspects and habits of the city, and when you turn out of the little station and walk for but a few minutes through the streets, there is nothing to indicate that you are not 100 miles further up country, far from railways, steamers, foreigners, and such-like nuisances which, as every reasonable man knows, are merely so many annoyances to disturb the peace of the faithful and intrude themselves with advice and interference where they are not wanted.

In Adana we have the same population as is to be found at Mersina, with a greater number of Turks and a much smaller number of foreigners and Greek-Arabs, but there are other important elements which are almost absent from Mersina, such as Kurds, Afghans

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and Indians, Circassians and Persians. Although it is the residence of the Vali and the seat of the local government, the only resident Consul is the representative of Persia, all the other Consuls living at Mersina.

There are a few wide streets and a regular network of winding narrow alleys with long stretches of high wall constructed of mud and straw, behind which the Moslem women are able to walk in their gardens secure from the profane glance of the passers in the street.

In the summer people sleep on the flat roofs of their houses, and I could never understand how the quite small children who run about on the roofs used to escape falling over, as the parapets are not more than a couple of feet in height.

You can drive anywhere in Adana, though in the narrow side streets it is impossible for two carriages to pass.

Overlooking the Sihûn River, which runs through or rather beside the town, is a Greek hotel where it is possible for a foreigner to put up.

The river is crossed by a long stone bridge with many piers (originally built by Justinian), which leads on to the level monotonous plain.

Like Tarsus, Adana lives on cotton, the factory chimneys being a landmark for miles over the plain.

Let us turn now to the consideration of towns in the real interior, unconnected by rail with the coast and, save for missionaries, inhabited only by the people of the country.

Hadjin, the scene of one of the recent massacres

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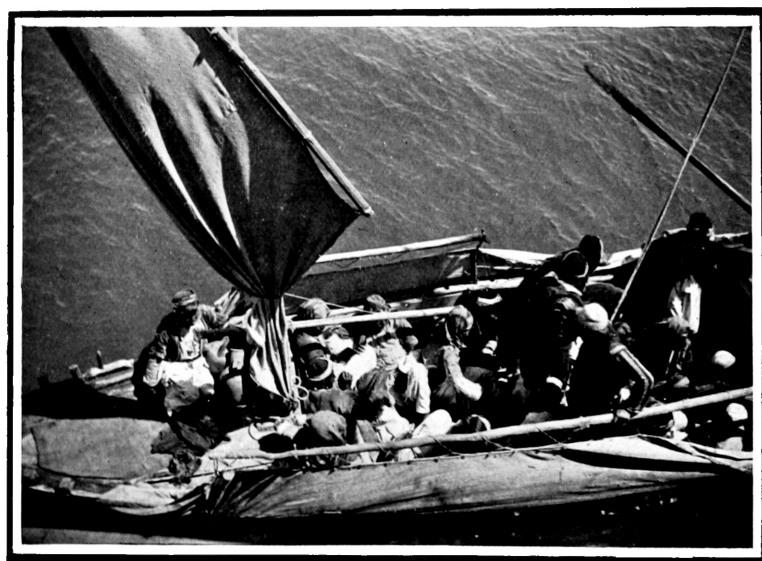
of Armenians, is a large village in the northern and mountainous parts of the vilayet of Adana. It is perched upon a knoll in the middle of a deep basin formed by bare rugged mountains which command it on every side. The population is almost entirely Armenian, and of all the wretchedly poor places which I have seen in Turkey it struck me as the poorest and the most congested. The village consists of a series of terraces, so that to walk along a street you must almost walk on the roofs of the houses in the next street below. The shops are small and miserable, and in fact it is not easy to see how the people eke out a living, as the bare mountains round them do not seem capable of growing much except in the few fertile patches which are given over to vines. The village is always at the mercy of the large Moslem villages to the north, and abutting as it does on a district peopled largely by Kurds and Circassians, and infested by brigands of the latter race, together with the fact of being cut off from the coast by snow during a considerable portion of the year, it is not the abode which I should pick out were I a Christian subject of the Ottoman Empire.

Marash in the vilayet of Aleppo is a large town with a mixed native population, including Turks, Arabs, Armenians and Circassians. Like most similar places it has been the scene of massacres of Armenians in recent years, and the Christians are always in a state of apprehension.

When I arrived there in November 1903, after six days' march from Adana, I found all the Armenian shops closed and none of the Christians abroad in the



RELIEF CAMP, ESTABLISHED AT ADANA AFTER THE MASSACRE OF 1909



BOATLOAD OF TURKS, FUGITIVES FROM JUSTICE, PICKED UP AT SEA BY
H.M.S. "EXMOUTH," AFTER THE MASSACRES IN THE
VILAYET OF ADANA, 1909

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streets; the latter are very steep and rough, so much so that there is no wheeled vehicle in the town, and everything is transported by pack-horses and porters.

As we rode up the main street people turned out to see us, saying, "Shapkali, shapkali!" (a wearer of a hat), and when the word had gone round that a foreigner, a Consul, had arrived, shops were opened, and in a few hours the market was thronged with Armenians who had not left their houses for days. They begged me to walk through the bazâr, as they had an idea that my presence would insure tranquillity, which showed one what an important person a foreigner must be to them. I must, however, admit that the Turks were not overcome in any visible way, and took not the slightest notice of me unless I spoke to them, when they answered with their usual civility.

It seemed that the authorities were collecting taxes for, I think, the previous seventeen years, and according to the Armenians all these taxes had already been paid, but many of the receipts had been burned in a big fire which had occurred a few years previously in the bazâr, and of those which had been preserved the majority turned out either not to be receipts at all or else to be only acknowledgments for very small sums which the people had unwittingly accepted, being unable to read Turkish. Consequently when an Armenian went to the Bazâr a zaptieh appeared and took him to the Konak (Government buildings), where he had either to pay up or go to prison.

I left my men and most of the baggage in the han, and slept myself at the American Mission Station, where one of the servants presented himself on the

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following morning with the information that a man had come into their room in the han in the early morning and pulled all my things about, giving them a lengthy examination. "What is the good of you?" I demanded angrily; "I leave you in charge of the things, and you let any one who likes come and rummage amongst them."

"He was a Circassian, effendi," replied the Armenian servant, as though that exonerated him from all blame. With "blood in my eye" I went off to the han and saw the proprietor, to whom I made my complaint, but he also was an Armenian.

"What can I do, Consolos Bey?" he asked. "He is a Circassian, a very big man, and they say connected with the Government (*i.e.* a spy). I dare not therefore interfere with him."

Of course it was intolerable to be treated like that, so having ascertained the name of mine enemy, I went off to the mutessarif, who was not yet in his office, it being the month of Ramazan; I next tried the chief of police, who professed himself delighted to see me. When, however, I had explained the reason of my visit, he began to raise difficulties. Yes, he thought he *had* heard of the man I named—a Tcherkess, did I say? Yes—yes—well it was very unfortunate—but that man lived a long way off in the country, and he had heard that he had left early for his village, so could not now be found, but two policemen should at once be sent to guard my things; and he began to give a string of orders to his subordinates.

"Bimbashi effendi," I interrupted, "you must have been misinformed, no doubt by some most unusual

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mistake, as that Tcherkess does not live out in the country but is here now in the town, and I want him arrested."

Finally, after many evasions and a visit by the bimbashi to the private house of the mutessarif, the Circassian was arrested and put in prison. I have no doubt that he was released on my departure, probably before I was half-an-hour out of the town, but at all events he had suffered the (to him) intense humiliation of being marched between two zaptiehs through the bazâr to prison under the eyes of the Christians, and on the demand of a foreigner and a Giaour.

These incidents from life illustrate the position of an Armenian in the interior.

Of all the towns which I have visited in Asiatic Turkey, however, the one in which the racial and religious hatred seemed the most bitter is Kaisariyeh in the vilayet of Angora. Of its population of about 50,000, some 20,000 are Christians, and of these 20,000 about three-fourths are Armenians, the remainder being Greeks. About three miles from Kaisariyeh is the village of Tallas, in which is a large American mission station and hospital. The missionaries are the only foreigners. There are six or eight thousand Christians in Tallas. To the south of the town Ergies Dagh raises its crest into the eternal snows.

It was Ramazan when I went to Kaisariyeh in 1904, and just about sunset when we entered the labyrinth of narrow tortuous streets which compose the city; none of the party had ever been there before, so none of us knew the way. Of our two zaptieh guides one was the faithful Ali from Mersina, who

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always came travelling with me, and the other a Kurdish zaptieh brought from Hadjin.

We were still trying to find our way when the sunset gun fired authorising the Moslems to eat, drink, and smoke after their all-day fast. In the middle of the street an old Turk was standing, a chunk of bread in his hand, which was half-way to his mouth, when his arm was seized by our Kurdish zaptieh Genjo.

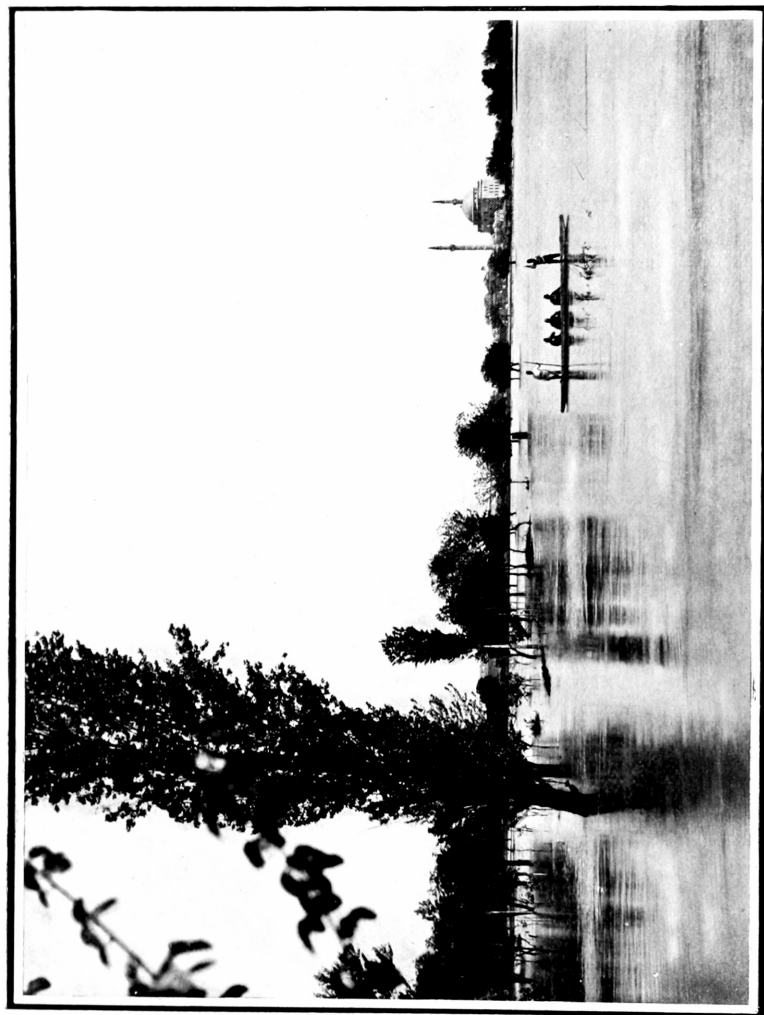
"By my beard, father," cried Genjo, "thou shalt not eat until thou hast guided us to the best han."

"Let go, yavrum" (my youngster), said the old man, "go and find the han yourself—you who are not ashamed to accompany Christians during the month of Ramazan."

Ali and Genjo, however, rode on each side of the old man, and not without an occasional prod with the butts of their rifles induced him, grumbling and muttering at the indignity, to guide us to a large dirty han kept by a Greek.

The Moslem population of Kaisariyeh, Turks being more numerous than either Circassians or Kurds, keep the Armenians and Greeks in absolute subjection. No Christian would dare to walk through the Moslem bazâr at any time, nor would he leave his house if he could possibly help it after dark, and if compelled to do so would never go alone.

In spite of the large number of Christians, the latter are quite unable to stand up for themselves. They are not allowed to have any arms, whilst the Moslems are always well equipped in that respect; also the Christians are not all Armenians nor all Greeks, and the two races do not amalgamate.



FLOOD AT ADRIANOPOLE

The waters of the river Tundja covering the surrounding country.

TYPICAL TOWNS

A Turkish proverb says :

“Rum ermenie dost olmaz
It derresinden post olmaz,”

which means that “A Greek and an Armenian cannot be friends, nor can a praying-mat be made from the skin of a dog,” the latter simile being no doubt chosen to express the utter impossibility of such a friendship.

In the heart of Asia Minor people concern themselves wonderfully little about what is going on in the European provinces (unless of course a revolution or something which affects the whole nation is taking place). Amongst the Asiatic Christians the Armenian question reigns supreme as queen of all others, so that it comes as a surprise when one first arrives in Turkish Europe to find to what an unimportant place the great question of Asia Minor has been relegated. The Macedonian question has naturally completely eclipsed it.

In Adrianople there are comparatively few Armenians; the main population of some 80,000 is composed of Turks, Greeks, Bulgarians and Jews. There are, I believe, over 8000 Jews, all of whom are descendants of refugees from Spain, and even though the large majority of them have never been out of Turkey, they still talk Spanish amongst themselves and regard it as their own language. Of course every Jew in Adrianople also speaks Turkish, and many of them know French. They are distributed through the various strata of local society, from well-to-do merchants and large contractors down to the poorest of the poor.

The most prominent feature in Adrianople is the

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Mosque of Sultan Selim, of which the four minarets, each with its four galleries, can be seen from the Bulgarian frontier to the north.

The city, which once was an important and thriving centre, has been going downhill in recent times ; this is partly due to the completion of the railway between Europe and Constantinople, so that travellers are not obliged to halt at Adrianople, and partly to the fact of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia ceasing to be an integral part of the Ottoman dominions. In former times Adrianople was the centre of a large district, but now the frontier of Eastern Roumelia is only a few miles off ; and even before the recent annexation of that province to Bulgaria, its inhabitants, who are practically all Bulgars, never thought of doing their business in Adrianople, nor indeed could they get there without obtaining passports and going through the formalities of entering a foreign country.

Another thing which is rather hard on Adrianople is that the river Maritza, which runs through the town on its way to the Mediterranean, is rendered useless by the fact of the railway company having obtained the exclusive right to develop its navigation—a right which they naturally do not exercise, to the detriment of the railway ; and so the fine river, which joins with the Tundja immediately below the town, is rendered useless as a means of communication with the sea.

Adrianople contains many foreigners, and being the headquarters of the 2nd Army Corps, has a large garrison, a force which has recently been making history by joining with the troops of Salonica in the

TYPICAL TOWNS

Young Turkish movement and the march upon Constantinople. The river Tundja separates the barracks from a most delightful park, the "Eski Serai" (old Palace). The park is now open to the public, except on Fridays, when it is reserved for Moslem ladies, and forms a delightful shady walk of over a mile.

The feeling between Moslem and Christian is not nearly so bitter as in Asia Minor, since, as explained in a previous chapter, the chief enmity is between the rival races of Christians.

CHAPTER X

FOREIGNERS

CHAPTER X

FOREIGNERS

THE foreigners in Turkey may be divided into four classes: (1) The Diplomatic and Consular Corps; (2) the Permanent Residents; (3) Levantines; (4) Tourists.

The Diplomatic Corps, of which the members are here to-day and gone to-morrow, has of course nothing Turkish about it, but is, as it were, the head of society in the country; a circumstance due, of course, to the absence of Turkish aristocracy and to the different ideas and customs of the Moslems, including the seclusion of the ladies. The British Consular system is not quite on the same footing as the Continental systems; as while our diplomatic and consular services are quite distinct, it is not so with other European nations, in whose service a man may be a consul now and a secretary in the Embassy next year, or *vice versa*. Also the British Consular service has three divisions: (1) The General; (2) the Levant; (3) the China and Japan Service—for all of which different qualifications are necessary, and the latter two of which have their own especial countries to work in. In the Levant service a Consul may be sent anywhere in Turkey, Persia, Egypt, &c., but would not, for example, be sent to France or America.

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In the Consular services of all nations there is also a difference between the "Consuls de Carrière" and the honorary or trading Consuls, who are either natives of, or residents in, the country, and in very many cases cannot speak the language of the country which they represent. There is great competition, in a country like Turkey, to be the representative (or even the honorary dragoman) of a foreign state, and especially of a great Power, as the appointment, though hardly lucrative, carries with it all sorts of privileges and exemptions, and adds considerably to the local prestige of the holder, whose office is very often a sinecure, and who has not, naturally, to carry out all the duties which are performed by a Consul de Carrière.

The permanent European residents are, with the exception of missionaries, almost all to be found in the towns on or near the coast, at any rate on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. In using the term permanent residents I merely mean to distinguish between tourists and people actually living in the country, even for a few years, such as agents of steamship companies, railway officials and others who can claim the proud title of "vrai Européen." All of them are engaged in business of some kind, and a certain number settle in the country and develop into Levantine families. The Levantines are a much more numerous class.

A Levantine is a person born of European parents in Turkey, so that it only takes a single generation for a European family to become a Levantine one in the strict sense of the word. They may of course be of any nationality, but the vast majority are Greeks, many of whom are very wealthy, as they are very

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sharp and seldom come out second best in any business transaction. I know of some whose ancestors originally made a fortune by obtaining from the Yuruks the land on which Mersina now stands at the rate of a few pounds of coffee, or some such article, for about an acre of land. They, together with the Ottoman subjects of Greek origin, form the chief supporters of the Greek Orthodox Church, and are generally in a state of feud with the "Greek-Arabs," or Syrians, who belong to the same Church, but not being Greeks by nationality are not appreciated when they attend the Greek Church. Consequently there are very often two churches, side by side, in which precisely the same service is taking place, but the congregation in one is Greek and in the other Syrian.

The tourists who flock annually to Turkey see but little of the real life of the country, and do not come into contact with the other Europeans; in fact, as is natural, they only see what is most interesting in the time at their disposal at Constantinople, Smyrna, Jerusalem, &c., so that we are not concerned with them in this chapter, which is intended to be a sketch of the lives of foreigners actually living in the provinces.

There is an enormous amount of ceremony in the social relations of a country town. Every lady has her at-home day, and keeps a sharp and jealous eye upon both her own callers and those of her neighbours. Even Syrian Arabs, who possibly know no European language, have their *jours de réception*, and sit in state in their drawing-rooms praying that some one from the next layer above them in the social strata

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may honour them with a visit. The amusing part of it is that a real European will often show up at such houses, and a Levantine family, who would go to almost any length to be on visiting terms with the European, would not demean themselves by calling as promiscuously as he does.

When a new European arrives every one goes to call on him, largely out of curiosity, and he has to decide whose calls he will return. Those to whom he fails to pay that attention naturally become his deadliest enemies, and as everybody considers himself, or rather herself, all that can be desired, social conditions are generally rather tumultuous.

I remember at Mersina going to return the call of a leading resident, a Greek. It was madame's at-home day (the husbands generally go elsewhere when their wives are "at-home"), and I had heard that she had had an English governess and spoke English fluently, so that I talked to her in that language. Several other ladies were in the room, but I did not know any of them, nor was I introduced. In the intervals of conversation with me my hostess, with the fluency of most Levantines, was conversing in French and Greek with the other ladies. She soon began to speak of me in French. "Is it not ridiculous," she asked, "of the English Government to send a Consul here who only speaks English?" (I had not tried to speak anything else.) "However, I suppose they can't help it, as the English are always so badly educated!" I got up to go. "Si vous me permettez, madame," I said; "je vais me promener un peu. Nous autres Anglais, nous aimons nous exercer tous les jours." Madame for, I

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should imagine, the first time in her life was left absolutely speechless as I retired from her salon for the first and last time.

Nowadays it is the fashion to have afternoon tea in the English way, except that a slice of lemon is substituted for milk ; but, before tea comes in, a tray arrives on which are little dishes containing sweets, crystallised fruits, and saucers of jam ; there are also spoons and glasses of water for every one. On the tray being handed to you, you take what you like, followed by a spoonful of jam and a drink of water, and put your spoon into the water remaining in your glass. If you refuse to partake you are warmly pressed to do so, unless you establish a reputation (as I did from the first) for not eating between meals. You are then merely looked on as an eccentric Englishman, who does not mean to be intentionally rude.

On New Year's Day everybody goes round and pays visits—that is to say, the men pay the visits and the ladies stay at home and receive. Visiting starts about 10 A.M. and goes on all day, with an interval from noon to about 2.30 P.M., and any one who is not visited looks askance at the delinquent during the ensuing twelve months. As the Greek dates are “ old style ”—that is to say, fourteen days behind ours—it follows that the visiting ordeal has to be gone through twice. It is also the habit to go round visiting in the same way at Easter.

The Turks seldom or never take part in the social life of the foreigners. Occasionally one used to meet a Turkish officer paying calls ; such officers were from amongst those who had been to military schools in France or Germany, and lived in perpetual fear (it was

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before the grant of the Constitution) of being considered young Turks, or of getting into trouble for being on too friendly terms with foreigners, especially if the latter were connected with a Consulate.

A favourite entertainment is an evening party—you are invited to *prendre le thé*, at, say, 9.30 P.M., at the house of one of your acquaintances, which means that there is a combined dance, bridge-party, and concert lasting until the small hours of the following morning.

On one such occasion, when I arrived, I noticed a sort of constraint, which was soon explained by my host, a Frenchman, whispering to me that there was present a Russian lady who was in the habit of smoking cigarettes; but, as she knew what strict people the English were, she did not like to do so in my presence! I explained that such doings were not unknown even in such a well-conducted place as London.

Men smoke everywhere in Turkey. At first I used to cause much amusement by asking leave to do so, until I came to realise that permission is never demanded; it is an understood thing that you may smoke wherever and whenever you like.

Every European who can manage it either leaves the country during the summer or tries to get up to the mountains, and each town has one or more summer resorts, or “yailas,” to which people go. In a place like Mersina the summer heat is very oppressive, exceeding that of Cairo, besides being much damper, but there is a really delightful “yaila” in the mountains to the north. It is called Guezneh, and consists of a lot of wooden shanties situated on the Ali Dag, about 3400 feet above the sea.

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The taking and letting of the houses there affords entertainment for months beforehand to the Europeans and Levantines in Adana and Mersina, whose families spend the whole summer at the "yaila," while the men get up there for the week ends.

With a good horse it is a ride of about three and a half hours, but the transport of a family was always a great undertaking and not without amusing features. To start with, as there is only a mountain path, parts of which are very rough and steep, it is a case of going on horseback, and quite half the ladies who perform the journey have not the most elementary idea of riding. To continue, there are no such things as side-saddles, so that one is treated to the spectacle of fat and elderly French and Greek women astride small and staggering ponies, on which they are held by a man on each side, while they utter screams which would put a peacock to shame every time the pony stumbles or scrambles over a rough place. Both pony and rider are utterly exhausted when Guezneh is reached ; but all hardships are soon forgotten in the splendid pure air and cool nights, with the mountain breezes whispering gently amongst the fir-trees, and the absence of mosquitoes, so different to the stifling heat and the millions of mosquitoes and sand-flies which have been left behind in Mersina.

My predecessor at Mersina had made a lawn-tennis ground, which I had put into more or less repair ; that is to say, I got it rolled by a pair of bullocks dragging a big stone roller, and then put thin laths in the ground to represent the lines, the court being merely sun-baked earth.

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Having thus completed the arrangements, I proceeded to give a tennis-party, the memory of which is still dear to me. A Frenchman and I were the only two who knew the rules, but every one wanted to play, and did so, the numbers being only limited by the scarcity of racquets. The balls flew about the neighbourhood like leaves in autumn, and all the players talked at the tops of their voices in four languages. One of the men wore a frock-coat, and another was in evening dress and white tie, and both wore bowler hats.

It was a poor beginning ; but, after a month or two, we could boast of a dozen players of both sexes who had become comparatively good.

CHAPTER XI

MONEY, TIME, AND FESTIVALS

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MONEY, TIME, AND FESTIVALS

THE vagaries of the piastre were a great trouble to me for some time after my arrival. Any guide-book will tell you that there are Ps.100 in the Turkish £ or lira; but, when you come to apply your information, it is found to be useless. It is not exactly incorrect, because it is the gold standard used by the Government; but as a gold piastre does not exist, it does not help you much when you go shopping, and, to make matters worse, every new town you come to has its own particular currency.

The only actual piastre coin is a small silver one, worth a trifle less than $2\frac{1}{2}$ d.; but although this silver piastre is in circulation everywhere, and is the only one that is in circulation, there are few places outside Constantinople where business is done in it.

In Constantinople 120 silver piastres go to the lira, and there is no trouble in making calculations; you have to pay 1 mejidieh, or 20 piastres, and you give 20 pieces of 1 piastre each.

Then you go on to Smyrna, where you find the mejidieh is called 33 piastres; or to Adana, where it is 23; or to Marash, where it is 26. I do not guarantee the exact figures for each place, but merely give them as examples.

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Thus each town has its own fictitious currency which does not exist in fact. If, therefore, you go into the Bazâr at Adana, and after much bargaining agree to buy for Ps. 15 an article for which you have been asked about Ps. 35, you don't think of giving 15 silver piastres; you must work out a proportion sum saying to yourself, "If 20 piastres are represented by 23, how many piastres are represented by 15?" The last straw is reached when a Greek or Armenian, anxious to display his education, insists on telling you that an article costs 4 francs 45 centimes, and expects you to work out *that* in addition, as of course you pay in Turkish money.

I had always thought that an English sovereign was twenty shillings, or twenty-five francs, in any civilised country, and I made no objection to receiving them at the latter rate for fee-stamps from people who had business with the Consulate. I was surprised, however, to find that payments were so frequently made in English gold, and I went to change some sovereigns in the Bazâr, when I discovered that I only got about the value of eighteen shillings for each sovereign, and that no one would take a sovereign without weighing it. The explanation was that Jews make a regular trade of buying sovereigns, and then rubbing them down to get off some of the gold, after which they are again passed on at face value to tourists or new-comers like myself. I could never discover why this treatment was reserved for English gold, while Turkish liras and French twenty-franc pieces escaped.

Another conundrum which confronts the foreigner is to know the time. No native takes any notice of

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our time, or "the hour *à la franque*," as they call it. By Turkish time it is always 12 o'clock at sunset, and clocks and watches must be set every day accordingly.

Thus in December, when the sun sets at, say, 4.30 P.M. *à la franque*, it is 12 o'clock *à la Turquie*, and 6.30 P.M. is 2 o'clock *à la Turquie*, and so on; while in April, when the sun sets at 7 P.M., it is again 12 o'clock *à la Turquie*. In the American Missions they have supper at 12 o'clock, which means having it at 4.30 P.M. in mid-winter and at 8 or 8.30 P.M. in summer, so that unless you carry two watches you never know where you are when making an appointment *à la Turquie*.

On my first visit to Adana I stayed at a Greek hotel, and with much difficulty (they only spoke Turkish and Greek in the hotel) I ascertained that there was a train to Mersina on the following day at 7 o'clock, and the hotel proprietor undertook to have a carriage at the door in good time.

I was accordingly ready at 6.30 A.M. *à la franque*, but no carriage arrived, and my relations with the proprietor were rapidly becoming strained when a French-speaking Greek came forward and explained that, it being the month of August, 12 o'clock *à la Turquie* was about 7.30 P.M., and therefore 7.30 A.M. was also 12 o'clock, and therefore 7 o'clock (*à la Turquie*) was seven hours after 7.30 A.M. or 2.30 P.M. *à la franque*! which was the time of the departure of the train. The only advantage one can see in the Turkish system is that whereas we, in England, are bound to the time of the meridian of Greenwich, even in (say) Cornwall, where the sun rises considerably later, the Turks have no fixed point to lay down the same time

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for places as far apart as Constantinople and Bagdad, and each town goes by its own sunset to make it 12 o'clock, and has therefore its own time, which is in some respects more rational.

The dates of festivals are also things to be learned, and are more complicated than appears at first sight. Each race which inhabits Turkey, of course, keeps to its own customs, and the result is that a greater number of feast days are kept than in any other country. In Adrianople, for instance, all the Turkish shops are shut on Friday, the Jewish ones on Saturday, and the Christians on Sunday; while at Easter, when Catholics and Protestants have holidays in one week, Armenians in the following one, and Greeks in the week after, business is very much interfered with.

The Turks have two great festivals in the year, the "Bairam," which occurs at the end of the month of Ramazan, and the "Kurban" Bairam, when sheep are sacrificed, and the wanderings of Mahomet in search of camels in the desert are celebrated.

Ramazan (or Ramadan as the Arabs call it) is a month of so-called fasting, during which a Mussulman may neither eat, drink, nor smoke between sunrise and sunset, and those who have no essential work to attend to, turn night into day and have a regular feast before dawn, after which they go to bed and sleep away the daylight hours. The fast, of course, is a mere farce for those who can thus suit their own convenience, but it falls very heavily, especially if it occurs during the summer, on the poorer classes. I have twice spent the greater part of Ramazan on the march in Asia Minor, and on each occasion have had some Moslem pack-

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horse-men as well as zaptiehs with me. Some of the zaptiehs used occasionally to eat something at the mid-day halt (travellers by road are allowed to), but none of the packhorse-men ever broke their fasts. When the sun was getting low all the Moslems used to roll cigarettes, which they then carried either in their mouths or behind their ears, like a shopman's pencil, until the joyful moment arrived, several minutes before which they had matches in their hands all ready to strike. At first it used to surprise me to find that they relied upon me to tell them the time—repeatedly asking, “How much longer?” or “How many minutes more now, effendi?” and I asked one day, “Why do you trust me, who am not a Moslem, to tell you when it is twelve o'clock (sunset)? Perhaps I shall tell you wrong, and you will have broken your fast.”

“In that case, effendi, we should be blameless and the sin would rest upon you, since we should have done our best to find out when it was twelve o'clock!”

A Moslem takes the greatest pride in all the observances imposed upon him by religion.

Ramazan is the month in which beggars reap their richest harvest; one finds them at every corner, upon bridges, outside mosques, &c., and their cry is to be heard everywhere, “Give, give, for the sake of Allah! It is Ramazan, it is Ramazan!” They address Moslem and Christian alike.

Although the faithful are supposed to pray five times a day, I have noticed that many of them only do so three times. The sight of Mahometans praying is familiar to most people, who, however, generally miss or fail to understand the reason of the turning of the

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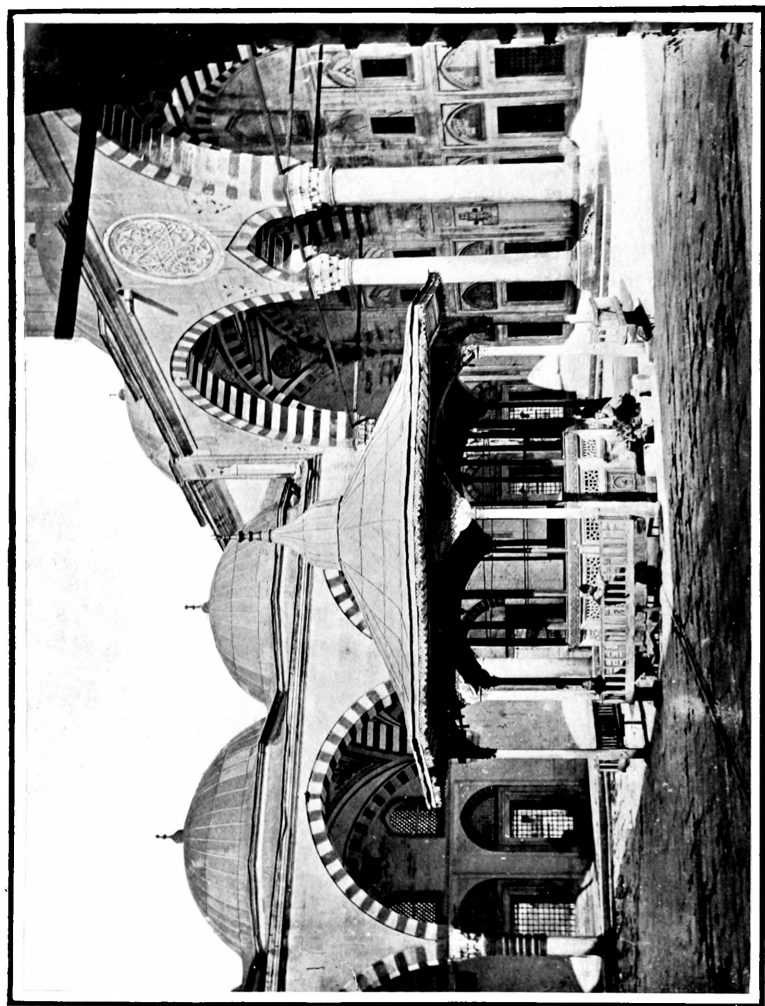
head first to the left and then to the right, at the end of the prayer, to greet the two Recording Angels, who are respectively keeping an account of good and evil deeds.

In Ramazan parties of men parade the streets, before dawn, beating drums and blowing horns very much in the style of land leaguers at an Irish eviction, but with the more peaceful object of rousing any slumberers to eat before the day's fast begins.

Procrastination, dear at any time to the heart of the official, is also more noticeable, and during the month the public officials rather resent being obliged to open their offices for the convenience of foreigners and Christians who are not sufficiently God-fearing to keep the fast. Ramazan begins with a new moon, and continues until the following new moon has been seen, or if the weather is cloudy, so that the new moon cannot be seen, it lasts for thirty days. At Mersina, at the end of the fast, watchers used to be sent up to the mountains to try and get a first glimpse of the new moon, and, if they were successful, they lost no time in going to report to the vali, who then announced the commencement of the Bairam.

During the Bairam every care is laid aside, and a general rejoicing is the order of the day. Officials and Mollahs receive visits of congratulations from every one, including Europeans; the sweet shops and pastry-makers' stalls are besieged, and mosque minarets are illuminated at night.

Visiting a provincial vali on such occasions is a most ceremonious affair. He sits in state at the end



COURTYARD OF THE MOSQUE OF SULTAN SELIM, ADRIANOPOLE

The courtyard is the home of innumerable pigeons and doves.

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of a long reception hall for a certain number of hours, and the Consuls, in uniform, drive to the Konak, where they are received by a guard-of-honour. Two aides-de-camp then advance, and, walking one on either side, hold you by the elbows, presumably to assist you up the steps or in case you might stumble ; you feel, however, more like a prisoner being marched to Bow Street !

On getting near the reception room the vali's secretary and interpreter comes to meet you (he is often an Armenian or a Jew), and an orderly having drawn back the curtain you are in presence of the Great Man. You hastily try to banish from your mind the fact that you have probably had a heated argument with him twenty-four hours before, in which you may have had to make yourself thoroughly unpleasant. He comes to meet you with both hands outstretched, and leads you by the hand to the most distinguished place not already occupied by another Consul. "Excellency," you say, "may the Bairam be holy !" You then bow, and every one else does likewise, touching their foreheads in the Turkish fashion. Orderlies then arrive with cigarettes, coffee, and sweets, and if the vali wants to show you especial honour, he takes a cigarette from the box in his fingers and hands it to you. Conversation is rather difficult, and consists of a series of well-worn platitudes. All politics have to be avoided, first because you are generally in the middle of a dispute with the authorities about the conduct of local politics, and, secondly, because the representatives of each European nation being present, a political theme

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agreeable to all is not to be found. The conversation, therefore, is somewhat after the following style:—

“Your excellency has a fine day for the Bairam, thank God.”

“Yes, it is very fine.”

Mutual bows.

“Is there much snow in England now?”

“No, not much in England yet. But there must be plenty in Russia?”

“Yes, excellency” (from the Russian Consul), “we have snow in Russia all the winter.”

Pause.

“What lovely walks and rides there are near here, excellency” (or pasha effendi).

“They are harmless.”

Mutual bows.

Pause.

At this point one or two Consuls at the far end of the room are heard whispering in French about a bridge-party, and are withered by the glances of their colleagues who happen to be nearer the throne, and therefore obliged to make conversation.

“Why is it not so cold in England as in Russia?”

“Because we have the Gulf Stream, which comes to us from near the Equator and keeps us warm.”

“Does the Gulf Stream, then, belong to England?”

“Certainly.”

Murmurs of protest.

“If your excellency will now excuse me, I shall leave you, after a most enjoyable visit.”

Mutual bows.

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"I hope to go and see the Consul Bey very shortly—*inshallah*—to return his kind visit."

The secretary, who has probably remained mute, and been ignored by the vali during the interview, then accompanies you downstairs, saying:

"Son excellence m'a chargé de vous exprimer, M. le Consul, combien elle a été enchantée de votre aimable visite; d'ailleurs nous laissons toujours toutes les autres affaires afin de nous dévouer aux intérêts anglais" ("français," "allemands," "italiens," or as the case may be).

On less formal occasions, when a special hour is not reserved for each class who are expected, the vali receives in his office, and the various Turkish officials who come to pay their respects have to go through certain observances according to their respective positions. The general commanding a brigade, for instance, brings his hand to his lips and then to his forehead and sits down at a short distance from the vali, but not in a chair next him, unless specially invited. A less important official comes forward and kisses the lower edge of the vali's coat, and remains standing until invited to sit down. Others never even dream of being allowed to sit down at all.

Under any circumstances it is considered the height of bad manners to sit with the legs crossed, or to lean back, or to smoke one's own cigarettes instead of those offered.

Turks never kill animals wantonly—that is their idea of kindness; but, unfortunately, it works out badly in practice, as they think that to put an animal out of pain comes under the head of killing wantonly.

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Thus one often comes across some unfortunate donkey or dog, dying slowly and in great pain as the result of an accident, and no one thinks of giving the poor brute a merciful release.

I remember a deviji (camel-man) at Mersina, whose donkey had had a hoof torn off in an accident in the street, so he had merely tied the unfortunate animal to a tree and was leaving him to die. I told him to kill the donkey rather than leave it like that, but he was horrified. "Would it not be a sin?" he said; and that is a typical case. A dog is, of course, never killed unless by a Christian; the Turks do not even like killing mad dogs.

There was a regular epidemic of hydrophobia at Adrianople while I was there, and people were always being bitten and sent off to the Pasteur Institute at Constantinople, but the apathy of the authorities on the subject remained unaltered.

One evening, in the summer, I was driving into the town there, when the coachman suddenly drove horses and carriage up a bank, and pointed to a large white dog which was coming down the road and exhibiting all the symptoms of hydrophobia.

"That dog," said the driver, who was a Moslem, "is sick. If he bites my horses they will die." When the dog had passed, we drove on and met a woman with two children, both of whom had just been bitten by the dog. I went at once to one of the higher officials and reported what had taken place. "Is that so?" was his reply. "Well, the dog will soon die; they do not live long after they begin to run." He arranged to have the children sent to

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Constantinople, but the idea of sending a party after the dog never occurred to him, nor could I succeed in introducing such a ridiculous innovation !

Many rich Turks leave legacies to the street dogs and to the pigeons which live by the thousand in the mosques. The money is devoted to buying food, which is duly distributed, as it is an act of piety to be kind to animals, and all Turks are animal lovers. They are especially fond of and proud of a good horse, and share with the Arabs a saying which they often use, "One does not lend one's horse or one's wife."

Small birds, however, have a bad time, as almost every species is eaten, and none are considered too beautiful in plumage or song to be spared. The method of catching them is generally to pick out a place where there are only one or two trees in the middle of as large an open space as possible, and the branches of the trees having been covered with bird-lime, the "hunters" (as they call themselves) beat up the grass or bushes in the neighbourhood. Most of the small birds thereupon fly to the trees and are thus caught. Thousands of goldfinches are killed in the above manner. I used often to buy forty or fifty live birds in a box in the street in Mersina, just to let them go, which perhaps only helped to encourage the trade ; but still it was something to see them flying away happily after the servants had (most unwillingly) washed the remains of the bird-lime from their feet.

Greeks and Greek-Arabs will eat almost any kind of small bird.

CHAPTER XII

MISSIONARIES

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MISSIONARIES

IN Asia Minor the English-speaking missions are all American institutions ; but a large percentage of the missionaries are Canadians, and, consequently, British subjects. My idea of a missionary was a man who tried to convert non-Christian peoples to Christianity, and it came as a surprise to me to find that the missions in Turkey are only to people who are already Christians, and that no Mussulman is allowed under any circumstances to attend the mission teaching. This does not, however, apply to Jews, as the Turks appear to have no objection to missionaries trying to convert them to their way of thinking.

In the majority of towns in the Interior the only foreigners are the members of the missions, and, whatever one's individual opinions may be, one cannot but admire their lives and their efforts to carry out the objects for which they are in the country.

I have never halted in a town in which was an American Mission Station without being at once invited to consider myself their guest and treated with the greatest kindness and hospitality during my visit, and I am confident that my experience is that of any Englishman or American who has travelled in the Interior.

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Never once, when a guest at a mission, have I been asked what my own religious opinions might be or to conform to any special observance, and my hosts have apparently been quite indifferent as to whether I was a fire-worshipper or a Plymouth Brother. Of course one knew they were not really in the least indifferent, which made their conduct all the more striking and praiseworthy. There are a great many faults in our mission system (I say "our," as the British and American Missions in Turkey seem to work hand in hand), but there is also a vast amount of good, not the least of which is the excellent general education which fits the children for all sorts of positions in England and America.

The missionaries themselves lead hard, lonely, and often dangerous lives; those who happen to be at a station near the coast have not much to complain of in the way of hardship, but in the Interior it is far otherwise. There the snow begins to fall in November or December, and, when the roads are blocked, there can be but little communication with the outside world until the following spring.

Think what it means! Perhaps in a small town there is one man-missionary and his wife, and possibly two other American women, supported by a staff of Armenian assistants, of whom most likely some are only "converted" for the material benefits to be obtained at the mission, which is of some evangelical denomination—Wesleyan, Baptist, or Congregationalist. The snow comes on and leaves these four foreigners cut off, to carry on their work of educating a village full of Armenians. All round is a practically

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hostile population, who tolerate the mission without approving of it. Even the local governor is at heart hostile. There is no doctor in case of sickness, no hospital, no means of defence, the ever-present fear of massacre, and the thankless task of educating batches of children to look upon all men as equals and brothers, which makes them impertinent to the missionaries but for whom they would be illiterate peasants. Every possible obstruction is put in the way, such as the forcible closing of schools and refusals to grant the smallest favour, and still the mission struggles on month after month. The solitary man-missionary must have a rather anxious time, and a great responsibility on his shoulders.

Some of them get on well with the local authorities, and others never seem able to keep out of arguments, which reflect upon the mission very much to its detriment. I have met some missionaries, excellent, well-meaning, and conscientious to a degree, who have the misfortune to be utterly devoid of tact. They think they are being uncompromising, and are refusing to recognise evil or to countenance wrong-doing, and all the time they are going the very best way to damage their own cause just for want of a little tact.

A good example of this is the case of a missionary of whom I have been told, who arrived at a certain station and was called upon by the vali, which, be it understood, is no mean honour for a newly arrived missionary, and one would have thought was an opportunity to be grasped of gaining the goodwill of the man who had it in his power either to assist the mission or in a thousand ways to hamper its movements

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and work, since it must be remembered that all the Armenian adherents were Turkish subjects and directly under the vali's orders. But unfortunately it was a Sunday afternoon when His Excellency called, and, more unluckily still, Mr. Missionary had no tact. It was against his conscience to receive visits on Sunday, and, even though the vali could not be expected to be aware of that fact, the missionary refused to see him; and to make matters worse, he did it in the most unfortunate way by sending down a bald statement, by an Armenian servant, that he did not receive visitors on Sunday. The vali went away in a temper, and relations were strained between him and the mission, very much to the detriment of the latter. In the course of time a British Consul appeared on the scene, and managed to put things right by explaining to the insulted vali that, just as he himself took a pride and pleasure in the observances of his own religion, so the missionary had only wished to observe *his*; but even then the vali took a great deal of persuading, saying that he thought the missionary might have kept twenty-three-and-a-half hours of the day for God and given half-an-hour to the governor-general!

Without wishing to pretend to any knowledge of the reasons which influence the mission boards, it has often seemed to me that they would meet with much greater success if they sent more suitable men. It is all very well to be hard-working and earnest, but other qualities are very often wanting; tact, common-sense, and a certain broadness of mind are equally essential.

At Mersina there is a branch of the "Reformed

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Presbyterians of Philadelphia"; the following are amongst the points of their teaching:—

1. It is wrong to receive or pay visits, or go for a walk or to travel on Sunday, also to read letters, newspapers, or books other than religious ones.

2. It is wrong to smoke.

3. It is wrong to drink wine.

4. It is wrong to play cards.

5. It is wrong to enter a coffee-house.

6. It is wrong to dance.

7. It is wrong for ladies to wear low-necked dresses.

8. It is wrong to observe Christmas Day, which is a "Pagan" festival.

9. It is wrong to sing anything but psalms in church; hymns are not allowed.

Within a few hours' distance are two other American Missions—Congregationalists, I believe—who openly teach all kinds of sin such as the keeping of Christmas and the singing of hymns, and where you can even get a cigarette!

What can the Turks think of it all? Not to say the Christians themselves, especially when they learn that a house divided against itself falleth, and it must be considered that the people for whom these missions are striving are not infidels, but members of either the Greek or Armenian Church, which some people might think sufficient. Then there are Roman Catholic Missions, chiefly French, and other Protestant Missions, chiefly German.

To an outside observer it all seems a great deal of energy to expend in the splitting of hairs.

The Turkish authorities claim that they are extra-

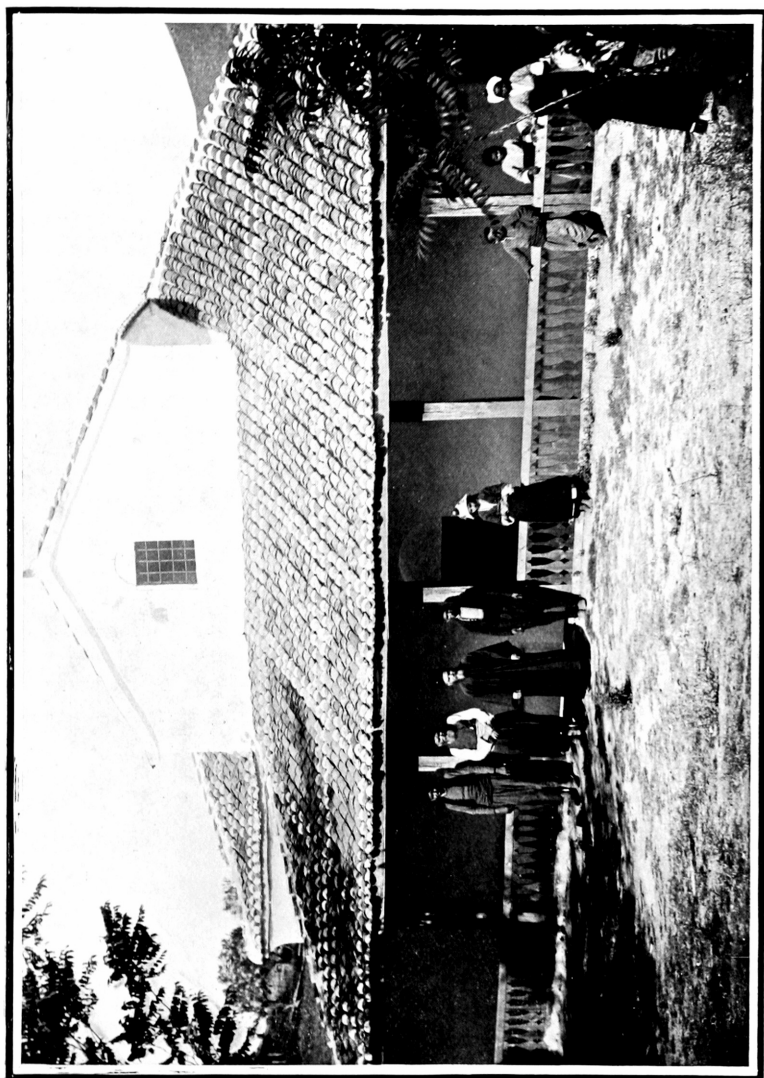
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ordinarily tolerant, and the statement cannot be contradicted. They point to the laws in European countries, especially to German Poland, and then ask you to compare the state of affairs in Turkey, where people of different faiths and creeds are all permitted to worship when and where they please in English, French, German, Greek, Armenian, or any other language; but they do make the stipulation that politics shall be excluded from the teaching of the schools, and that is a point which it is almost impossible to comply with.

If an Armenian has been brought up to look upon the neighbouring Turks, Kurds, or Circassians as his masters, and on himself as obliged to treat them with circumspection, and is then brought into a mission school and taught that all men are brothers, there is likely to be trouble when he goes home again. Also he hears about the freedom and liberty of an American citizen, and he becomes dissatisfied with the position in Turkey; and perhaps ends by taking part in a hopeless resistance to the Government, as a result of which he and some hundreds of his fellows are massacred.

I remember having a conversation with a certain mutessarif, who wanted to know why the English and Americans sent missions to Mahometan countries. He was an unusually well-educated man, speaking French fluently, and received several foreign newspapers regularly, and had the name of being so favourable to Christians that people thought he was not likely to rise much higher in the Public Service.

His argument was to the effect that I could see for myself any evening in the streets a certain number



GREEK PRIEST AND VILLAGERS, ADRIANOPLE

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of drunken men creating a disturbance, and that they were without exception Greeks, Armenians, or Syrian Arab Christians; and he went on to enumerate other crimes which were of common occurrence, and of which the perpetrators were Christians in nine cases out of ten.

He pointed out that all the disorderly houses in the town were kept by Christians, and ended by demanding whether the object of the missions was to turn Moslems into as great ruffians as the Christians? Of course he did not put it quite so bluntly as that—he was far too polite—but that was evidently what was in his mind, and I repeat that he was exceptionally Europeanised.

The Jews are far more bitter than the Moslems against the Christians, and on several occasions, notably in the last massacre of Armenians at Marash, they acted as guides to the Moslems from the surrounding country, piloting them from one Armenian house to another.

There is of course a certain similarity between the religions of the Moslem and the Jew, and a large number of Jews annually embrace Islamism; but, strangely enough, the chief stumbling-block in their doing so is that the Moslems, before finally accepting them, insist on the admission that Christ was a great prophet of God.

The establishment of hospitals is a part of the mission-work in Turkey which is, at any rate, above criticism, but which for some occult reason is hindered in every possible way by the Turks; and yet where they exist, as at Tallas, near Kaisariyeh, they are fully

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appreciated and taken advantage of by all creeds, and the amount of good which they do is incalculable. In a district as large as two or three English counties there is probably no doctor worthy of the name except the one, or possibly two, at the American hospital, which is open to all comers without payment, and to which the most fanatical Mussulman will not hesitate to go in case of illness.

CHAPTER XIII

THE ARMY

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THE ARMY

“BEN asker im” (I am a soldier) is, next to the statement that he has made his pilgrimage to Mecca, the proudest remark that a Turk can make.

Military service in the Nizam, or regular army, is compulsory for all Moslems except those born in Constantinople, and those who can show that they are the sole support of aged parents, in which latter case they serve only in the Redifs, or Reserve. After the Reserves come the Ilaveh, a sort of second reserve of local men in each district; and finally there is the Mustafez, into which all the able-bodied men who have completed their service, first in the Nizam and then in the Redifs, are drafted. The Mustafez, which corresponds to the German Landsturm, is only called up for service in case of great national emergency.

In most of the towns in the Asiatic provinces there is a so-called garrison of regular troops which generally consists of a colonel and a few officers, and from fifteen to forty soldiers, who are almost all recruits, and whose organisation and equipment are wretched.

These troops can of course be at once rendered a formidable force by the addition of the local Redifs, of whom the large majority have served in the regular army, and who can be collected in the course of a few

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days, though I very much doubt if they could all be fitted out with equipment, rifles and ammunition, until such had been sent from Constantinople; and the commissariat arrangements are practically nil.

I have seen Redifs hastily called out and collected at Adana and Mersina, obliged to go about either begging for food or taking it by force from cafés and even private houses, in spite of the orders of their officers, orders which they treated with contempt, since, as one of them remarked to me, "We don't want to steal, but a man cannot go on living with nothing in his stomach, and we have no money."

Very different is the state of affairs in Europe, where the army is practically on a war footing, and the troops are well armed (with Mauser rifles) and equipped in first-class style. We have recently seen what efficient training has done for the 2nd and 3rd Army Corps, the men from Adrianople and Salonika who have taken Constantinople; and in this connection it is interesting to note that the bulk of those two army corps are not natives of the semi-civilized Balkan provinces, but are recruited from the fastnesses of the mountains of Asia Minor.

A Turk makes a splendid soldier, and though he is hardly justified in calling his army "The ever victorious," he certainly has a right to be proud of it as far as the rank and file go.

The latter are hardy, patriotic, and capable of enduring the greatest hardships, and can march all day and every day on an amount of food which would not go far towards satisfying Thomas Atkins; also the Turk has a great advantage in the matter of boots. He

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starts with a good pair of regulation boots, but when they are worn out, is he footsore? must he ride on a waggon? Not he! he gets on just as well in slippers, or even in cloths which he wraps round his feet.

When we come to consider the officers we are at once faced with the question as to which school of officers we are talking of—the old or the new, for they are as different as chalk is from cheese. The old school are ignorant and fanatical, and absolutely steeped in corruption in financial matters, their only two merits being their unquestioned courage and their loyalty. Some of them are absolutely devoid of education (I knew a general commanding a cavalry brigade who could neither read nor write), and nothing can be done with money for the troops without some of it sticking to the officers' fingers.

On the other hand the new school officer, or as he has now openly become the Young Turkish officer, is equally courageous and patriotic, and has a large knowledge of, and an even larger capacity for learning, European methods of conducting military affairs.

Before the Young Turkish movement dared to raise its head in public, it was only in the absence of any one else that an officer would speak with any sympathy of liberal ideas even if he approved of them, but one always suspected when a smart-looking officer addressed one in fluent French (a by no means rare occurrence in Adrianople vilayet) that he was not exactly in harmony with his surroundings; but even such a man lived in such terror of spies that he hardly dared to look at a foreigner, much less at a Consul, unless there were other Turks present who could testify that he had

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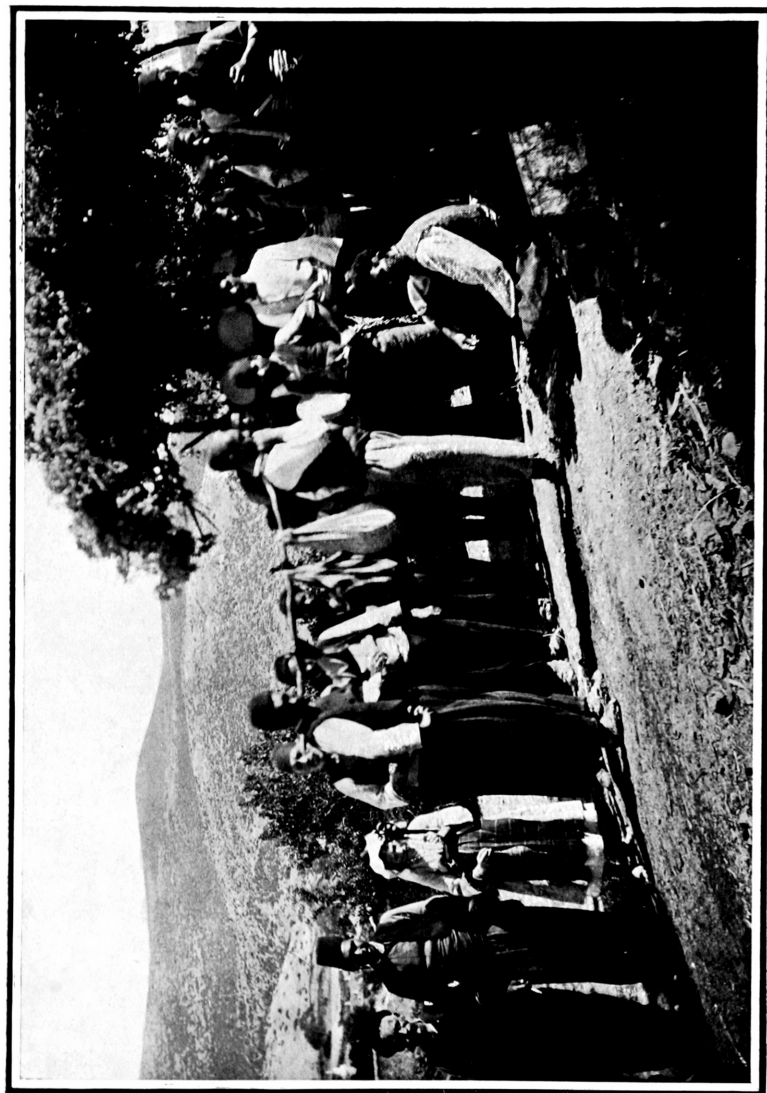
not said anything which the strictest Moslem or most devoted subject of Abdul Hamid could carp at.

Two examples will suffice to show how careful officers had to be.

A lieutenant of artillery stationed at Adrianople came one day to the British Consulate with a sheaf of papers in his hand, relating to certain property in Cyprus in which he was interested, and which was being sold. He thought, rightly, I believe, that he was entitled to a certain share of whatever the property brought, and he came to ask me to forward his claim for the consideration of the British authorities in Cyprus.

No other conversation of any kind passed between us, and he went away to his barracks, where he found awaiting him an order to go at once to the konak, where he was cross-examined at length as to why he had gone to the British Consulate and what had taken place there. He was of course suspected of either being a Young Turk (which I don't believe he was), or of making some complaint against the authorities.

On another occasion I paid a visit to a certain military school, which had, or was supposed to have, classes for officers, N.C.O.'s and men. At the time it was notorious that none of them had received their pay for months, and that all in the school were dressed in rags. The officer in command received me and explained all the good work which the school was doing, which surprised me somewhat, as I had had reason to think that he, anyway, wished for better things. "But," said I, "I understand the men cannot get their pay, and that everything is in an unsatisfactory state."



WEIGHING GRAIN IN A BULGARIAN VILLAGE

When the weight of one sack has been determined it is used to weigh against others on a rough balance held up by two men

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He laughed. "Don't believe it for a moment, Consul Bey!" he said in a loud tone in Turkish. "By the gracious favour of His Sublime Majesty, the officers and men receive their pay regularly." I was still surprised, as we were alone.

"And about their food and uniform?" I asked.

"They leave nothing to be desired," he replied. "The grateful and happy soldiers have just received their new warm great-coats before the winter."

As I left he accompanied me downstairs. "There was some one listening outside the door!" he said.

There is no doubt that the army was thoroughly discontented. Officers and men alike were proud of being soldiers and belonging to the "Ever Victorious," but that did not make their treatment any better. Amongst the chief grievances was that their pay was always in arrear, and that they were kept on with the colours after their terms of service had expired. The only means open to them of getting any money was to try and extort it from some one else, or to obtain it by what we should call trickery.

In Asia Minor a major in an infantry regiment came to see me one day when I was up in the mountains.

After some preliminary remarks he plunged into business.

"I have a great favour to ask," he said. "You know that none of us have been getting our pay lately. I have had none for over a year. Now I want you to go to the vali and say that I have bought a horse from you for £30 Turkish, but that I have not paid. You could pretend to be very angry and demand that the

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vali should pay you the money and have it stopped from my pay, and in that way, when you had passed it on to me, I should get £30 of my pay."

I told him English people did not do things like that, and never told lies.

"But it would be no lie," he said, "since the Government owes me more than I am asking, and any steps to get it are justified and are not lies."

I am afraid he went away dissatisfied, thinking me very unreasonable.

On another occasion, at Adrianople, a message came from some Circassian artillerymen that eighty of them intended to come to the British Consulate to state their grievances about pay and in the meantime they would do no work, as they intended to return to their villages. The authorities apparently thought it would hardly be prudent to try to bring them to reason with troops who had equal grounds for discontent, so the Circassians were paid a certain amount of what was due to them, and nothing further happened.

The spirit of the country is so different towards the army from what we are accustomed to in England, that it is worth while to mention one or two ways in which it is emphasised.

In Turkey when a regiment is marching through the streets everything gives way to it. There are no "district orders" laying down that traffic should not be interfered with or that officers should not walk on the pavement; and the troops sweep everything out of their way.

In the same way sentries are posted in all sorts of unexpected places, on bridges, &c., and when the

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unoffending civilian comes along the sentry says "Yasak!" (It is forbidden). It is vain to say that it is a public road, and that the public have a perfect right to walk upon it; the sentry repeats "Yasak!" and that is all about it.

From Mersina I once went in an American steam yacht for a short cruise up the coast. In the afternoon we landed upon an island to see some ruins, and were soon joined by four Turkish soldiers who had come off in a boat and hurried up to us. "Yasak!" they shouted. "Yasak!"

None of the party except myself understood a word of Turkish, and I said nothing. Of course I ought at once to have explained matters to my companions and apologised to the soldier for being on forbidden ground, though heaven only knows why it should have been forbidden. But I was curious to see what would happen, and so I said nothing; and the others, only laughed at the soldiers, who kept walking about ten yards behind us, saying "Yasak" in a loud menacing voice, which gradually became a sort of plaintive whisper as they found themselves ignored. We stayed about half-an-hour and then went on board again.

It was interesting to see the demeanour of the soldiers, who were utterly disconcerted at our not obeying them. That was a contingency which had never occurred to them before, and they were not prepared to meet it.

Christians are not allowed to bear arms or to serve in the army, and they regard their ineligibility as a great grievance, which always struck me as very unreasonable of them. They have to pay a tax called the

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Bedel-Askerié in lieu of performing military service, but as the tax only amounts to two mejidiehs a year, I had no sympathy with the grumbling which accompanied its payment. Considering that the soldier is years away from his home and endures great hardships in bad climates, often without any pay, it does not seem to be much to be asked to pay six or seven shillings a year to be allowed to stay at home and work at a profitable trade or look after a farm. Whether the Government is wise to waste all the good fighting material of the Armenians, Syrians, Greeks, &c., is another matter, but independently of not wishing to arm and train the Christians as possible rebels one can understand that trouble might ensue were an Armenian officer placed in command of Moslems, all of whom would look upon him as a dog of a Christian, and therefore inferior to themselves.

CHAPTER XIV
COMMERCIAL MATTERS

CHAPTER XIV

COMMERCIAL MATTERS

THE Ottoman Empire is a country of enormous undeveloped wealth ; the mountains abound with minerals, and in parts almost anything could be grown, but unfortunately up to the present it has not been the wish of either Government or people to develop the natural resources.

I always sympathised with the Basutos who, just before General Prinsloo and over 4000 burghers were made prisoners in the South African War, turned out 8000 or 10,000 warriors on their frontier and declared themselves prepared to fire on the first armed white man, Boer or Briton, who crossed into their country from the Orange Free State. They wanted their country for themselves, and the Turks want theirs ; and from their point of view they are quite reasonable.

It seems a dreadful thing to us to think of coal-fields and silver-reefs, and other elements of potential wealth, lying dormant in the mountains of Asia Minor ; but it seems more dreadful still to the Turkish villagers to think of Europeans and mining-plant established on the hillsides, and bustle and hurry everywhere to disturb the peace of the Faithful. They think that mining companies would be the thin end of the wedge, and that it would not be long before the people found

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themselves in the position of labourers on their own lands.

Hitherto, also, a concession for the exploiting of a mine has been an expensive matter, the officials at Constantinople expecting to be liberally rewarded for their assistance in the matter.

What may be the effect of the new régime on such matters it is as yet too early to predict, but I would venture the opinion that if the country becomes overrun with foreigners, the authorities who assist them to establish themselves will become highly unpopular.

The general commercial prospects, however, seem fairly hopeful, and the removal of an obstructive policy ought to have a beneficial effect.

As an example of how business used to be hampered, the following incident is instructive.

A merchant at Mersina who, though not a British subject, was a protégé and officially recognised as such by both the Consulate and the local authorities, ordered sixty barrels of margarine from Constantinople for sale in Adana, Tarsus, and Mersina. The local butter was shocking, and very scarce.

The margarine, which was duly labelled as such, came from New York to a dealer in Constantinople, where it had to pass the examination of the sanitary officers; having done so it was exposed for sale and bought freely by all classes of the people.

The sixty barrels arrived at Mersina accompanied by a certificate from the authorities in Constantinople, stating that the margarine had been duly examined and found to be wholesome and fit for consumption. In spite of this the local authorities of the vilayet

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of Adana insisted that the barrels should be again subjected to examination, a course which would place the merchant completely in their hands, as should they elect to reject the margarine and forbid its sale, it could not be returned to Constantinople without a certificate of innocuousness from Mersina, and that of course would not be forthcoming.

As usual in all similar cases, when the matter was probed to the bottom it was found to be a question of money. The merchant was to be made to pay £20 Turkish in bribes, and the margarine was to be declared good.

Acting on my advice he refused to take the barrels from the custom-house, so as to reserve the power of sending them back, but thereby incurred a charge which rapidly mounted in an increasing ratio during the weeks they were left there.

An amusing feature was that the troops in the vilayet were receiving in their rations identical margarine exported by the same firm in America.

The authorities not having a leg to stand on had, of course, to give way in the end, and the margarine was sold without hindrance, but it took weeks and much correspondence to effect this, and the merchant remained in the black books of the officials concerned.

Had he not been under foreign protection, he would have had to pay the £20 Turkish, which would have about swamped the profit he hoped to make.

Naturally, neither he nor any one else tried to repeat the experiment, and the importation of margarine died in its infancy. The above is a typical instance of how business was hampered by the everlasting

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demand for "baksheesh." It is true that the local people overstepped themselves in this instance by not believing that the British authorities would take the matter up, but in the large majority of cases they would have been sure of their £20 Turkish.

If the country is now opened up, even to the extent of the cessation of blackmail, there should be a good opening for trade.

In the Asiatic provinces all English-made articles have a good name, and you may see the peasants in the bazârs fingering the cloth and woollen goods, and asking if they are "Ingliz" before buying; but the English things have hard work to keep ahead of the cheap German, Austrian, and Italian articles with which the country is flooded.

It always struck me as especially mean that foreign firms should label their wares in English to try to deceive the unsophisticated Turk.

A Consulate naturally receives quantities of price lists and advertisements from its home-country, and is often able to assist trade by placing them at the disposal of local dealers who go to the Consulate for information and addresses.

Some of the circulars which used to arrive in this way proved very useful, while others showed an extraordinary want of knowledge of the local requirements and conditions. Amongst the latter kind were those concerning whisky, golf balls, cricket bats, &c.

I do not think that there was a soul in the vilayet who ever touched whisky or had the most remote idea what a golf ball or a cricket bat was like; but the fault of British firms was generally on

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the other side, and the would-be vendors of golf balls, &c., deserved success for their energy and enterprise, two qualities in which I fear we must admit the superiority of the foreigner.

To take first the matter of commercial travellers; it was quite an unusual event for a Britisher to arrive (perhaps four or five of them visited Mersina and Adana during the winter), while Germans, Austrians, French and Swiss, were often in evidence; and when an Englishman did come he generally had but an imperfect knowledge of French, and knew no other local language.

In the same way scores of catalogues reached me printed in English only, and when some local buyer came to see one of them he would say, "I am sure the English article is better, but I cannot understand the description, so I am ordering from Germany (or Austria, or Italy, or France); they send their catalogues in French, Greek, and Turkish."

Some British firms are now doing likewise and will no doubt reap the benefit, for it is obvious that, say, an Armenian merchant speaking French and Turkish, or Turkish only, will order goods described in that language, and quoted at so many piastres, when he won't go to the trouble of getting English translated and working out the rates of exchange of pounds, shillings and pence into piastres.

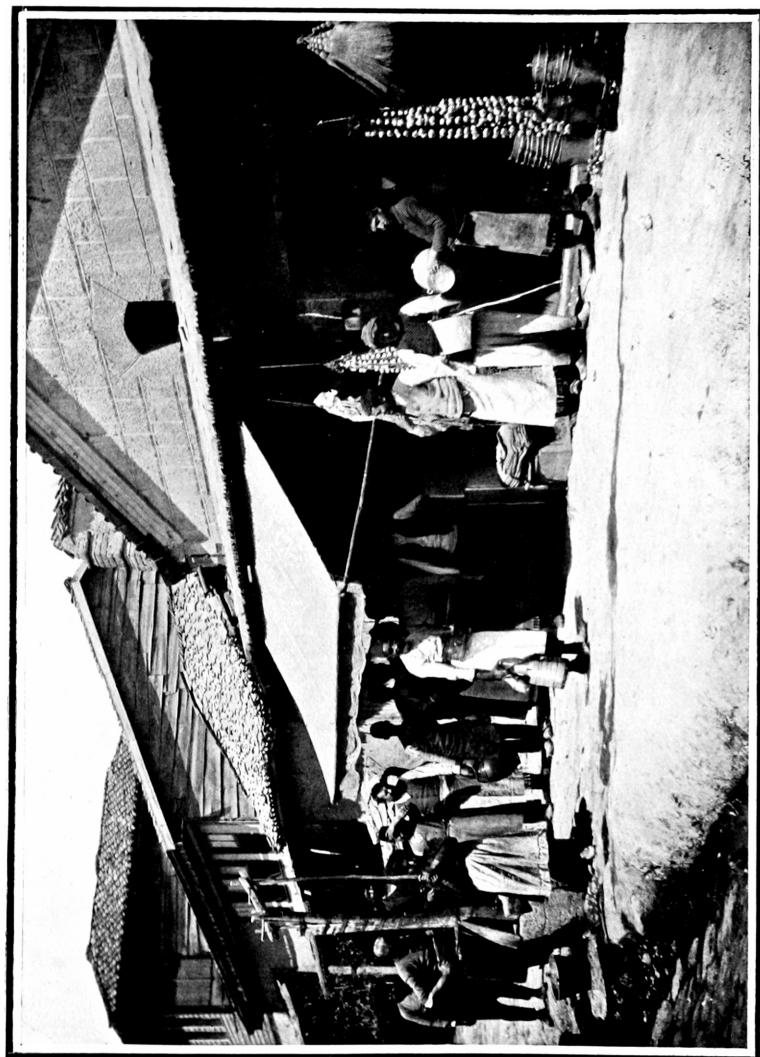
Another difference between British and foreign methods is in the giving of credit, which British firms will not do; and considering the local agents with whom they have to deal, and the insecurity of the country, I think they are perfectly right. They have

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burnt their fingers badly by doing so in the past in the vilayet of Adana.

While I was at the latter place a foreign firm appointed an agent for the sale of sewing-machines, and distributed them all over the country on credit, the recipients to pay so many piastres a month, or a quarter, until they had paid in full. Most of the people who bought them on these terms were Greeks and Armenians, many of the latter living in villages a long way from the coast, and if all had gone well the most painstaking agent would have had his hands full to collect the instalments, but now that the towns and villages have been devastated and burned, and thousands of people killed in the recent terrible massacres, I should not wonder if the above-mentioned firm were thinking that "that is a thing they do better in England!"

Wine production is carried on very successfully, especially in the European provinces, and few people have any idea of the really excellent wines which are made round Adrianople and Kirk-Kilissé, from which district hundreds of barrels of wine are sent off every year to Europe, to reappear under who knows what label at a high price a little later on. The local growers are perfectly aware of this, but they say they cannot do any better for themselves, and if they get a price which pays them—well, the firms abroad who deal with them are quite right to call the wine whatever they like and to get the best price they can for it. All through the same district fruit of various kinds grows in profusion, peaches, nectarines and cherries as well as grapes being as plentiful and



SHOPPING IN ONE OF THE OLD STREETS OF ADRIANOPE

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cheap as chestnuts in England; but, owing to a tax of so much per cent. on the value of the crops, a great many vineyards have lately been left uncultivated. In short, the country has enormous possibilities, of which too many are choked by rules and restrictions, taxation, unjust dealing, and oppression.

Force, influence, and bribery are the only ways of getting things accomplished. Force as used by the Moslems against the Christians, influence (with a latent force behind it) as used by the Embassies, and bribery as used by those who have neither force nor influence to back them up. Here is a story of an absurd restriction circumvented by influence.

A certain highly influential foreigner at Adrianople wanted a Christmas tree, and he ordered one from Sofia to come by train; but when the tree, an unpretentious little fir about ten feet high, arrived at Adrianople Station some one discovered that it was illegal to receive "plants" from abroad. "Yasak!" said the Custom-house. "Yasak," echoed the sentry on duty. The foreigner said whatever was the equivalent of "rubbish," and demanded the tree. Here was a nice quandary for the authorities! Evidently it was a most fearful thing to receive a tree from abroad, and yet the consignee was capable of getting some one into very serious trouble if he did not get his tree, and he said he must have it within forty-eight hours!

But the Custom-house soared above such trivial difficulties. The tree was sent on to Stambul on the Orient Express (eight hours' journey); it came back to Adrianople by the next train, and the person for

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whom it was intended received a notice that "a tree from Constantinople" had arrived for him and would be at once handed over to his messenger. So the wretched little Bulgarian tree had become a Turkish one, brought from Constantinople, and by that means it satisfied officialdom and served its purpose in the end!

CHAPTER XV

THE WOLF AT THE DOOR

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THE WOLF AT THE DOOR

ONE school of thought regards the Turkish Empire as moribund, and another maintains that it is now at the beginning of a new era of prosperity, and they cannot both be right; but it seems clear that we are on the eve of, if we have not already entered upon, a great permanent change of some kind.

The wolf has been at the Turkish door for many years, and slowly but steadily the Empire has been frittered away. All the official books and documents speak of the lost possessions as though they still formed as much a part of the dominions as Constantinople itself, but such make-believes are smiled, at nowadays even by the people themselves. It might have done very well formerly to pretend that the Ottoman commissioner at Sofia was the vali of Bulgaria, or to talk of sending troops to be quartered in the Egyptian vilayets, but now it only excites ridicule and impresses nobody. A Turk at Adrianople, one of the notables of the town and a supporter of the old régime, remarked to me one day that he wished some strong Western power would annex all the Turkish possessions on the European side of the Bosphorus (he was polite enough to suggest England, but that was no doubt out of regard for my feelings);

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for, as he put it, "We are being driven backwards into Asia, and it is surely better to be devoured at once by a tiger than to be torn to pieces slowly by wild cats." The wild cats were the Balkan States, and, since the remark was made, one of them (Bulgaria), has declared her independence and has bitten off the morsel of Eastern Roumelia.

Of course it is to our interest to have a strong, well-governed, and financially sound Turkey, but I do not think we ought to buoy ourselves up with false hopes. There are too many tigers and wild cats about, and, unless peace and brotherly love are established sooner than there seems any reason to suppose, I fear that in the next five years we shall see the Sick Man of Europe even worse off than he is at present. Of course it is his own fault, but that is not the point.

Is it not futile of the Turks to pretend that Egypt belongs to them? Suppose they were to drive us out, do they think that other Powers would allow them to establish themselves again there?

When troops are wanted for the Yemen, to fight against the Arab tribes there, it has been the custom to tell them that they are going to Egypt "to drive the English out," as they would otherwise do all in their power to desert or mutiny rather than face the dreaded Yemen, and there are undoubtedly some Egyptians who would welcome the Turks should they ever be able to return; but I think that the mass of the Egyptian Nationalists who are always crying out "Egypt for the Egyptians" would, if put to the test, prefer the British to the Turks. It is a pity that

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batches of them cannot be sent to Turkey for a year to let them see the difference. While I was at Mersina some one sent me a newspaper, published in Turkish in Alexandria, presumably to be circulated in Turkey, since it could hardly hope to obtain credence in Egypt, and from it I learned that some transports, containing Turkish troops, had entered the harbour of Alexandria, and that the troops had landed apparently unopposed, after which they had completely routed the British garrison and were, even as the paper went to press, on their way to Cairo. The wonder is that people can be found to believe a similar story a second time from the same source.

The position in Cyprus is different, and the Turks have more reason in saying that the island belongs to them; but the Cypriot Mussulmans have thoroughly grasped their altered circumstances under the British rule, and have not the slightest wish to be given back to the Ottoman power. In Cyprus it is the Greeks who are discontented. They were delighted at first at being taken charge of by us; but now that they have felt their feet, their cry is all for Union with Greece, and there is no gratitude for the poor British.

The position of a Turk from Cyprus is rather complicated when he lands in Turkey, furnished as he is with a British passport which holds good everywhere except in Turkey, which is the only place in which he wants it and where the British officials can only afford him unofficial protection, and in most cases he is only too delighted to get away again. I often found this system a difficult one for the Consul as well as for the Cypriot, who is sure to be dropped upon by

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the Turks before he has been long on the mainland, and required either to serve in the army or to pay taxes which have been accumulating against him for years. He naturally goes to the British Consulate, since he considers himself a British subject, and the Consul is in the unpleasant position of trying to assist him unofficially, and thereby possibly doing him more harm than good, as the Turkish authorities do not admit his right to interfere at all.

Crete has also practically ceased to be a Turkish possession, as although the Powers have not yet sanctioned the annexation of the island to Greece, there is very little probability of its ever again being under the Turkish Government. As matters stand the Mussulman Cretans do not at all appreciate being ruled by their Greek fellow-islanders, and all along the southern coast of Asia Minor may be found villages inhabited entirely by Moslem refugees from Crete.

Again in the islands which are nominally Turkish possessions there seems a strong feeling amongst the people, who are almost all Greeks, in favour either of semi-independence like the Principality of Samos, or of annexation to Greece; but most of them are too easy of access, and too close to the mainland, to have much chance of being able to effect their purpose at present.

When one thinks of the former extent of Turkish territory in Europe, and notes how it has been diminished by the losses of Bosnia, Herzegovina, Servia, Bulgaria, Greece, &c., it seems a certainty that before long the European Provinces will be entirely lost; but there is plenty of room in Asia, and, as long as that portion of

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the Empire is retained, the Turks will still be a great people. But can it be retained?

Even in Asia poor Turkey is beset by trouble, of which perhaps the worst is in the Yemen, where the Arab tribes are in open revolt, and the Turkish forces spend a large part of their time besieged and enduring semi-starvation in Sanaa. Service in the Yemen is the most unpopular duty which falls to the lot of the army, partly because of the climate, which is of the hottest and most trying description, but also for a variety of other reasons, of which the chief are the hopelessness of the never-ending struggle with the tribesmen, and the fact that the enemy are Mussulmans also, added to which the mortality amongst the troops from disease and want of proper food and water is enormous.

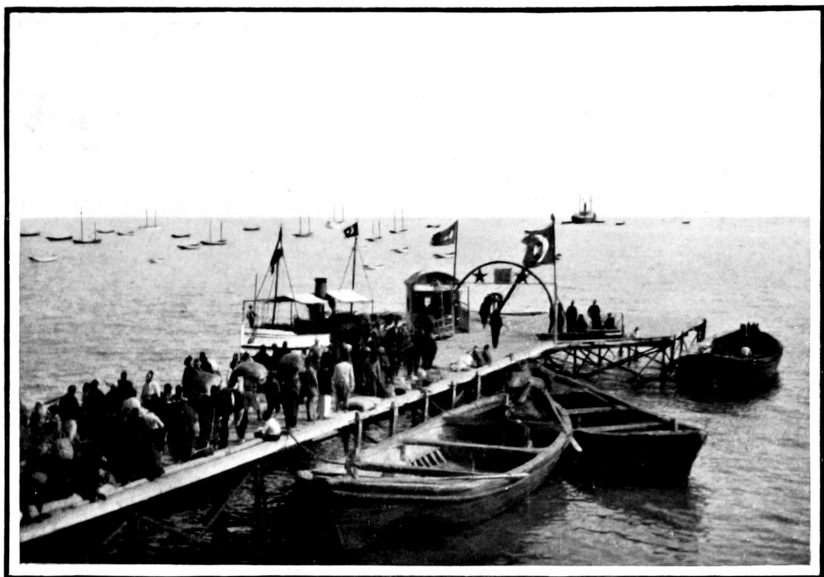
There have been one or two instances of troops, on their way to the Yemen, seizing the steamer and insisting on being brought back to the port from which they had started under the impression that they were either going to drive the English out of Egypt, or to Salonica to fight against the "Giouars." The Government thus experiences the greatest difficulty in finding the necessary reinforcements which are being perpetually demanded. It has been found desirable to take these battalions as far as possible from Anatolia, where the people are Turks, as the result of sending Arab troops from Syria has hardly been fortunate, and has resulted in the enemy sending a deputation under a flag of truce to shout to the soldiers, "Why are you fighting against us, O brothers? We are Arabs—so are you; we speak the same language, we suffer the same oppression, and we should be on the same side.

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Lay down your arms, and use them not against us, even as we shall not fire upon you!" The result has been startling, many of the soldiers refusing to fight, and some going over to the tribesmen, so it is found more prudent to send genuine Turkish soldiers, who, however, cannot stand the climate as well as Arabs can.

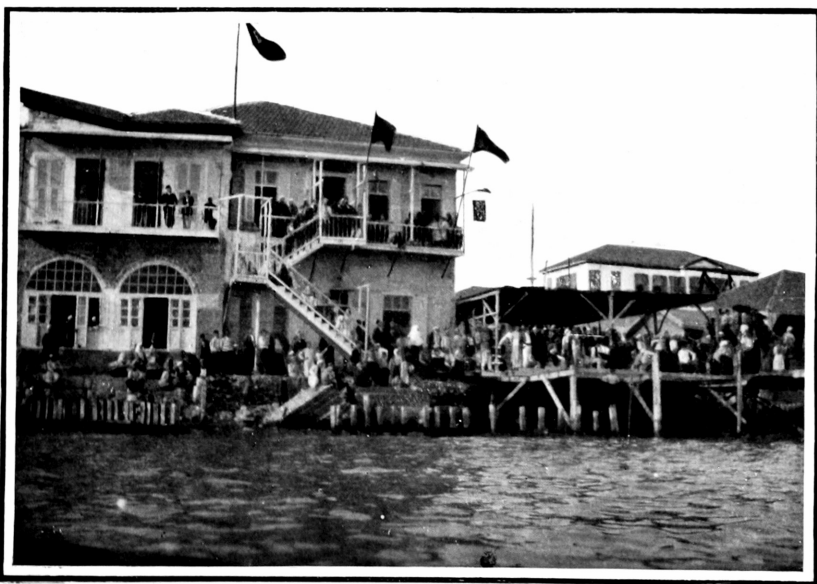
While I was at Mersina the local reservists, or *redifs*, were suddenly called out and ordered to the Yemen, and great was the consternation. The men themselves did not know whither they were bound until they were assembled at Adana and sent in batches to Mersina, from which many of them deserted on learning the truth. Finally they embarked on board a Russian steamer chartered to convey them to Hodéida, and the whole town turned out to see them being towed off in lighters to the steamer. The men went on board silently and sullenly (there was never a cheer), and the steamer sailed leaving a wailing crowd of women in the streets, protesting—one that her only support had been taken from her, and another that she had already lost her elder son in the Yemen, and now they had taken the second. Such were the expressions to be heard on all sides, and, as many of the *redifs* were Fellaheen whose women do not veil, they went round the town retailing their woes to any one who would listen. It was a sorrowful scene.

About ten days later, when the English newspapers arrived, I was interested to read, on the authority of the Turkish Embassy in London, that there was no foundation for the rumour that there was a recrudescence of rebellion in the Yemen or that additional troops were being despatched there from Asia Minor!



MERSINA PIER

Troops about to embark for service in the Yemen; chartered Russian transport in the offing.



EMBARKATION OF REDIFS, OR RESERVISTS

They are embarking from Mersina for service against the Arab tribes in the Yemen.

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For about a year the *redifs* were unheard of by their relations, and then one morning a steamer was seen in the offing. It is an every-day sight at Mersina to see a tiny black dot to the south which gradually grows into an inward-bound steamer, and no one paid much attention on this occasion, but the want of interest completely disappeared when the steamer, flying the Greek flag, dropped anchor, and over the side into the shore-boats tumbled hundreds of Turkish soldiers without waiting for *pratique*. They landed as they pleased and overran the town, and there was no means of checking them ; as each man carried his rifle and wore his bandolier they were masters of the situation, since the forces at the disposal of the mutesarraf consisted only of some eighteen soldiers (mostly recruits) and forty police.

The newcomers turned out to be the *redifs*, but only about half the number who had sailed a year before, most of the others having died in the Yemen. Their first concerted action was to go to the governor and demand the pay due to them since embodiment, as they had not received any ; but there was no money in the coffers of the Government, and the local branch of the Imperial Ottoman Bank was not prepared to advance it. However, the men were in no mood to be trifled with, and things looked rather serious until a local German banker advanced £1000 Turkish to the Government, and the men consented to take that amount for what was due to them. A mob of them then collected in front of the British Vice-Consulate and wanted to relate their grievances ; but only two were allowed to do so, as spokesmen for the others, and their

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version of the affair was that they had arrived at Hodéida and been marched about the country with practically no food and no pay. "It is an awful country," they said; "there is no water, and a stranger can find his way up to Sanaa by following the line of the bones of soldiers who have fallen and died on the way." The authorities gladly chartered a special train to take them to Tarsus and Adana, and they went off quietly to their villages, still retaining their rifles and ammunition, which they did not choose to relinquish as they were in a position to do as they pleased.

Ragged, emaciated, and ill-used as they were, and guilty of the most serious crimes they could commit, mutiny and desertion on active service, they were yet quiet and orderly on again reaching their own country, and few European regiments freed from all control would have behaved as well in the circumstances.

My Greek colleague related to me how the matter had come about more or less as follows: The steamer had been chartered by the Turkish Government to take a cargo of flour to Hodéida, and was lying there at anchor, when a few soldiers came on board and asked leave to stay a while and enjoy the sea breeze. They were soon followed by a few others, and these in turn by more soldiers, till there were about twenty-five on deck, when the Greek captain ordered them all ashore, and was answered by a sergeant, a Cretan, who consequently spoke Greek, that they had no intention of going ashore again, that they were all armed, and that he and his crew would be shot if they offered any resistance or attempted to communicate with the shore.

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In the next few hours the whole regiment arrived, accompanied by their officers, who were brought on board by force, and were locked up in the cabins and kept in confinement until Mersina was reached.

The sergeant then informed the captain that they knew that there was plenty of flour on board, and that the ship was to start as soon as possible for Mersina ; and the Captain had perforce to obey, but subsequently stated that, the ship's orders having been explained to the sergeant, they were scrupulously obeyed by the troops, who gave no trouble during the passage.

There was a difficulty about the Canal dues, which were eventually paid by the Turkish Government, as were also the charter of the steamer and compensation to the owners for the loss of another charter which the vessel was unable to fulfil, and so the mutineers scored all along the line.

It is not, however, only in the Yemen that the Turks have trouble with their Arab subjects. The nomad tribes, from Aleppo to Bagdad, are generally in a state of more or less open revolt, and would not tolerate the presence of a Turkish garrison ; nor do the authorities succeed in levying taxes or enforcing their authority in those regions.

The existence of an Arab National League is not generally known, and yet such an institution exists and has its head-quarters in Paris, from whence, during my stay at Mersina, came a vast quantity of circulars addressed to all the Consuls as well as to the leading foreign residents, hotel-keepers, and notables in the district. The circulars were in French and Arabic, and consisted of a statement of the aims and objects of the

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League, followed by an appeal to the Great Powers. They started by setting forth that Arabic-speaking people, of whatever creed, were more fitly brothers than any Arabs and Turks could be, and the latter were described as "barbarians from Central Asia"; that there should be an Arab kingdom, from the north of Syria to the south of Arabia, in which Moslem and Christian Arab would live on an equality when once freed from the Turkish yoke, and that as more than half the Turkish army was composed of Arabs, there could be no resistance on the part of the former since the bulk of the army would belong to the new kingdom and the Turks be confined to Asia Minor. The circular then went on to state that the new kingdom would pride itself on its civilisation, and that it would follow closely in the footsteps of the most advanced of Western nations, removing all obstacles to trade, and encouraging commercial enterprise and the most liberal ideas; and finally there was an appeal to the Powers to give the kingdom a trial, and to grant it, not their help in its struggle for freedom, but merely their benevolent neutrality, since the men, the arms, and the money were all ready, and the scheme could be carried out at any moment.

But that was four years ago, and the kingdom is not yet established.

I remember about the same time, when returning from a journey in the Interior, we were descending from the Cilician Gates towards Tarsus when we fell in with three Mussulman Arabs who were going in the same direction, and got into conversation. They spoke to me in Arabic, and when I said I did not speak that

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language they changed to Turkish, explaining that they hated the latter language but had to speak it for business purposes, and were just returning to Aleppo from a journey to Koniah, where they had been selling camels. They then, refusing to return the salute of "Salaam aleikum" from my Moslem escort, rode ostentatiously with the servants, saying that "Christians were better than 'Turks anyway."

More familiar to Britons is the cry of the Armenians, and more likely also to gain sympathy and assistance, as with them it is not so much a question of despising their rulers as of trying to obtain a measure of fair treatment, and such Armenian propaganda as exists and is concerned with the cry of Armenia as a nation is practically all of foreign manufacture. In the past it has been directly responsible for many of the massacres of that unfortunate people, for which the blame must not be put altogether on the shoulders of the Turks, even though they, as also the Kurds and Circassians, have behaved with a ferocity and cruelty to which it is hard to find a parallel. Much of the responsibility, however, rests on the Armenian committees and revolutionary societies established in free countries, and notably in Switzerland, England, and the United States. Armenians who have emigrated to these countries, and learned the meaning of freedom, are naturally distressed at the thought of their friends and relatives in Turkey, and are anxious that their nation shall regain its former position, or at any rate be on an equality with the conquering race, but the steps which they take to that end are fraught with trouble and danger to the very people they want to help. Agents from abroad return

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to Armenia, across the Russian frontier or otherwise, and go from village to village stirring up the people to rebellion, distributing arms or the materials for making them, and urging the villagers to rise and sacrifice themselves for the causes of Christianity and Armenian Freedom, and thus to force the hand of Europe to intervene on their behalf. The result, of course, is that the committees in Geneva, London, or New York are able to point to further horrors and excesses on the part of the Mussulmans, and adduce additional reasons for the Armenians to be protected, but that is but poor consolation to the suffering people in Turkey whose homes are destroyed and who are left destitute, sullen, and only vaguely thankful at having escaped death. The most that has been gained is perhaps the opening of a foreign Consulate in some place where there had been up to then no foreign supervision of the course of local affairs, and that is a small gain when one reflects that massacres have taken place in Constantinople under the eyes of the Embassies, and have just occurred in the vilayet of Adana where there are representatives of all the Powers.

I have dealt elsewhere with the forces which are striving in the European Provinces for the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire, so that, unless there is a very rapid change for the better, it is to be feared that all the doctors in the world will have their skill taxed if they are to prolong the life of the "Sick Man" as ruler of more than a comparatively small extent of his present dominions.

CHAPTER XVI
THE TRIALS OF A CONSUL

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THE TRIALS OF A CONSUL

DURING my first year's residence in Turkey I learned a great deal, which was only to be expected considering the blissful ignorance of all local matters in which I landed.

As before mentioned, I was to act as Greek Consul in addition to my other duties, and I have since discovered by experience how grossly I was imposed upon at every hand's turn.

It frequently occurred that a Greek, who had just landed from some steamer, would present himself at the Consulate with a pitiful tale ; it was generally to the effect that he had lost his money, and had absolutely nothing left with which to go on to Constantinople or Athens. If I was in any doubt about him he would produce his passport and show me several envelopes addressed to him. He was also quite willing to furnish me with references in Constantinople and to sign a receipt for any money lent him, which he undertook in writing to pay back directly he reached his destination. At first I used to lend these gentry sums varying from frs. 20 to frs. 60, and not in one solitary instance did I ever hear again from any of the recipients. Of course it did not take me long to discover the sense of honour (or rather the want of it) of the people I had to deal

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with, and then the loans ceased. But it was not only Greeks who were a trial to me during the months when I was, so to speak, finding my Consular legs. British subjects were very often equally hard to put up with.

One day an English lady arrived and was shown in. I begged her to sit down, which she did after subjecting me to a careful scrutiny.

"You are the Consul, I suppose?"

I admitted that such was the case.

"Well," she went on, "my steamer only stays here for six hours and I want to go to Tarsus to see the place where St. Paul lived, and, as I believe the train has gone, I want a carriage, and you must guarantee me that I shall be back in time for my steamer, and I want an interpreter who speaks English and Turkish, and——"

"Madam," I interrupted, "I must really——"

"My name is Mrs. X.," she snapped, with a kind of don't-dare-to-madam-me air.

"Very well," I said as meekly as I could, "but as you have not shown me your passport I did not know. If I could find an interpreter who spoke English and Turkish I would *buy* him for myself, so I fear you can't have that, but I——"

"And you must arrange about lunch for me in Tarsus!" she put in.

"But I," I continued desperately, "shall try to get you a carriage as soon as possible. Of course we can't call a cab, you know, as if we were in Regent Street, but I'll send a cavass for one."

"Rather unsatisfactory!" she commented.

"And I'll ask the Turkish governor to send a



STONE TOMB EXCAVATED NEAR EREGLI



BULGARIAN WOMEN FISHING WITH NETS IN A STREAM AT KHAS KIEU

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policeman on the box so that you will be quite safe. I cannot, however, guarantee what time you may get back. It is sixteen miles to 'Tarsus.'

"Well, I won't go at all," she declared, as though she were inflicting a crushing blow; "but, look here, I want to change a Bank of England five-pound note, and, as unfortunately I don't know the rate of exchange, I shall have to trust you to change it for me."

"Really, Mrs. X.," I said, goaded into retaliation, "you seem to have some very mistaken ideas. Let me tell you that I am neither a cab-proprietor, nor a tourist-agent, nor yet a money-changer, and I must ask you to change your note elsewhere."

She sprang up as if she had sat on a wasp's nest.

"Young man! I shall go straight back on board my steamer"—(awful threat)—"and, as I have most influential friends in the Foreign Office, you will hear of me again!"

"That will be a great pleasure," I murmured, as the lady sailed out.

For days afterwards I trembled at the arrival of every telegram; but the Foreign Office, in its leniency, must have decided to give me one more chance before dismissal without a character!

Another type which I had to learn was the local magnate, generally a Greek, who was very anxious to discover everything which did not concern him. His method of procedure was to come and state a fact in order to have it either agreed with or contradicted. The best way of coping with him was to say, "Is that so?"

Perhaps the most difficult thing I had to deal with

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in my early days was a band of so-called gypsies at Mersina.

I heard casually one afternoon that a large band of gypsies had encamped just outside the town, and were fighting amongst themselves ("very bad people," the cavass told me), and a lot of Turkish police had gone out. When the police arrived, the gypsies stopped their own quarrel (they were all armed), and turned on the police.

"You have no power to touch us," they cried. "We are French subjects!"

The police retired and reported, and returned again accompanied by a cavass from the French Consulate with orders to the gypsies to accompany him to the Consulate.

"Go away," they shouted. "We are most of us British subjects, and you have no power to give us orders."

A cavass from the British Consulate was then added to the party of police which returned to the encampment.

"If you come nearer we shall fire," screamed the gypsies. "We are Russians, and you must not interfere with us."

By the time a Russian cavass had been beaten up, the authorities had collected about forty police and soldiers, and the gypsies were surrounded and deprived of their rifles.

Then began the task of separating the sheep from the goats.

There were Turkish subjects from Arabia, and others from Tripoli in Africa; there were French

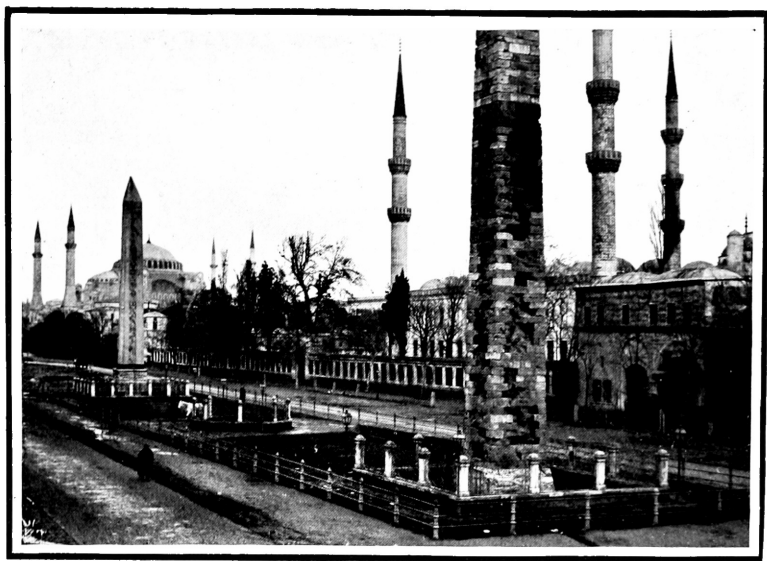


Photo by Will R. Rose

THE HIPPODROME, CONSTANTINOPLE

Chester

These remains, now locally known as the At Maidan, are close beside the Mosque of Sultan Achmet.



Photo by Will R. Rose

THE SERAGLIO. SCUTARI

Chester

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subjects from Algeria, and Russian subjects from Bokhara, and Persians and British Indians and Afghans. They were all nominally Mussulmans, and were accompanied by a crowd of women and children of nondescript nationality. The women were worse than the men; they were unveiled, indescribably dirty and unkempt, and dressed in all kinds of rags, many of them with bare breasts and bare feet. There were about thirty men and twenty women.

With great difficulty the mob was driven to the prison, surrounded by police, and followed by others leading about fifteen horses belonging to the band. On arrival at the prison the men produced knives and began to fight again amongst themselves, and a policeman was badly wounded in the scuffle.

Any of them who had foreign passports then gave them up; there were six British male subjects, and about an equal number of French. The legal nationality of the women was beyond discovering at the moment, but five of them and some children seemed to attach themselves to the British contingent.

The entire band was composed of young or middle-aged people.

By the next morning telegrams had poured in to the mutessarif from all the towns to the east of Mersina, complaining of the depredations of the band, who, as we afterwards found, had no honest means of earning a living, and were thieves of the worst description, stealing horses from one town and selling them fifty miles farther on, and helping themselves to sheep, fowls, and small supplies at the expense of any village they happened to pass.

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The local authorities announced their intention of keeping the Turkish subjects in prison for further investigation, and inquired what was to be done with the foreigners?

My French colleague made short work of his contingent. He simply tore up their passports, and said, "Now they are Turkish subjects! The Republic has no need of them." He was a man of experience.

I did not, however, feel inclined to adopt so high-handed a method of dealing with the Britishers, so I had them all up to the Consulate under escort, and proceeded to examine them and their passports. The latter told an interesting tale of wanderings during the previous five years, bearing as they did the stamps of British Consulates from Morocco to Persia, and from Constantinople to the Black Sea, and from there through Syria into Arabia.

The people themselves were as evil a looking lot of ruffians as could be found in the Levant, and that is a pretty hard test.

The cavasses were both Fellaheen, and spoke Arabic and Turkish equally well, so I got one of them to interpret into Arabic to the gypsies, who all burst out laughing. "We speak all languages," they announced, "at least all the languages of the desert! Talk to us in Turkish, Hindustani, Arabic, or Persian, it is all the same—there is no difference, Bey effendi!"

"Bey effendi" thought there was a great deal of difference, and decided to have the investigation conducted in Turkish. It afterwards turned out that the very fluent Turkish which they all talked was

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villainously bad, at least so I was informed by people qualified to judge.

I took up a passport. "Ibrahim-ben-Abdul," I read out. "Who is Ibrahim-ben-Abdul?"

A man stepped forward. "I am Ibrahim," he said, "the son of Abdul Hindi."

"And where is your wife, Fatima?"

"Fatima? Oh, Fatima?" He consulted with some of the others in rapid Hindustani. "Fatima died at Bagdad four years ago. It must have been Fatima who died. Is it not written?"

"No," said I, "it is not written."

A dirty-looking virago broke in:

"This man, Huzoor, is a very great liar! He is my husband and the father of my two children. We were married in Aleppo, after the hot period of the year before last, and then——"

"Do not believe that bad woman, Bey effendi!" said another even more evil-looking female. "Wallahi, she has spoken lies from her childhood. That man is not her husband, but mine, and he married me in Cairo only last year."

The two women looked at one another and laughed. Their quarrels were only skin-deep.

I turned to the next passport.

"Mahomet-ben-Ali!"

Another man stepped forward, and was overwhelmed with a torrent of abuse by a third one, who declared: "He is a liar, and always was a liar, and he is probably a thief. In any case his name is Suliman, and he has stolen the passport of Mahomet-ben-Ali, who was as my brother, and who died in Tunis last year."

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All the women laughed.

"I saw Mahomet-ben-Ali in Ispahan six months ago," said one of them.

The conversation continued for an hour or more in the above strain. Whenever any one made a statement all the others promptly contradicted it, always beginning by declaring that the last speaker was "a very great liar."

There were four children, one of whom, a boy of five or six, was claimed by three different women.

"Who is his father?" I asked.

A hasty conversation ensued, in spite of the efforts of two Turkish policemen, who were acting as escort, to enforce silence.

"Sahib," said one of the men at last, "with my own hands did I bury the father of that child in Mosul, and here is now a liar—a dog and the son of a dog, may his eyes become blind!—who says that a man who left us last year in Stambul was the father."

All the band, including the "son of a dog," positively roared with amusement.

I thought of the wisdom and success of Solomon in a somewhat similar case, and I told the three women that the child should be cut into thirds, one third to go to each woman. Solomon, however, had got out of his difficulties more easily than I could, for all the women promptly replied, "Pecki effendi—all right—we are content."

"Take them all back to prison," I shouted. "I think I shall tear up their passports, and they can then become Ottoman subjects and the mutessarif bey will deal with them!"

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Next morning I had them up again, marched into the office like prisoners into an orderly room, two police acting as escort, and a cavass behind to perform the duties of sergeant-major.

I had ascertained that they had from £10 to £20 each, and luckily none of the ponies belonged to the British subjects, at least I don't think so, but every member of the band claimed every pony individually.

I again tried to unravel their matrimonial relationships and the parentage of the children, but it was a hopeless task. Every statement made by one of either sex was at once contradicted by the others, so the only thing to rely upon was the passports, some of which were ten years old and might have changed hands a dozen times.

"Now," said I, "there are six men here and five women."

"That is true talk," they said.

"So," I continued, "there is a husband for every woman, and a wife for every man but one. What man is there who does not want a wife?"

"I, Abdul-ben-Hassan," said one. "I do not want a wife from amongst these five bad——"

"That man, Huzoor, is my husband. Five years ago in Beyrouth——"

We succeeded in preventing the question from being reopened.

"Very well," I said, "you are all blackguards without exception"—(they smiled)—"and if I did right I should tear up your passports, but instead of that I shall break up your band."

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I then pointed to one man and told the cavass to put him near the door; that being done, I selected a woman of suitable age, and a child, and put them with him.

"That is your wife and child," I said to the man, "and you three will go by the French steamer tomorrow to Port Said!"

"All right, effendi!" said man and woman simultaneously. Delighted at the complacency with which the order had been received, I apportioned four other couples in the same way, and told them their destinations were to be Beyruth, Alexandretta, Smyrna, and Constantinople respectively. They were all perfectly satisfied, and there was only one odd man left.

"If the effendi permits," he said, "I shall go to Koniah. I shall buy a horse here, and I have friends in Koniah. I am better without any of these women who are——"

"That man is my husband," shrieked a woman. "Two years ago in Algiers——"

"That will do," I ordered. "Take them back to prison." In the end they all went off to their respective destinations, apparently in the best of spirits. When all this took place I had but the scantiest knowledge of Turkish, and most of the conversation had to be translated from French into Turkish and *vice versa* by M. Loïso, the Consular dragoman.

Two years later, at Adrianople, the police brought to the Consulate a man who claimed that he was a British subject, and was charged firstly with having stolen a horse, and, secondly, with having taken two liras from a baker's shop.

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When he came in he grinned broadly.

“Effendim,” he cried, “I, Mahomet, the son of Ali, am your most faithful servant. Did not the Huzoor protect me once before, in Mersina, against unjust accusations?”

CHAPTER XVII
THREE MARRIAGES

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THREE MARRIAGES

THERE is a matter about which the Powers are very particular, and that is that no Christian girl shall be forcibly taken into the harem of a Mussulman, which of course would expose her to being cast off by her husband whenever he became tired of her; but it is a delicate matter for a foreigner to interfere in the matrimonial affairs of a Turk, who does not like to discuss his family in any way with a stranger, and consequently when this has to be done in one of the vilayets far removed from Constantinople, the duty is shirked by the honorary Consuls, who do not want to make themselves unpopular, and therefore falls upon a "Consul de Carrière."

It thus happened that an Armenian woman presented herself one morning at the British Vice-Consulate at Mersina, and with many tears told me her story.

"My daughter has been taken from me," she sobbed; "she—a Christian girl, only eighteen years of age—has been seized and carried away into the house of a Turk, and I cannot get her back; she has now been there for two days."

The poor woman was very incoherent and frightened, and it was only after many questions that I elicited the following facts.

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An Armenian family living near Tarsus consisted of a man and his wife and several children, all girls, of whom the eldest was the girl in question. The family was poor, but had a little land, by working which they managed to live. Not far off there lived a Turk (Hassan, I think, was his name) who was well to do, about thirty years of age, and who had been seen several times speaking to the girl, whose name I cannot recollect; we will call her Annita. The above was the gist of what the woman told me, accompanied by much detail and irrelevant matter.

"Save her for me, Consolos Bey, save her," she implored; "it is no good for me to go to the Government; they would only put my husband in prison, for Hassan has friends and is powerful, and we have no one to look to but the English Consulate—we are only Armenians," she ended bitterly.

"But perhaps Annita wants to go to the harem of Hassan?" I suggested.

"No, no, effendi," cried the woman, again bursting into tears; "she never wanted to go—she is a Christian girl, but they took her by force, and I have no one to look to, and they will make her a Mussulman."

I told her to come back in an hour, and I went to see the mutessarif, whose sanjak includes the kaimaklik of Tarsus. I explained to him the position of affairs, and he promised to take steps at once in the matter. It was then arranged that the Armenian and his wife were to come to the mutessarif's office on the following morning, and he (the mutessarif) undertook to have Hassan and Annita brought also, by the police if Hassan should prove recalcitrant.

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Accordingly we all assembled next day at the Konak, and the Armenian parents were ushered in and placed at one side of the room, after which Hassan and Annita, the latter still unveiled as a Christian girl, were placed some distance from the others.

I looked curiously at Hassan, and was struck by his fearless air, so different from the miserable terrified Armenian father, in whose mind the inside of the Government buildings was, no doubt, associated with every evil which had ever befallen his race.

"Hassan," said the mutessarif, "why hast thou taken this Christian girl from her home against her will? Now see what has been brought about, how the British Consul has come to complain of thee, and thou shalt be well punished."

"I did not take her against her will," said the delinquent, "but only against that of her parents. I love her, and she wishes to be my wife."

"That is not true," broke in the mother, who was much braver than her husband; "she does not love him, and she can marry nobody except by the laws of the Armenian Church, and he has taken her from me by force, and by force he would keep her only for the Consul and mutessarif pasha."

The extra title was perhaps given to conciliate the mutessarif.

"Excellency," I said in French, "why not ask the girl for her version?"

The mutessarif thereupon addressed Annita.

"How does it happen that this man Hassan took you to his house? Did he seize you and carry you there against your will?"

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Annita looked up and spoke for the first time.

"I love Hassan," she said, looking defiantly at her parents; "for a year I have loved him, and he called me to be his wife, and I went to him."

"But you are now sorry, and you will return to your home?" queried the mutessarif.

"Pasha effendi!" she cried, "I am not sorry, neither am I ashamed; and I will never return to my home, for I love Hassan, and I want to be his wife."

She turned and spat at her mother, who burst into tears.

"Wilt thou become a Moslem?" said her father, speaking in a trembling voice.

"I know not—perhaps," said Annita, clinging to Hassan's arm.

It was quite evident that the girl had not been abducted by force but had left her home of her own free will, and that being the case I had no longer any right to interfere, so the poor father and mother had to return home without their undutiful daughter.

Some time afterwards, when I had been promoted from Vice-Consul of Adana vilayet to be Consul at Adrianople, I found that one of my increased responsibilities was that I was the holder of a warrant for the marriage of British subjects, which did not, however, weigh very heavily upon me, as the likelihood of my being called upon to perform that function seemed somewhat remote.

But one day the matter was brought home to me by a visit from a Levantine Englishman, the son of an Englishman who had obtained an appointment in Turkey and afterwards settled in the country. He

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informed me that he was engaged to a German girl, and that they wished to be married as soon as possible, and he would be glad to know exactly what steps had to be taken to that end.

“Oh, certainly,” I told him; “if you will call to-morrow morning I shall be in my office, and I can then explain to you just what you will have to do.”

When he had gone I began to study the regulations on the subject, which in reality are quite simple, but seen for the first time appeared somewhat bewildering. The archives of the Consulate contained old regulations and Foreign Marriage Acts, and slightly more modern ones altering the old rules, and then some comparatively new ones altering the second lot in some details. After carefully examining them all and trying to blot from my mind such regulations as I had grasped from the old enactments and found subsequently contradicted or changed, I felt equal to explaining the procedure to the would-be bridegroom, and all was arranged for the marriage.

I had been given to understand that the man would arrive accompanied by the young lady at the hour agreed upon, and so I settled down quietly to my office work to await their arrival.

Suddenly an awful thought occurred to me. Suppose they brought a lot of friends with them all dressed in their best clothes! They both had parents living in the town, and people were apt to lay great stress upon their marriages.

I dropped my pen and rushed upstairs to change into a frock-coat and patent leather boots, and at the same time ordered the cavasses to don their best

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uniforms! I had hardly returned to the office when I had reason to congratulate myself on what I had just done, as the wedding party arrived in a procession of landaus, and in a few moments the office was full.

The ceremony was somewhat marred by the fact that the bride could not speak English, in which language the documents were all printed, but there was still a hope until she declined also to understand either French or Turkish, but expressed her readiness to be married in either German or Greek. It was then my turn to object. The bridegroom thereupon volunteered his services. "Tell me in English," he said, "and I will translate into German."

I said I was afraid he was not eligible as interpreter.

Finally another interpreter was found, and the necessary questions asked and answered, documents all signed, and the British nation had gained a new subject.

In the meantime various ladies of all ages whose names, relationships or nationalities never transpired, were seated round the room all looking highly pleased and smiling impartially upon me and the *nouveaux mariés*, when Jurgi, my excellent Syrian butler, entered bearing a tray on which were champagne glasses, and followed by another servant with the champagne.

Various tongues were then loosened in various languages, toasts were drunk, and the bridal party departed in the best of spirits. Jurgi had saved the situation.

It happened to me once to be a guest at a Greek wedding, but fortunately only in a private capacity. The ceremony was fixed for 10 A.M., and I duly arrived

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at that hour. A Greek wedding does not take place in church but in the house of the bride, so we all assembled in the drawing-room for the ceremony, which was of course conducted in Greek by the officiating priest. A crown made of muslin and flowers is placed alternately upon the heads of bride and bridegroom, and this is repeated three times; when all is over the happy pair walk round the room to receive the congratulations of their friends.

By 11 o'clock the wedding ceremony had been accomplished, and I hastened to make my congratulations and adieux, feeling that a stranger like myself would naturally be *de trop*; but my hosts would not hear of such a thing; insisting that the invitation included *déjeuner* and seeing the bride and bridegroom depart upon their honeymoon at 3 P.M. ! About twenty other guests were also asked to remain.

We all sat round the drawing-room until 12.30 P.M., when we went in to *déjeuner*, the procession headed by the hero and heroine; after *déjeuner*, at which the usual toasts and jests took place, we all trooped back to the salon and resumed our former seats. Any conversation which took place was in French, as the guests were of several nationalities.

It was 3.30 P.M. before the carriages arrived, and all the time the unhappy bridal pair had had to sit side by side stared at unceasingly by the assembled company and exposed to the jokes, some of which were—well, very French—of the guests.

I was the only man who was not in evening dress, and I inwardly vowed that I would never, if I could help it, be married *à la Grecque*.

CHAPTER XVIII
A PACKHORSE CARAVAN

Mersina to Marash—*via* Sis.

CHAPTER XVIII

A PACKHORSE CARAVAN

IN this and the following chapters I intend to give an account of several journeys, and I hope by this means to put before my readers as realistic a picture as possible of life on the march in Turkey.

I do not for a moment pretend that these journeys were performed in the shortest possible time ; it must be remembered that I was travelling in an official capacity, and that I had various duties to attend to *en route* which necessitated moving slowly and sometimes stopping for a day or two in places of no great interest, and for the same reason I was often unable to stay at places of which I should have liked to have seen more.

I had hoped to start from the Vice-Consulate at Mersina on the Mediterranean seaboard of the vilayet of Adana in the middle of October 1903, but circumstances ordained that it was to be the 16th of November before a start could be made. It was still autumn and pleasant weather on the coast, but too late in the year to expect to find similar conditions in the mountains.

It was unfortunate, therefore, that I had been detained at Mersina by an unexpected amount of Consular business, but as one of the chief objects of the journey was to acquaint myself at first hand with the existing state of affairs in the neighbourhood of

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Marash, I thought it better to make a start even in mid-November than to postpone my journey until better weather might be looked for in the interior—that is to say, until the following April.

The Armenians in Marash were in a state of great alarm fearing a repetition of the massacres of a few years before, and I thought that the sooner the Turks realised that the British authorities were cognisant of matters, the better would be the chance of the peace being kept. Even were it not so the British Embassy, and through it, all the foreign Embassies in Constantinople, would be in a better position to deal with any anti-Christian outbreak if they were in possession of reliable information as to the district and people in question.

Consuls of continental nations (except when proceeding to their posts) seldom or never travel through remote parts of the country, and indeed the official information about such out-of-the-way districts is largely supplied by our own military Consuls, though in this particular case there was already a French Vice-Consul in Marash.

On the 15th I had sent off horses and men to Adana, a march of two days, during which they stayed a night in Tarsus.

On the 16th, then, I left Mersina by train, arriving at Adana in 2½ hours—the line runs over the Cilician plain, and a fine view is obtained of the Taurus mountains to the north throughout the entire length of the railway, of which the terminus is at Adana.

On arrival there I went for the night to a Greek hotel (the Athenasi), which overhangs the Sihûn River.

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The idea was to start at 6.30 on the following morning, but the thousand and one things which always go wrong on the first day having occurred, it was 8 o'clock before the pack-horses were properly loaded and everything completed. No matter what trouble one takes beforehand, a pack-horse man is sure to be short of a rope, or a horse has cast a shoe, or got kicked and lamed, and has to be replaced at the last moment.

Besides myself the party consisted of Mr. Rickards, an Englishman living in Mersina; two servants, Jurgi a Syrian and Ohannes an Armenian; Ali, a "zaptieh" (mounted policeman) and two "kirajis" (pack-horse men), one being a Circassian named Nooa, and the other an Armenian: so we were a pretty mixed lot—two Englishmen—two Armenians—one Syrian—one Turk and one Circassian, the two latter being of course Moslems. We had eight horses in all.

Leaving Adana on a lovely sunny morning we set out over the dead level plain to the north-east. The usual route to Marash lies through the town of Missis, but I elected to go *vid* Sis and Kars-Bazâr, and so by a mule track over the mountains, to see the condition of the villages off the main road.

When we had left Adana about an hour behind, the Armenian kiraji began to give trouble, saying he could not walk, that he had understood he was to ride the whole time, and much other nonsense; so, not wishing to take an unwilling man, I sent him back to Adana, but absolutely refused to let him take back his two horses, a most cool request on his part, considering he had arranged to come to Marash.

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Whether he supposed that we were all to wait three or four hours to get other horses from Adana or to leave our loads behind did not appear, but finally he went back alone, and it was decided to hire another man on the first opportunity to look after his horses at their owner's expense.

By noon we had entered thick bush, and acting on Ali's advice had left the main road and turned off on a small path in search of a stream suitable for the midday halt, but like most short-cuts this one proved a hopeless failure, and we spent two hours forcing our way through the bush before we again got on the road.

At 2.30 we arrived at a small village, population Turks, in a pretty little valley named Han-Derré (valley of the inn), the inn, however, being conspicuous by its absence, but Ali triumphantly led us to a stone building which he announced was a post of zaptiehs. The horses seemed rather tired, and there was hardly enough daylight left to justify us in pushing on to the next village, so it was broken to the zaptiehs that we proposed to reinforce the garrison of the "kulluk" (guard house) for the night. We found a large stable over which were two rooms, one of which having been swept out Rickards and I established ourselves therein, while the remainder of the party together with three or four local zaptiehs squeezed into the other.

After a combined meal of lunch and tea I received the usual assurances of the villagers that the surrounding hills were alive with partridges, and spent an hour in a vain search to find a single one.

A very cold wind sprang up at sunset, and, there

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being large holes in the floor through which the aroma of the stable ascended, the night was not a very pleasant one. Next morning we breakfasted at 5 o'clock, and by dint of much hustling succeeded in getting off at 6.15. Unless one is the mate of an American sailing ship armed with a greenheart belaying pin, one cannot get the men to pack and load up in less than $1\frac{1}{4}$ hour—they generally take longer.

We soon came to a broken bridge, with a crack about two feet wide in the middle, quite enough to disconcert a heavily-laden English horse, but our country-bred animals thought nothing of it—just jumped across in a clatter of buckets, cooking pots, tent-poles and any other odd articles which were tied, Turkish fashion, with bits of string all over the loads.

After a couple of hours we emerged on to the great plain of Sis, which presents the appearance of a horse-shoe, the mountains in front being about fifteen miles off; the plain is dead level and very uninteresting. We met numerous strings of camels laden with grain from the interior and bound to Adana and Mersina, whence the bulk of the grain is shipped to Liverpool.

We halted at a well of excellent water about midday to rest and feed the horses; there was not a particle of shade, and the sun was pitiless, but we consoled ourselves by thinking of the pure mountain air ahead.

After lunch we crossed the stream "Deli chai" (mad river). Curiously enough on the wooden bridge which spans it we met a Turk leading a horse on which was seated an insane woman, who appeared to be very much vexed at seeing us, shouting and

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this time it was Nooa, the Circassian, who objected to Garrabet, he (Nooa) wanting to look after all the packhorses himself and so gain the money which would be paid to Garrabet. This is a typical instance of one of the minor worries of the traveller, and shows an absolute want of thought for the comfort of the employer, it being obvious that if two men can groom and load up horses in an hour it will take one man at least double that time. Nooa, being a Circassian, of course expected to ride rough-shod over an Armenian. I had to turn out of bed to reduce them to suitable humility.

We got away from Sis on the next morning at seven o'clock, the driveable road giving place to a soft track which keeps close under the foot of the mountains for two hours, and then turning sharply to the north (or left) through a low pass, debouches on to another great plain, the Chokakli Ova.

During the forenoon we forded the Sempas river, an easy matter, the depth being about 2 ft. 6 ins., and the bottom hard and even; but unfortunately one of the packhorses, when half-way across, suddenly lay down and rolled. As he was loaded with cooking utensils, tinned meats, tent-poles, bread, and other trifles, the ensuing confusion had best be passed over. Everything was eventually recovered, including a lot of pulp which had once been bread, and we resumed our way, the unfortunate Garrabet, who was in charge of the offending horse, wearing a woebegone expression and reflecting on the various insults which had been applied to him and other members of his family.

We stopped for lunch at Tujjar Mizerluk (the

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trader's graveyard), a well-known halting-place for caravans, under a clump of trees, and then passed through a marsh, with high reeds on either side, in which we came upon a village, built of mud and reeds, where the people were all suffering from fever and ague—a clear case of cause and effect.

About 3 P.M. we had crossed the Chokakli Ova, and, fording the river Kars-Bazâr Su, arrived in the village of that name and pitched our tents beside the river.

After nightfall it became so cold that—unless one kept all one's clothes on—it was almost impossible to sleep in the tents, as they were only single-walled and very thin, and the strong northerly wind blew right through them. Next day, Nov. 20th, we had them all packed up before dawn, and arranged to send them back to Adana, through the kindness of the kaimakam (governor of the town), as I had no fancy for sleeping in them in the mountains after experiencing how cold it could be even at such a low altitude as that of Kars-Bazâr.

The horses were much relieved by getting rid of the tents and poles, and it also gave a chance to the kirajis to take an occasional ride on top of the loads. Indeed, I frequently walked myself for a couple of hours and let one of them ride my horse, a proceeding looked upon with mingled wonder and contempt by Ali, it being considered by a zaptieh to be very degrading to walk on the march.

We took a second zaptieh from Kars-Bazâr, partly because I had doubts about Ali's powers of orientation, and partly to pacify the kaimakam, who said that otherwise he could not answer for our safety—that there

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were robbers about, and much other nonsense which I knew to be such.

The road at once began to ascend, and soon became a mere path where the horses had to go in single file up a valley full of olives and hawthorn, which soon gave way to dense woods of oak, beech, and fir-trees. We crossed numerous ridges, generally having to zig-zag up them and hold the loads on the packhorses going down into the little ravines. Crossing the rapid stream Kaïsh Su, we came to the Turkish village of Ajemlu, consisting of six or seven houses. The villagers brought us water and otherwise made themselves useful, but appeared to regard us with a certain amount of suspicion ; this route being only used by local muleteers, our *raison d'être* was not very obvious to the curious little groups which assembled round to watch us at lunch. I wanted to photograph some of them—they were very picturesque, with their flowing garments and long-barrelled guns—but the effect of producing a camera was to cause both alarm and scowls, so I was only able to take a few snapshots unawares.

Shortly after Ajemlu we crossed the Andarin Ova, a small plain which is very marshy, parts of it being mere bog whilst in others are rice-fields.

On the farther side of it we had a steep climb of 2000 feet up the mountain side, and, just before sunset, were foolish enough to pass a han where we could at any rate have found shelter for man and beast. I wanted to stop there, but allowed myself to be over-persuaded by our zaptieh-guide from Kars-Bazâr, who assured me we should come to a better han in about an hour. It soon turned out that the zaptieh did not

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know the way in the least ; no han appeared, and the night became very dark. At half-past five one could not see five feet, and, having reached the top of the mountain, we pushed on along a narrow path strewn with boulders and overhung with branches ; every one had, of course, to walk and lead his horse. Fortunately I had an electric pocket-torch, which enabled us to distinguish more or less where we were going ; but as no human habitation was to be seen, and the path frequently seemed to cross streams, through which we waded, it was altogether very unpleasant. At last a light showed up in front, and shortly after seven o'clock we reached a large shed, two sides of which were open, and on one of the others were three great fireplaces in each of which a pile of logs was blazing.

As our eyes got accustomed to the light we saw a scene such as I never expect to come across again. The shed was full to overflowing with men and animals, Turks, Kurds, Circassians, and Arabs, horses, oxen, mules, and donkeys. I noticed there were no Armenians or other Christians, who knew better, no doubt, than to expect accommodation in that *galère*.

On inquiry we were told there was a good han in about an hour, but once bitten twice shy ; we said we had had quite enough of looking for that han, and, indeed, it afterwards proved to be non-existent, and to have been invented on the spur of the moment to get rid of us.

No one showed any inclination to make room for our party, and the scene which followed was more forcible than dignified ; our two zaptiehs used the butts of their rifles somewhat freely, whilst Rickards, Nooa,

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and I began turning out animals and men according as we could lay hands on them. My two Christian servants and Garrabet were left outside to hold horses, as I did not think it prudent to have them involved in a row with people of the other religion.

Finally a space was cleared for our horses and for ourselves round one of the big fires, and we were glad to sit on our baggage on the very dirty floor. During the scuffle Ali had got rather badly kicked in the thigh by one of the numerous loose horses, and for some time I feared his leg was broken, and was meditating trying to make a splint out of branches, but he gradually got better after being bandaged and dosed with *raki* (native spirit). I also gave him quinine, not with the idea of benefiting his leg, but because I knew he would have more faith in it than in all the bandages in Turkey. Ohannes had managed to make some tea and boil eggs, and, by the time they were eaten and tobacco was burning, we began to take a more cheerful view of matters.

All night I sat on my bag, smoking cigarettes, throwing occasional logs on the fire, and studying my fellow-lodgers. My own men, even Rickards, had at length lain down on the dirty floor and were sleeping the sleep of exhaustion. Other picturesque ruffians were lying around in all attitudes; some were muttering in their sleep, and all the time there was a low buzz of conversation in various languages, broken every few minutes by the frenzied screams of horses which had picked quarrels with their neighbours. All through the night men kept coming and going. Now a small party would collect their mules and vanish into the

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darkness, as some one turned over wearily and murmured, "God be before you, brothers!" or "May your journey be successful." Now another lot would arrive and try to find room for ten or a dozen horses, which would result in a general fighting of animals and cursing of their owners. The favourite term of reproach to a horse seemed to be, "Oh, one without faith, may your eyes be blind!"

The name of this shed is Balk Han.

Some time before dawn I roused up my sleeping party, and, after a hurried breakfast while the horses were being fed, we got away from that comfortable hostelry as soon as there was sufficient light to see the path. The Kars-Bazâr zaptieh was discharged with ignominy as a worthless guide.

We crossed a great wooded valley, the Chinarli Derré, followed by a few ridges, all thickly wooded, and another valley, the Khissil Agach Derré, from which we climbed to the Hadji Bel (pilgrim's pass). The ascent was an example of what I have often found in Turkey; we had heard fearful stories of its steepness and roughness, but when we came to try it, a short half-hour put us on the top without the smallest difficulty. The view to the north from the Pass is very extensive, but devoid of trees, which seemed rather striking as we had seldom been out of woods since leaving Kars-Bazâr.

Continuing down a grassy slope we came to the Armenian village of Dungalé, and decided to halt for the night. On first arrival Ali announced casually that he was dying, and lay down in the road with the apparent intention of being as good as his word, and I

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was rather uneasy about him, fearing he might have sustained an internal injury when kicked and knocked down on the previous evening. I accordingly got out a medicine case and gave him some restoratives, to the great interest of the villagers, who immediately began to tell me of all their sick relatives, and beg me to go and see them, and I had hard work to persuade them I was not a doctor.

The village is very poor and straggling, and, after hunting through it, we failed to find any room which seemed capable of being made even moderately clean. But a bright idea having occurred to us about the Armenian Church, I asked a priest to let us sleep in it, which request was granted, after a little delay, on the condition that the permission only extended to the Christian members of the party. Rickards and I thereupon established ourselves in the church, got out our camp-beds, and made ourselves at home; shortly afterwards I was in the act of shaving, and in a state of extreme undress, when suddenly the door opened and in came three priests, followed by a procession which half filled the church, and forthwith the evening service began, partly in Turkish and partly in Armenian.

I certainly felt somewhat out of place; but, as it was then too late to do anything else, I covered my nakedness with as many clothes as were within reach and went on shaving. When the service was over the congregation departed as they had come.

We left Dungalé at dawn next morning, and descended a large open valley to the Jihûn River, at a point where it runs through a gorge. The river is about twelve feet deep, and the current almost a rapid;

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a good stone bridge had once existed, but had been carried away by a flood a few years before, and had been replaced by a very primitive and flimsy arrangement consisting of rough planks laid on the trunks of small fir-trees, just long enough to rest on the remains of the old stone piers. All the horses looked askance at this arrangement, but all except mine went over with a little persuasion ; my horse, however, not being a poor hard-worked hireling, was inclined to stand upon his rights and would have nothing to do with that bridge. I tried to lead him over, I tried to ride him over, I tried to drive him over, but he would not go near it ; eventually, having tied a coat over his head and got two men behind him with whips, I led him back 100 yards, and spun him round and round till we were both giddy ; then bringing him again to the bridge at a trot, we hustled him successfully over, although he was within an ace of jumping off in the middle. Of course there was no parapet.

We soon came to another river, the Ak Su. It is about forty yards wide, with a rather rapid current, the depth being such as to make it questionable whether it is better to ford it or to go some hours up stream to a bridge. The saddle-horses—Rickards', Ali's, and mine—crossed without difficulty at the expense of giving us very wet legs, so once having ascertained that the bed of the river was hard and even, it was decided to make the packhorses follow our example, and all got over without mishap ; though I regretted not having gone to the bridge as we stood watching them swaying under their top-heavy loads in mid-stream, as though not quite sure whether they were

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going to lose their footing or not. The loads also got very wet.

All the animals being safely across we made a halt for the usual midday rest, during which we were interested in watching a party of Turks, with a dozen donkeys, arrive at the ford. They also decided to try it, and the donkeys were soon a-swim, and came ashore at varying distances down stream. The men took off their clothes and carried them on their heads.

After the halt we set out on the final stage of our journey. Close on the left rose bare rugged mountains, while on the right was the swampy plain of Marash, with the Ak Su winding through numerous rice-fields.

Soon after 3 P.M. on the 21st, after seven days' march for the horses from Mersina, we entered the steep crowded streets of Marash.

We knew there was a station of American missionaries; but it being Sunday I did not care to disturb them, knowing it to be contrary to their views to travel on Sunday, and we therefore went to one of the many hans, which (for hans) are quite good. We had, however, hardly arrived in our rooms, when a messenger arrived from Mr. M'Cullum, a Canadian in charge of the mission, insisting upon Rickards and myself going to his house, which we were very glad to do, and where we received the greatest kindness, hospitality, and comfort.

CHAPTER XIX

THE FIRST RAILS TOWARD BAGDAD

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THE FIRST RAILS TOWARD BAGDAD

IN early March, 1904, I started from Mersina for Koniah, travelling by road through the Cilician Gates to strike the line of the Bagdad railway, and to follow it into Koniah, the termination of the Anatolian railway from Hydar Pasha (opposite Constantinople). At that time the first section of the Bagdad line was in process of construction, and was to extend for 200 kilometres from Koniah, which eventually brought it to a little village named Bulgurlu, a few miles beyond Eregli, and I was anxious to see what progress it was making, and how far the survey for future sections had been carried.

As the road to Koniah was supposed to be fit for wheeled traffic, all the baggage was put, with the two servants, into a spring-wagon (araba), whilst I rode, accompanied by a dragoman and the zaptieh, Ali, who always came travelling with me.

On leaving the line of the Mersina-Adana railway at the station of Kulek-Bogaz, we pushed quickly along the broad caravan road which leads over the plain towards the mountains to the north, meeting thousands of camels, mules, and donkeys, but especially camels, patiently and slowly working down to the coast with great bales of cotton, grain, and carpets, from the far

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Interior, the swaying, gurgling camels keeping up, mile after mile, their monotonous crawling march, as indifferent apparently to the blazing sun on the plain as they had been to the blizzards of blinding snow through which they had carried their loads from who knows what remote region to the north or east of Kaisariyeh.

We had only just entered the lower foothills, in the afternoon, when a thunderstorm burst upon us—I had never seen heavier rain out of the tropics—and we rode for the remainder of the day wet, cold, and miserable, in incessant rain, which made me think there might after all be some truth in a remark that I had overheard concerning our journey, “No one but a lunatic—or an Englishman—would think of going over the mountains so early in the year.”

The speaker was a Frenchman in Mersina.

But I was anxious to get this journey over, with a view to making another one before going to England on leave in the summer, and it always took several weeks' hard work to get through the correspondence which accumulated at the Vice-Consulate whenever I was away in the Interior.

The first night out we slept in Miseroluk Han, which is situated in a pretty little valley, thickly wooded on both banks of the stream Kulek Su.

We found two very dirty rooms, and excellent stabling for about eighty horses.

Next morning I found the advantage of having the baggage in an araba instead of on packhorses, which always take a long time to load. The difference is still more apparent at the midday halt, when most of the things can remain in the araba instead of having

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to be taken off the horses and laboriously fixed on again an hour afterwards.

Early on the second day's march we passed through the Cilician Gates, those wonderful perpendicular walls of rock. There seems to be some difference of opinion amongst travellers as to their height, which I personally made 3400 feet on the roadway. Just above them are two old forts, built by Ibrahim Pasha, and full of useless old guns over which the grass has grown.

From this point, 4100 feet, the road begins its long descent to the valley of the Chakit Su through which the Bagdad railway is to pass, but which was then silent and almost deserted, and swept by bitter northerly winds, so that on breasting the last ridge above the Gates, we seemed also to have been transported 1000 miles farther north.

At the end of the valley is the well-known Ak Kupru (white bridge), near which is a little han where we put up for the night. There was only one rickety little room for travellers; it had no windows, and when we had stopped up a hole in the wall with sacks and saddle-bags it was nearly dark, the only light entering through the crevices of the wooden planks, through which the wind whistled so that we could not keep a candle alight.

From the Ak Kupru the road plunges into the Bozanti Bogaz, a gorge just sufficiently wide to contain it and the river Chakit Su. The scenery is very wild, inaccessible walls of rock rising on each side of the road, and devoid of vegetation except for a few stunted fir-trees growing on ledges.

During the morning we met the Royal Mail of the

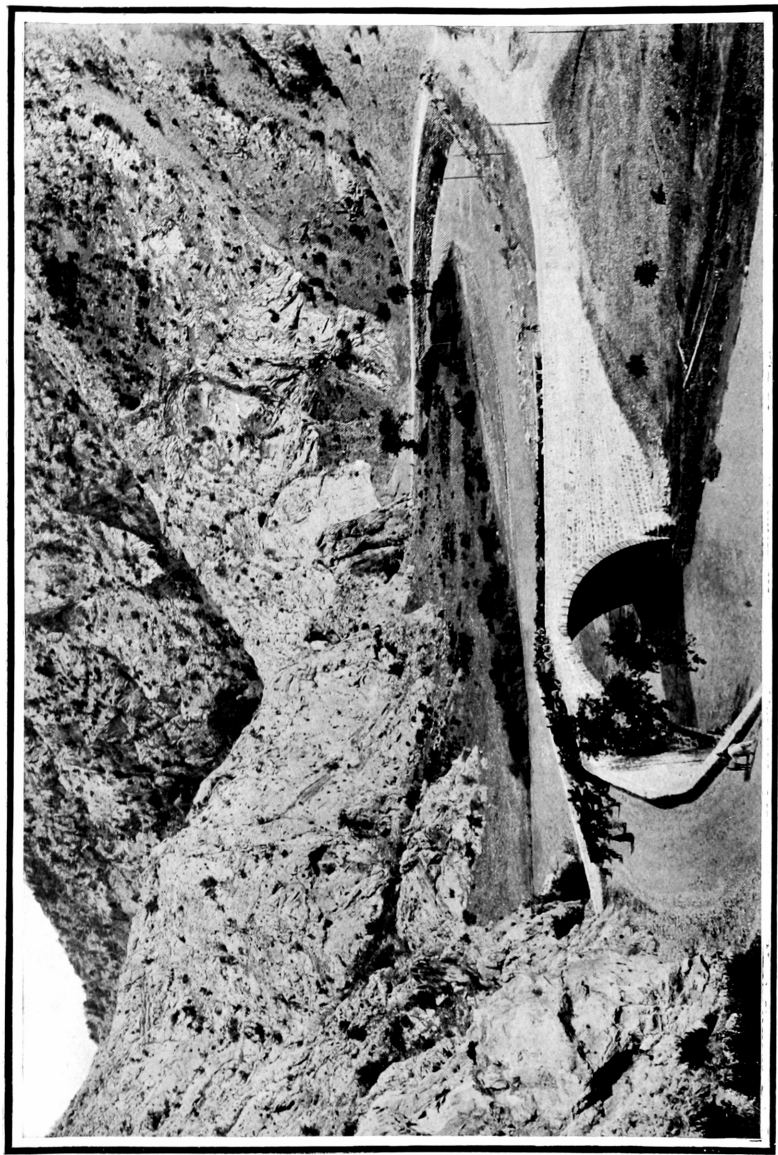
FIRST RAILS TOWARD BAGDAD

Interior, and a very efficient service it is, consisting of (in this case) three packhorses laden with the bags, and eight policemen riding round them at the usual half amble, half trot, by which the Anatolian horses cover such enormous distances. All along the road posts of fresh men and horses are waiting for the mail which, unless stopped by snow or occasional encounters with brigands, runs with the greatest regularity to Adana, Aleppo, and on to Bagdad.

Near the end of the gorge the road forks at a bridge named Tachta Kupru, an unpretentious-looking affair built of timber (as its name implies); yet the Tachta Kupru, the meeting-place of the great trade-routes from north and west, is one of the best-known spots in Eastern Asia Minor.

On the afternoon of the fourth day's march we reached Eregli, then a sleepy, dirty little place, where the arrival of a stranger was quite an event, now an important station on the Bagdad railway. I revisited Eregli eight months afterwards and found a veritable metamorphosis; the sleepiness was gone and the erst-while semi-deserted streets were a seething mass of people and vehicles. German, Greek, and Austrian engineers, Italian overseers, and a crowd of labourers including almost every race in Turkey, from Kurd to Greek and from Arab to Bulgarian, were rubbing shoulders, while a German hotel and a Greek store were doing a roaring trade. The store deserved to prosper, as it sold everything from French guns and German clothing to English jams and Bologna sausages.

None of these delights, however, existed in March 1904, and so it was with surprise and pleasure that we



AK KİPRU (The White Bridge)

A very well-known bridge on the great Caravan Road north of the Cilician Gates, South-Eastern Asia Minor.

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were told that a German hotel had just been opened by an enterprising pioneer of the Fatherland; but it proved to be an ordinary village house, and the bedrooms were—well, we preferred the han!

The weather was now very cold, in fact we had to spoke the wheels of the araba through snow several times before reaching Eregli.

When we had marched about an hour beyond Eregli we came to a Circassian village, where Ohannes, the cook, began to bargain for a turkey with a youth of about ten.

“Here he is,” said the youth, “a fine bird; give me thy twenty-five piastres.”

Ohannes laughed. “Child,” said he, “that is so poor a turkey I thought it was but a chicken. Here are eight piastres and a baksheesh of two—ten in all.”

The boy seized the turkey from Ohannes and let it go, and it flew shrieking away.

“Twenty-five piastres,” he said stolidly.

“Go and catch it,” returned Ohannes, and after an exciting chase by the buyer, seller, a mounted policeman, and the araba-driver, the unfortunate turkey was recaptured.

“Now for thy trouble thou shalt have twelve piastres for the bird,” said the cook.

The turkey was again liberated, and after more barter was again recaptured.

“Twenty-five piastres,” said the little boy. “Thou shalt not have him for a metallic less; see, I release him finally.”

“Give him to me,” said Ohannes; “here are fifteen piastres, which I give only because we are in a hurry.”

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“May your journey be successful!” said the child, receiving the money and handing over the turkey.

Shortly afterwards we came upon the first signs of the coming of the railway, where some Italians were sitting smoking in the sun and incidentally looking at a few labourers making a cutting. It seemed a small thing, and yet it had thrown a whole countryside into a ferment of anticipation and brought an influx of Europeans and money.

We then met a German engineer who was busily surveying with a gun in a marsh, whilst an assistant struggled along behind him with a theodolite on one shoulder and a plane table on the other.

“Good morning,” I said in French, thinking a remark about the railway would be appreciated. “I hope you are getting on well?”

“Not very,” he replied; “they have been shot at so much now that one cannot get near them.”

From this point onwards we met gang after gang of workmen and a series of small encampments, and late in the evening arrived at the tiny village of Ada-Teppé, where we had to put up with miserable accommodation in a disgustingly dirty han.

Having only a short march before us next day we did not start until 8 A.M., when we rode on, leaving the servants to follow with the luggage into Karaman; but we had only gone about a mile when Ohannes galloped after us on one of the araba-horses. He reported that the hanji, a Turk, had demanded £1 Turkish before he would let the araba go, and had called his men to prevent the horses being harnessed.

It was the only time I have met with such

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impertinence from a Turkish hanji, but it was to a great extent my own fault for having taken on Ali, the zaptieh, and left the two Christian servants and the arabaji (also a Christian) by themselves, when I knew the hanji to be a Moslem.

We rode quickly back and found to our surprise that he still persisted in his demand, simply saying, "You cannot go until I get a lira," but no one offered any actual violence to the servants, and the araba started, the hanji and his satellites looking on in silence when I informed them that I intended to make a complaint to the governor in Karaman.

On arriving in the latter town I went to see the kaimakam, and explained what had happened. He was profuse in apologies, and begged me to call again next morning, which I did, and found that during the night my friend from Ada-Teppé had been forcibly brought in and was brought up before the kaimakam in my presence. The proceedings opened by a yusbashi (captain) of police giving him two resounding slaps in the face, and he was then mildly talked at by the kaimakam with oriental persuasiveness.

"Oh pig," he said, "oh one without faith, who would certainly be disowned by his father! Oh bringer of contempt and hatred upon Islam, by behaving like a 'peece Jahudi'" (dirty Jew) (here he spat on the floor); "what hast thou done? What evil spirit entered into thee?"

The hanji, a very different-looking figure from the truculent, green-turbaned ruffian of the previous day, remained silent.

"Take him to prison," ordered the kaimakam, and he disappeared.

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On my return from Koniah a few days later I requested to have him released, but found that complaints against him had been pouring in from all sorts of people who had feared to say anything before, but grasped the opportunity now that he had been brought low by a foreigner.

In Karaman we met several foreign engineers, including a Herr Hoffmann, who kindly arranged that I should be allowed to travel from the railhead to Koniah on a construction train; so leaving the men in Karaman I drove the fifty-three kilometres which still separated that place from the railway.

At railhead was quite a colony of Germans and Italians. Their little camp was a strange sight with the tents and telegraph and the rails ending abruptly, and pointing onwards over the plain across the Taurus mountains and the plains of Mesopotamia to the Persian Gulf—truly a far cry.

Soon the train was seen approaching and proceeded to vomit forth the load of gravel which it had brought from near Koniah, to which place the trucks were to return empty, except for the gangs of workmen who were picked up here and there *en route*. I elected to travel on the engine, the driver of which was an Italian who spoke French fluently, and I had thus the honour to be the first person, unconnected with the enterprise, to travel on the Bagdad railway.

The line is constructed in the best and strongest style, the iron sleepers being secured to large pieces of metal buried three or four feet beneath them, so that tearing up sleepers to destroy the line in case of war would be attended with great labour and difficulty.

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On the ballast train was a sort of guard-overseer who, in all the cosmopolitan Levant, was the best linguist I have met. I think he was an Egyptian Jew, and he told me he could speak fifteen languages. I heard him talking in English, French, German, Italian, Greek, Turkish, Arabic and Armenian.

The first section of the line, 200 kilometres, is now open for traffic (and has been so for two years past), and one can therefore go first class with every comfort from London to Bulgurlu. The carriages are excellent, and the concessions for succeeding sections having been successfully arranged, it will no doubt soon be a thing of the past; for a traveller from the Mediterranean seaboard to calculate the weight of his loads and the number of days' provisions that he must take.

But the Taurus mountains are not to be lightly treated or tunnelled in a day, and for a year or two longer the araba, the pack-horse and the camel will climb the shady valleys from Adana, Tarsus, and Mersina to the Cilician gates.

Koniah city has become semi-European since its junction with Constantinople by the Anatolian railway, so we had no difficulty in finding accommodation in a small but excellent German hotel.

A pleasant feature was the friendliness of the people, and the fact that Moslem and Christian seemed to live side by side in a harmony which I have not found elsewhere in Turkey. An Armenian asked me how his co-religionists in Adana and other towns were getting on just then. "It must be dreadful for them," said he, "to live always in fear. Anxiety here? Oh no! We are all good friends here; even when

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the massacres were at their worst nothing happened in Koniah."

Let us hope the same state of affairs may always continue there.

Koniah is a stronghold of the Dervishes, and their "tekés" (religious houses) are very much to the fore; contrasting strangely with the semi-European boulevards which have sprung up in recent years, especially near the railway station.

CHAPTER XX

A BYWAY IN KARAMANIA

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ON the 18th March we left Karaman on our return journey to Mersina, but as the route to be followed was only a mule-track over the mountains to Mut and Selefkia, it was of course necessary to substitute pack-horses for the araba.

It was the only way of reaching the coast without going back, as we had come, through the Cilician Gates, and I thought it would be a good opportunity to travel through a district seldom visited by foreigners.

No travellers had crossed by this route since the autumn, and a zaptieh from Karaman whom we had taken as guide kept up a running fire of cheerful remarks about being snowed up, saying that we should be in luck if we were able to return to Karaman.

Fortunately his remarks were ignored, as we did not suffer the smallest inconvenience from snow, only meeting a few patches here and there, and the "road," though lonely, was fairly good.

We climbed steadily upwards for some hours, and then came upon a bleak plateau at a height of 4200 feet. It was very cold and windswept, and we continued hour after hour without seeing a sign of life. "If anything goes wrong here we shall all die—it is the will of Allah," murmured the zaptieh. At

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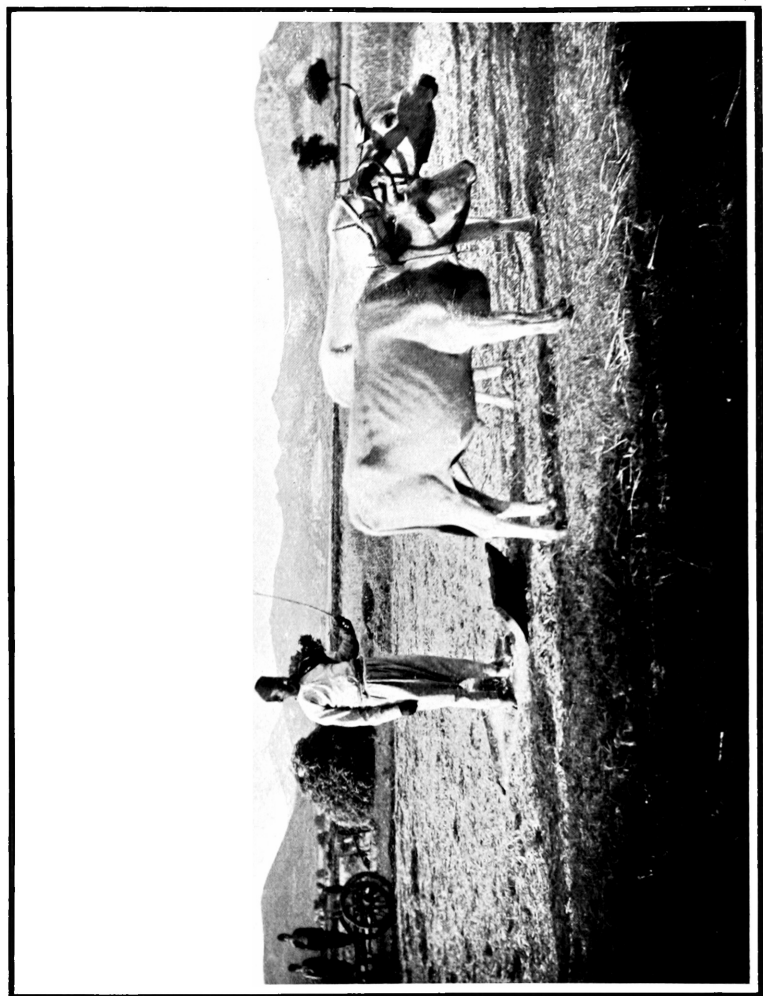
12.30 P.M. we reached the final crest of the mountain, at a height of 5400 feet, and came through a narrow pass, about 300 yards long, into summer. On the north of the watershed the hand of winter still held the plain of Koniah in its grip, but once we had the ridge between us and the bitter north wind we felt the breath of the southern spring.

We stopped for lunch beside a spring which bursts up through a series of small holes, and is surrounded by a green sward as smooth as a cricket-pitch. It was the first water we had come upon since leaving Karaman six hours before.

We spent the whole afternoon descending a valley through forests of fir-trees, and about an hour before sunset arrived in the Turkish village of Da Bazâr, past which flows the rapid snow-fed river Pirinj Su, which then vanishes into a gorge with inaccessible walls of rock on both sides.

As we were approaching the village we came on a lad driving a flock of goats; he was the first living thing we had seen that day, and he came forward to greet us with the natural kindly unembarrassed manner of the Turk when one finds him off the beaten track, happy, simple, and unsophisticated.

"We welcome you—we are honoured by your visit," he said, and led the way into the village. I spent some time in examining some old Greek ruins and tombs, but the villagers could give no information about them. The people were genuinely distressed when I asked if they had a horse-shoe for one of the pack-animals. They had not, but they had three horse-nails, they said. "Now we are indeed shamed



LOCAL METHOD OF AGRICULTURE—LEVELLING A PLOUGHED FIELD

The driver either stands on the wooden leveller or puts heavy stones upon it.

A BYWAY IN KARAMANIA

—the effendi will tell every one that we offered him hospitality, and then could not shoe a lame horse for him. What is our hospitality worth?"

From Da Bazâr the path crosses a mountain-spur which it ascends by zig-zags, being often completely lost amongst boulders and the roots of fir-trees. Every one had to walk, and the loads kept falling off the pack-horses as they struggled up.

After marching for a few hours we crossed the summit, and descending over 4000 feet in three hours came again to the Pirinj Su in a great open valley. The so-called ford looked far from inviting, considering the strength of the current, which was swollen with the rapidly melting snows behind us; but we had to get across somehow, and there was no bridge within a reasonable distance.

My Syrian servant Jurgi, who happened to be in front, was about to ride into the water, when he was called back by Ali.

"It is not thy place to lead the way," said the zaptieh. "I who am a soldier will find the safe ford."

"Why, that old horse can hardly stand on the dry land," quoth Jurgi, looking at Ali's mount with unutterable contempt. "The street dogs would die of empty stomachs had they not better meat than is upon his old bones!"

"I will soon show thee," cried the enraged Ali. "Oh liar from Beyrouth, where all men are liars—at least all men like thee."

And he plunged into the river.

He rode proudly into mid-stream—the horse floundered and slipped, and the next instant the

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strong current swept him off his feet, washed Ali from his back, and whirled them both down stream.

"He will be drowned," said Jurgi calmly. "It is no matter; he called me a liar."

But Ali and his horse had served their purpose, for they soon stopped in shallow water, and thereby discovered the position of the ford, by which we all crossed with more or less of a wetting.

I turned to our Karaman zaptieh-guide. "You are a bad guide," I said; "you did not know where to find the ford."

"I knew where it was, effendi."

"Then why did you not show us?"

"I knew well where to find it," he replied.

"The donkey knew where to find the barley," broke in the irrepressible Jurgi, "but when he went there he found it had been cut down and carried away."

"Shut up, Jurgi!" I said. (He spoke English.)

"I was saying true talk, effendi," he answered; "these men know nothing, and they cannot speak true. I know them, for I am an Arab. Every zaptieh says he knows all, but he only eats much money."

Ali had by this time emerged, a miserable shivering but truculent figure.

"Oh liar from Beyrouth—" he began.

"Silence, all of you!" I ordered, and we resumed the march with a lamentable want of harmony in the party.

About an hour before we reached Mut we were met by the Belladea Reis (head of the Municipality) and four zaptiehs.

"The kaimakam sent me to welcome you and the English lady," he informed me.

A BYWAY IN KARAMANIA

"The English lady? There is no English lady," I answered, somewhat mystified.

"She did well not to come. It is a bad road," he said.

I did not think it worth while to go deeper into the matter.

On arrival in Mut our new escort conducted us to the biggest and best house, which was swept and garnished. There were eight or ten rooms, cushions, rugs, divans, &c., and fires lighting. It then transpired that through some mistake a telegram from the kaimakam of Karaman to his colleague at Mut had announced that "The British Consul of Adana would arrive, accompanied by his wife and family," and the unfortunate kaimakam, a Circassian, had been at his wits' end to provide suitable accommodation.

When we had installed ourselves I saw a Greek standing at the door.

"Well, what do you want?" I asked him.

"Nothing, Monsieur," he replied in a mixture of French and Turkish.

"Then off with you," I said. "What right have you here?"

"I go, I go," he said, and moved away, stopped and came back.

"Monsieur le Consul," he said plaintively, "may I get some clothes from upstairs?"

"Clothes from upstairs?"

"Monsieur, this is my house," he said at last, as if he expected to be slain on the spot.

I then discovered that he had been ordered by the kaimakam to remove himself and his family,

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bag and baggage, in order that his house might be prepared for the Consul and *his* family!

I kindly gave him permission to get what he wanted from his own house.

Returning from a visit to the kaimakam (during which he tried to present me with a leopard-skin and a clock), I found Ohannes, the cook, standing idle by the house.

"Effendi," he said, "the chief of police is in the kitchen, and he will not let me get any dinner ready. He says it would be a shame, and the Greek man is getting dinner by order of the kaimakam."

Ohannes, the Armenian, was glad to obey a Turkish kaimakam for the first time in his life. Dinner then arrived—seven courses and lemonade—enough not only for me but for all the party. "The men are saying," remarked Jurgi, "that they would like to stay for many days to drink the waters of Mut."

Most of the following day we followed the bank of the Geuk Su, a river about sixty yards wide with a rapid current, and said to be very deep.

In the afternoon we came to two paths, and the guide stated that they both led to the village of Kebben (our destination), the one to the right being two hours shorter but very difficult.

I decided to save the two hours, and we crossed a ravine and climbed zig-zag to the top of a cliff which forms the left side of a great pass, through which the Geuk Su flows. On the right the fall of hundreds of feet to the river was almost sheer, but the path was good and some four feet wide, so I said to the zaptieh, "Where is the difficulty you spoke of? I

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suppose you know it as well as you knew the ford over the Pirinj Su." He looked at me with a smile and said nothing.

Presently he dismounted, sat down, and began to roll a cigarette.

"What about the difficulty now, Consolos Bey?"

I must admit I looked with horror and astonishment at Kebben village some seven hundred feet below us, so near and yet so far. The path had suddenly ceased at the edge of the cliff. The guide then pointed to a sort of goat-track and said it was the only "road"; it was very narrow, and had no sort of protection on its outside edge. Every one looked askance at it.

Hagop, the packhorse-man, said that *his* horses could never get down, and the zaptieh agreed with him. "They are horses of the plains," he said, "they do not know the mountains. The Armenian speaks the truth."

However, evening was coming on, and there could be no going back, so all loads were taken off the horses, and they were made to go down as best they could, and before any of the men went, lest a horse falling should upset any man who might be below him on the track. We stood watching them as they descended, sometimes making long slides all four feet together; if any of them had lost his balance, he would only have been good as food for jackals, but they all got somehow to the bottom. No English horse could have done it. The loads were then passed down bit by bit by the aid of the pack-ropes, and every one was at length safe in Kebben.

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I feel no shame in saying that, unhampered by anything to carry, and with the free use of both hands, I wished myself anywhere else as I scrambled down, pressing close to the cliff, and avoiding looking down after the loose stones which my feet dislodged, and which I could hear bumping and jumping down below me.

"Decidedly," I said to the zaptieh, "you are a worthless guide."

"The effendi chose the short cut," he answered.

"I think I will have you put in prison in Selefkia," I threatened.

"It is as Allah wills," he shrugged his shoulders.

"He is a pig, and wants to kill us and our horses and all other Christians," commented Jurgi in English, apparently to himself, but obviously for me to overhear. "I fight with him very much with my mouth."

The whole population of Kebben turned out to see us. They said they had never seen a foreigner in their village before, though they themselves, being so close to the coast, had often seen the comparative civilisation of Selefkia, and even Mersina.

There was no guest-room, but one of the notables took us under his wing. "I myself, together with my two sons, will sleep in the room with you," he assured me; "by that means I shall know that you are comfortable."

He, however, begged me to wait for ten minutes while he was "getting the room cleaned out," but in reality the delay was caused by the hasty removal of the harem, which consisted of his wife (the mother, pre-

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sumably, of the two sons, one of whom was about forty-five). The lady disappeared into another house as closely veiled as if she were but eighteen.

Being pressed for time, it was necessary for us to make a long march on the following day, and it was only 5.20 A.M. when we left Kebben.

About 8 o'clock we crossed the Geuk Su in a most elementary flying bridge, or flat-bottomed boat, which took three horses at a time, and had then only eight inches of freeboard. After a stiff climb up through forest, we suddenly came in sight of the sea, and the three Mersina men burst into their nearest approach to a cheer. "Brawo, brawo!" they cried, "there is the sea. Jannum—on my soul—a man cannot live long without the sea, is it not better than the much barren country we have passed through?" (They had been about a fortnight on the march.)

Soon after 11 A.M. we entered Selekia, a town with a mixed population, Turks being rather more numerous than Greeks and Armenians.

The Karaman packhorses being unfit to go on without a rest, I was obliged to discharge them and get others.

By 1 o'clock we were again on the march on the good carriage-road which leads to Mersina. The distance to Lamas Han seemed interminable as the long afternoon wore on.

When dusk had fallen I suddenly heard wails from the rear of the party, and on riding back found that Jurgi who had been riding on top of a load had gone asleep, and consequently fallen off, and was lying on the road protesting that his leg was broken. Natives

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always give up all hope whenever they are in any way hurt or sick.

"He will certainly die," said Ali dispassionately.

"Yes, I die," said Jurgi.

"I have a cousin," put in Ohannes, "who will make a better butler than Jurgi, and he speaks French."

The sufferer was then put up again on his horse, and discovered that he had only strained his ankle.

"I am very strong," he remarked; "now if it had been Ali——"

"Ali never falls off a horse!" was the indignant answer.

Silence and darkness fell again, and we plodded wearily along until Lamas was reached at 9 o'clock. We had covered 42 miles from Kebben.

Next morning we were again on the road before 6 o'clock, and without further incident got to the Vice-Consulate at Mersina in time for a late lunch.

CHAPTER XXI
OVER THE GIOUAR DAGH

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OVER THE GIOUAR DAGH

ON November 25th, 1903, I started from Marash in the vilayet of Aleppo to return to Mersina by way of Osmanieh and Adana, the range of the Giouar Dagh having to be crossed.

The party consisted of a local Englishman returning to his home in Mersina, my two servants Ohannes and Jurgi; Ali the zaptieh and two packhorse-men, Nooa a Circassian, and Garrabet an Armenian.

The plain of Marash was in a shocking state, the road, inches deep in mud, winding through rice-fields and across marshes to the river Ak Su.

Our first night out was passed in the Kurdish village of El Oghlou, where we were well received. It was interesting to see the women making carpets by hand; it takes five women over three months to make a moderate-sized one, so that one can hardly wonder at the high prices of "Turkey carpets" by the time they reach the European markets. The women wore their hair in four plaits hanging down their backs, and had strings of brass coins hanging from their ears and round their necks. All the villagers were utterly unspoiled and quite natural; a boy strolled up to me without a word and taking a cigarette from my mouth lighted his own from it and handed it back to me; he did not intend to be in any way impertinent.

OVER THE GIOUAR DAGH

We had great trouble with the dogs in El Oghlou. It was impossible to stir outside the house without being attacked by six or eight brutes like large collies.

The ascent of the Giouar Dagh began early next day and proved rough and steep, the loads repeatedly coming off owing to the girths breaking.

Near the top of the mountain we crossed a rather remarkable saddle about five hundred yards long and sixty wide with a precipice on each side, after which came two passes, the Issikia and the Haj Bel, each about 4200 feet.

The path then makes a long and steady descent through woods of fir, oak, olives, and eucalyptus.

In the afternoon we came to a quarantine post consisting of six zaptiehs, where we were required to prove that we had not come from Aintab, where there was cholera. The mutessarif of Marash had furnished us with a certificate saying where we had come from, so there was no difficulty. "Not that there would have been any," said Ali simply, "for even were the effendi not a Consul, the charge for an ordinary traveller is only twenty piastres"—*i.e.* any one coming from the infected town could pass through the cordon by paying twenty piastres to the police!

In the evening we came to Bagche, a large straggling village with a mixed population of Turks and Armenians, where we were hospitably entertained by a rich Armenian, who insisted that it would be a "shame" to let my servants do anything for me in the way of cooking.

By the next evening we were down again on the Cilician plain, and arrived at Osmanieh, a dirty little

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town, where we were lucky in getting three rooms and a flat roof over the han.

Instead of going on to Adana by the direct road over the plain, I decided to go to Dörttyol at the head of Alexandretta Bay, and following the shore to Ayas return to Adana by that route.

Soon after leaving Osmanieh we passed Toprach Kaleh, an old Armenian castle, from a village near which eleven large dogs rushed out and attacked us. They were extraordinarily savage, and made regular springs at us ; one of them tearing my riding breeches over the knee in his teeth. I had a heavy hunting crop with which I struck him as hard as I could and knocked him down, but instead of frightening, the blow only enraged him and he sprang up again tearing my saddle-bag, which was made of carpet in the Turkish fashion. In the meantime about a dozen Turks from the village looked on calmly without taking any steps, and we had to get out revolvers and threaten to shoot the dogs before they called them off.

"It is an ill deed to shoot a dog," said one of them, turning away with a scowl.

We resumed the march, and I abused Ali for not having asserted himself as a zaptieh.

"Effendi, it is an awful thing to shoot a dog," he replied ; "besides they know no better."

"The dogs bark, but the caravan passes on," put in Nooa, quoting a Turkish proverb.

It was interesting to note how both these men, being Moslems, were inclined to sympathise with the villagers in not wishing a dog shot.

Shortly after this incident Ali was relating what

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he had heard from his comrades at the Osmanieh police station. There were, he had heard, a party of brigands, perhaps six or perhaps eight—only Allah knew—in the neighbourhood; some said they were Circassians (Nooa looked at me and laughed), others thought they were Turks, but anyway they had just shot a zaptieh on the road.

“Zaptiehs don’t get shot,” said Jurgi, who was always trailing his coat, “for they never go into danger!”

Ali’s retort was nipped in the bud by Nooa, who said in his soft Circassian voice, “See, effendi! they are coming, six of them, and each carries a rifle. Now we shall see whether they are Circassians or Turks.”

Ali had a rifle, an old Martini, Jurgi carried a Winchester of mine, and the rest of us had revolvers, making in all two rifles and five revolvers.

“They will not attack us,” said Jurgi, who had never been in any danger. “If they do, I myself will shoot at least two of them.”

Ohannes was carefully examining his revolver; he had been in Albistan during the massacre of eight years before and knew what fighting meant. Nooa alone of the natives showed no concern, and employed himself by tightening the girths of his horses while the six galloping figures converged upon us over the plain. Perhaps he thought that there was honour among thieves, and counted upon it to make *him* safe anyway.

As the horsemen approached Ali burst into a laugh. “They are only our people—a patrol,” he cried, and the next moment a sergeant of zaptiehs rode up to us.

After ascertaining who we were, he inquired eagerly

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if we had heard any news of the thieves—four of them—who had shot a zaptieh on the road two days before. He thought they were still in the district, but how could he find them amongst the mountains?

We went on through the Amanus Gates, and across the plain of Issus, past the ruined Roman village of Gezenne, and joined the main road from Adana to Alexandretta, about two hours before arriving in Dortyol, which is quite a town and surrounded by extensive gardens and orange groves.

A talkative Armenian came forward and offered to guide us to the "hotel," which turned out to be a sort of *café-chantant* with bedrooms overhead. On the ground floor was a large bare hall in which a variety entertainment took place in the evening. It consisted of a theatrical piece, acted by a Greek company, at one end of the hall, while a rival gramophone played at the other, and a crowd of Turks and Armenians sat in the middle, listened impartially to each performance, and talked at the tops of their voices.

All the servants and packhorse-men were amongst the spectators, and spent a large part of the night in the passage outside my room, discussing what they had seen.

"The Christian women have no shame," said Nooa; "on my soul, it is not right to dance and sing thus before strangers."

"It is the way of Christians," remarked Ali; "for them it is not a shame, since it is their custom."

The ride from Dortyol to Ayas is a long one, most of it being along the sandy beach round the head of Alexandretta Bay. Several streams have to be forded

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on the beach, amongst them the Boornaz Chai, where there are very tricky quicksands to negotiate. The river is twenty yards wide and two feet deep, and can only be crossed with safety at one point, which was shown us by a traveller whom we met at the ford.

"I suppose, effendi," said Ali, "that in England there would be a notice at the river to tell people where the quicksands are, but in Turkey no one cares. It is a bad thing, effendi, to be a Turk; the Government eats all the money, and we get no pay. On my soul, I have not two suits of clothes."

It is not often that a Turkish zaptieh speaks so openly in the presence of Christian servants.

About sunset we reached Ayas, and found an excellent han for the horses, but no accommodation fit for a European.

While I was still looking round, a man in European dress, with a fez, appeared and advanced, smiling.

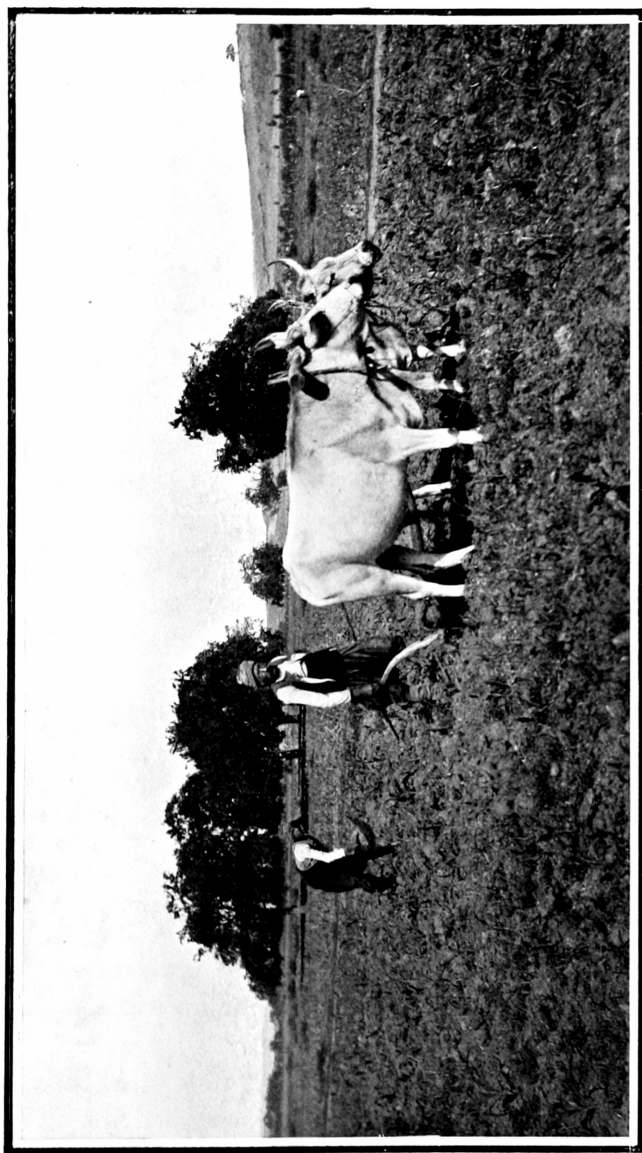
"Good morning," he said, "times is money."

"Who are you, may I ask?" I demanded. "And what do you mean?"

"Times is money!" he replied, laughing, and then broke into Turkish. "I know you are the English Consul. I am a Greek, the only foreigner in Ayas. I know no English but what I have already said; but I can offer you a place to sleep, and shall be proud if you will honour me. My name is Cosma-Oghlou."

Mr. Cosma-Oghlou was agent (for the export of oranges and grain) to a Greek merchant in Adana, and kindly gave me the use of an empty grain store right on the sea.

The next day's march to Missis was a short one,



MOSLEM VILLAGERS PLOUGHING

Horses are seldom or never used for agricultural work

OVER THE GIOUAR DAGH

and, except for crossing the Jeb-el-Nur, was devoid of interest.

There was much dissension in the party, notably between Nooa and Ohannes, these constant quarrels being very tiresome on the march.

"If I were the Consul," said Nooa, "I would not keep thee one day in my house. Thou hast eaten his salt these many months and still thou art a robber, and it is well known that thou hast stolen a looking-glass and a copper-pot."

"That is a lie," retorted Ohannes. "But thou, like all other Circassians, art a horse-thief and a murderer, and thou owest me thirty piastres."

"It is a lie," returned Nooa. "I borrowed but twenty-five from thee a few weeks ago——"

"A year ago!" screamed Ohannes. "And five piastres interest makes thirty and——"

"Truly is an Armenian the brother of a Jew——" began Nooa.

"Truly I shall have you both put in prison in Adana," I interrupted, and told Ali that he was responsible for keeping them quiet.

"They do not mind me, effendi," the zaptieh explained. "Nooa is a brigand and fears no one, and I cannot beat Ohannes because he is the Consul's cook; but I will talk."

And talk he did, beginning with an appeal to their better sense to abstain from quarrelling on the march, and ending with an accurate description of what was his idea of their ancestors.

At the foot of the Jebel-Nur we passed through Isserli, a large village of Turks, where a youth made

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some disparaging remarks about foreigners, and no doubt was expressing the sentiments of the other villagers. I did not catch the remarks myself, but Ali apparently took umbrage at them and explained to the head-man who we were, and that doubtless I would see the vali pasha on the following day, and much trouble would come upon the village.

The youth at once took to his heels (he was a stalwart young fellow of nineteen or twenty) and the other villagers, who had a moment before thoroughly agreed with him, now started in pursuit.

“Dog and son of a dog!” cried one.

“Imansis—one without faith!” cried another.

“Amaan! Amaan! We are ruined!” said a third.

“May his lying tongue be struck dumb! I shall beat him well!” said the head-man apologetically.

“Inshallah!” I said, and we rode on.

It was late afternoon when we crossed the fine old bridge into Missis and took up our quarters in a large han, kept by an Armenian, where we found plenty of rooms, and I took one close to mine for Jurgi and Ohannes. It is always convenient to have one's servants within call when there are no bells and one has to look after one's own commissariat.

Jurgi presently appeared at my door and spoke in his broken American.

“This hanji is a bad man. I fight with him very much with my mouth. He say he not let me and Ohannes sleep in a good room. He say we are only servants, but he himself is only a pig. I tell him so. If there is permission I will beat him.”

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"There is not permission," I said. "Send him to me."

After a few minutes Jurgi returned.

"He not coming," he informed me. "He use bad words—oh, very bad words! and he throw out Ohannes' bed. Like all Armenians, he thinks he can do what he likes with a foreigner."

"Let Ali bring him," I ordered, and soon the zaptieh appeared with the hanji—the latter rather quelled by the presence of a dreaded zaptieh, but still argumentative.

"When I pay for a room," I told him, "I put whoever I like in it, and, as you have dared to give other orders, I shall certainly report your conduct to the vali pasha. Then will your han be taken from you, and you will be put into the big prison in Adana."

"Amaan! Amaan!" he began. "What shall I do? What shall I do? They will seize all my things and my horses, and I shall have to pay much money to get out, and——"

"Very well," I said; "since you are an Armenian I shall not report you. But I shall have you beaten now to teach you to be more polite to foreigners."

"Let me beat him!" put in Jurgi.

The Armenian wanted to fall on his knees, but was restrained by Ali, and was then told that the punishment would not be administered that time, so he thankfully fled to his own quarters.

From Missis to Adana, a ride of four and a half hours, there is nothing to be seen but the monotonous plain and the chimneys of the cotton factories gradually growing larger as one draws nearer.

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Having several hours to wait before the departure of the train to Mersina, I went to call upon the vali, Bahri Pasha, to apprise him of my return.

When coffee had been brought, and cigarettes were lighting, his excellency turned suddenly to me.

"Here is a telegram," he said, "from the Bab-Ali (Sublime Porte); "they want to know what the English Consul is doing travelling about the country?"

I made no remark.

"What shall I answer?" he demanded.

"What do you think?" I asked.

"How should I know, Consolos bey?"

"Well, say you do not know, pasha effendi."

"You know I cannot say that. If you fear God, tell me what you have been doing!"

"I have been admiring the country."

"That is child's talk," he said. "People do not form a caravan to cross the mountains in the winter for nothing."

"Well, excellence," I suggested, "say that the English consul is mad—that he has no sense, and goes wandering about." He laughed heartily.

"God forbid!" he answered. "I shall say that he is—" He paused.

"What will you say, excellence?"

"Will you eat your dinner with me to-night?" returned the vali.

As a matter of fact his excellency received telegrams from the governors of every town we ever stopped at, and was no doubt kept thoroughly informed of my movements; but the Turkish Government did not appreciate the way which the successive British Military

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Consuls at Adana had of travelling about, penetrating into all sorts of unexpected places, and keeping an eye generally upon the local administration. Therefore the vali would have liked to force me into some semi-official explanation of the objects of my various journeys into the Interior.

CHAPTER XXII
OVER THE ANTI-TAURUS

CHAPTER XXII

OVER THE ANTI-TAURUS

ON November 5, 1904, I started on a brilliantly fine morning from Adana for Kaisariyeh, in the vilayet of Angora. I had heard that social conditions there were not all that could be desired from the point of view of the local Christians, as represented by Greeks and Armenians, and, as there were no foreigners there except the members of the American Mission in the neighbouring village of Tallas, and we had no resident representative in the vilayet of Angora, it was impossible to find out, without a personal visit, whether the racial and religious hatred of which rumours had reached the coast, was likely to have serious results.

Also it was reported that the district between Hadjin and Kaisariyeh was overrun by brigands, for which reason I decided to travel with packhorses over the mountain paths, *vid* Hadjin, although there is a driveable carriage road to Kaisariyeh by way of Nigdeh and Bor.

Nothing of interest occurred until we had left Sis, on the afternoon of the second day's march, when we came into a valley which was infested by a sort of fly which gets into horses' nostrils and makes them almost unmanageable. We had seven all told, and they all reared and pawed at their noses like so many dogs,

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but luckily the flies remained behind when we had left the valley.

Soon afterwards we came to a small han, where I dismounted with a view to staying for the night, but the proprietor assured me that there was a much better han one and a half hours farther on.

"We are poor people," he said, "and we have nothing here; there is not even forage for the horses; but in one hour and a half you will find a good han fit for foreigners to stay in."

I afterwards found that there was nothing of the kind, and that the only reason for persuading me to go on must have been that our room was preferable to our company.

Finally we came to a big deserted stone building named Sullu Han. The ends had fallen in and the wind was whistling through it; but, having learnt from some travellers that there was no other shelter for three hours, we had to make the best of it. There was plenty of water, but getting fuel proved a difficulty. We had only one small axe; but there were plenty of trees about, and, by breaking down branches with the aid of the pack-ropes, we got enough wood to cook with. We managed to get some sleep in spite of the chorus kept up by the jackals on the hillside above.

Next day, as we were halted for lunch by the river Geuk Su (not the same Geuk Su as mentioned in Chap. XVIII.), two Armenians who were passing stopped to look enviously at us, and were overwhelmed with gratitude on being given a loaf of bread, some cheese, and a few hard-boiled eggs.

About an hour after sunset that night we stopped

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at Ghumbat Han, which stands on the bank of the Geuk Su, some miles farther up.

A battalion of soldiers was encamped beside the han, which caused the Armenian hanji to be unfeignedly glad to see us. He had expected to lose a good deal, and had not dared to expostulate.

Our entry caused the soldiers to evacuate the han, and I got a fairly comfortable room, or rather a corner of the han separated by a few planks from the combined main-room and stable. I had just got into my camp-bed when a most appalling clamour broke out, and I thought at first that there must be a disturbance amongst the soldiers; the cause, however, turned out to be a traveller, a Turk, who had arrived riding a mare which he had calmly tied up amongst our horses.

Men were cursing—horses were kicking—and there was general pandemonium. The Turk was very impertinent when interviewed by me, not being sufficiently impressed with Consular dignity as seen in pyjamas by candle-light, and quiet was only restored when he and his mare had been forcibly ejected.

From this point we saw no more of the beautiful wooded valleys through which we had been marching, but entered upon a bare, mountainous country which looked more and more inhospitable and wintry as we ascended.

A few hours before reaching Hadjin, on the next day, I dismounted to try and get a shot at a covey of partridges, and told the men to go on. I mention the incident to show the extraordinarily literal way in which they sometimes obey orders. When I came back to where I had tied my horse to a bush, I was

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just in time to see him joining the caravan, which I could see about a mile ahead marching steadily onwards. My horse, no doubt feeling lonely, had broken the branch to which he was tied and gone off at a gallop after his companions.

The men caught him and led him on with them, leaving me to run after them; and if any one thinks it easy to overtake a party who are going at the rate of three miles an hour, and have twenty minutes' start—well, let him try for himself. At last, by shouting and waving, I got them to stop, and gave them a piece of my mind.

“The effendi told us to go on,” said the zaptieh.

“I knew we ought to stop,” said Jurgi, “and, when the horse joined us, I said so to Ali, but he said he was in charge.”

“Of course, now that thou hast heard the effendi, who is so angry and red in the face, thou sayest what should have been done. At the time thou wert silent.”

Further recrimination was drowned in the torrent of abuse which I hastened to heap upon them all, and which had the effect of keeping them silent until we reached Hadjin.

We rode straight to the han, where the majority of the people seemed to have assembled to see us; but when the men were established there, I was glad to avail myself of an invitation to put up at the American Mission, in a civilised bedroom, with a hot bath and such-like luxuries.

The following day was spent in Hadjin exchanging visits with the kaimakam, Skandar Hadad, a Syrian, and hearing a great deal of talk about Circassian

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brigands who, people said, were rendering the road to Kaisariyeh impassable.

One rather amusing story was told of a Turkish colonel who had been robbed of £T. 200, and on explaining that he was the commandant of the local garrison, had been answered by the robbers, "Oh, quite true; you are a bimbashi in the town, but we are bimbashis on the road!"

On November 10th we left Hadjin in the morning, taking a second zaptieh as guide, a most excellent young Kurd, named Genjo, who knew the country thoroughly well. He also was very anxious about brigands, who had lately shot two of his comrades when a party of police had been sent to arrest a certain Circassian, in which duty they had been entirely unsuccessful.

The path climbs steadily to the Obrock Bel, 4800 feet, and then crosses a large bare valley, past Rumlu, a Greek village, and Shanshai, inhabited by Kurds, after which there is a steep climb through a forest of fir-trees to the Chanbel, 5550 feet, where we made a short halt before a descent which was so steep and rough that every one had to lead his horse.

Here we passed about forty Circassians, in parties of four or five; men who lived by plunder and horse-stealing. Every man was armed with a Mauser rifle, a revolver, two bandoliers, and a long Circassian knife, and the majority had led horses. One party of four had twenty-six horses, all good ones. They inquired several times from the zaptiehs (who were very much alarmed) who we were and where we were going, and, on receiving the information, apparently considered that there might "follow a thousand swords to carry

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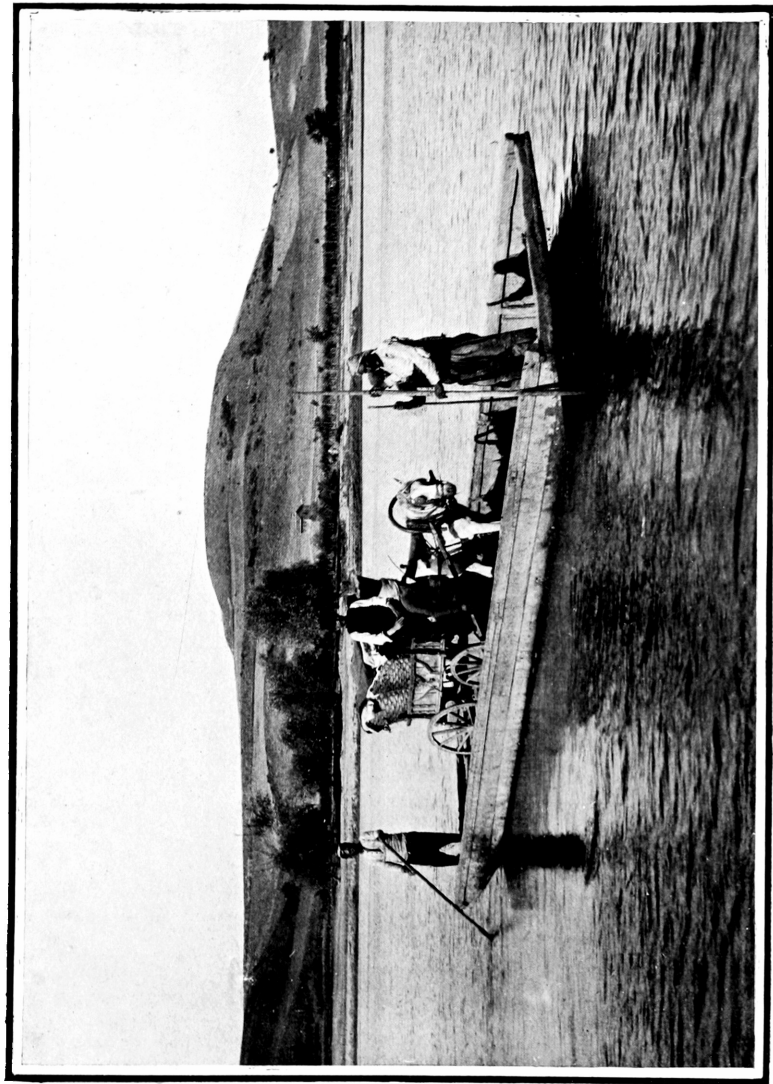
our bones away"; at any rate they merely looked at us solemnly and said, "May your journey be successful," and remained motionless until we were out of sight.

From what I learned there were about 150 of these Circassians in the neighbourhood, who could unite on a prearranged signal to resist police, &c., but who found four or five enough to hold up a caravan. They are even said to be quite polite, and not to molest poor people.

I have only known of one instance of a foreigner being held up in the district, and he was travelling without a zaptieh; also his assailants, who seemed to have only thought of robbing him when they saw him without an escort, were Turks and not Circassians, or, to put it in another way, amateurs as distinguished from professionals.

At five o'clock the Kurdish village of Han Dere Kieu offered a suitable halting-place, and we were at once conducted to the best house, which was new and clean, and in a few moments a fire of great pine logs was burning and giving enough heat to roast an ox, it being very cold at this altitude (5510 ft.). Our host, Ali Riza, head-man of the village, was untiring in his attentions. Carpets and rugs were produced; eggs, milk, and fowls were literally piled up outside the door, and finally our horses were fed and cared for, the Kurds even refusing to let the packhorse-men groom their own horses, saying it would be a "shame" to let guests work.

I could not help reflecting, however, how different would have been the reception of these same Armenians



FERRY BOAT ON RIVER MARIUZA

OVER THE ANTI-TAURUS

had they been by themselves: they would have preferred to lie by the roadside, and risk frost-bite, to asking for food or shelter in a Kurdish village.

In the evening Ali Riza and three or four others came to drink coffee with me, and I offered them some of my cigarettes, bought at the Régie in Adana; but they despised them, and in turn offered me some of their tobacco. "It is contraband and very good," said one of them. I asked if the men from the Régie never came to search the village. "Oh yes," they replied indifferently; "they come and see the tobacco, but they dare not say anything."

They then begged me to ask the vali to send them some rifles and ammunition as a protection against robbers, and I subsequently did so, but I very much doubt if they were in any danger. The idea of Kurds demanding help against their neighbours seemed rather comical, and I think any brigands, Circassian or otherwise, would think twice before interfering with a large Kurdish village.

They were daily expecting the first snowfall, and said that, had we been a week later, we should not have been able to go on to Tomarzé, where we hoped to sleep on the following night. As I was going to sleep Ali crept in and shook me gently. "Effendi," he whispered, "it is better not to offer these people any money. They would be insulted; Genjo has said it, and he is their brother." Before dawn our hospitable hosts were up, and had groomed and fed the horses, and we were in the saddle with the first streak of light, in spite of the strong northerly wind which was driving stinging sleet through the village.

OVER THE ANTI-TAURUS

I had not liked to follow Ali's advice, feeling embarrassed at getting everything and paying nothing, so I had tried to give a few mejidiehs to some small children, who had refused them at once. I then took advantage of the darkness to give something when I was mounting to the man who had looked after my horse, and we started on the steep climb to the Gez Bel; but had not left the village fifteen minutes when I heard a horseman clattering up behind, and Ali Riza drew up beside me and returned my money.

"If you do not take it, effendi, I shall go back and kill the man who took it from you," he said.

At the pass, at a height of 6600 feet, the weather was brighter, and we were glad to begin descending without having got into snow. I afterwards heard that this pass was blocked with snow three days after we crossed it, and remained so until the following spring.

The inhabitants of the two Kurdish villages, Chader Yere Kieu and Karajah, begged us, as we passed, to stop for a few hours, and were apparently prepared to be as hospitable as the others; but we did not wait, and made the midday halt by the sluggish stream Zamanti Su, near a lake which is about six feet deep, and is formed by innumerable springs which give it the appearance of soda-water.

The whole afternoon was spent on a desolate bare plain which stretches to the Armenian village of Tomarzé, which has about 400 inhabitants. The streets are narrow and dirty, and the houses built of sun-dried mud and straw. The mudir kindly asked me to consider the Government offices at my disposal, so I

OVER THE ANTI-TAURUS

soon had my bed set up amidst the tables and divans of faded red velvet which represented the majesty of the Ottoman rule. The people were so inquisitive that a *zaptieh* had to be stationed at the door to keep them from bursting into the room, their curiosity being greater even than their terror of the Government buildings.

The servants nearly had an accident that night by bringing into their room a *mungal*, or native brazier, in which the charcoal was not entirely red, and which was consequently still giving off fumes. Luckily one of them discovered he had a headache before they went to sleep, or they might have been asphyxiated—a by no means rare occurrence in Turkey, where the natives are very careless in the matter.

Next day, November 12th, we started on the last day of our outward march at 6 A.M. A few snowflakes were falling, and we pushed on rapidly through Kummur and Mardin, two small villages of Turks. The weather was getting steadily worse, and by ten o'clock the snow became a blizzard driven before a northerly gale. The horses, accustomed to the warm Mediterranean breezes, were with difficulty got to face it.

As we crawled along the lower slopes of the great Ergies Dag the cold was intense, and in vain did we look for any shelter; the humblest hut wherein to make tea or cocoa was not forthcoming, and even smoking was impossible in the gale and thick snow, as any part of a cigarette which was not blown away was soon reduced to a pulp incapable of burning.

We all walked, thankful to be able to do so, to keep up our circulation; but even then the two pack-

OVER THE ANTI-TAURUS

horse-men, who were ill-provided with warm clothes, were simply numb with cold.

The usual jests and talk, with which the men were wont to while away the march, were forgotten, and it was a silent, miserable caravan which came into Tallas at 1.30 P.M.

We had seen neither house nor traveller since we had passed through Mardin at eight o'clock. As we made our way to the han in Tallas, an American from the mission stationed there came to meet us, and asked if I were the English Consul whom they were expecting. I have been ashamed ever since at the recollection of that meeting. What between cold, wet, hunger (breakfast had been a rather sketchy affair at 4.45 A.M.), and general discomfort, I fear my temper was not under proper control, and I remember making some rude and unjustifiable answer to the effect that I did not wonder he should find it difficult to identify one individual amongst the crowd of foreigners who were no doubt arriving every half-hour in Tallas in the middle of a winter snowstorm.

I have cherished the hope, ever since, that he did not catch my reply!

After we had had lunch and got warm in the han, two Americans came in and brought me up to the mission; they showed me over the hospital, which had been worked up into a most excellent institution through the energy of Doctor Dodds. It is a real blessing to the neighbourhood.

Before sunset we went on into Kaisariyeh, about one and a half hours from Tallas.

That night I dined with a Greek family, the rela-

OVER THE ANTI-TAURUS

tions of a Consular official at Mersina, and found a banquet worthy of the Guildhall. Course followed course in the strangest order, sweets of various kinds arriving, Turkish fashion, at unexpected moments. Two of my hosts spoke French fairly well, but only one knew Greek, which struck me as a remarkable instance of how these Greeks of the Interior have become cut off from intercourse with the land of their ancestors though they still cherish its traditions.

It seemed strange to hear people talking of perhaps "going to the coast next year if the vines are good and there is no massacre," just as one would say, "if the weather is fine." As a matter of history, massacres of Greeks and Armenians, especially the latter, have taken place several times in Kaisariyeh.

Long ago, when a Christian died in Kaisariyeh, he might not even be buried without permission, and I was shown an old permit given for the purpose to a Greek family. I did not take a copy of it; but it was signed by the governor of the town, and was approximately as follows, but of course in Turkish:—

"Since the Giouar . . . has died, and in order that his body may not pollute the city, I" (here followed the governor's name) "give permission to his relations to bury the stinking body in a trench upon the east side of the city."

CHAPTER XXIII

KAISARIYEH TO MERSINA

CHAPTER XXIII

KAISARIYEH TO MERSINA

ON November 14, 1904, we left Kaisariyeh on the return journey to Mersina, travelling at first by the great caravan road which leads to the sea by way of the Tachta Kupru and the Cilician Gates. The party was the same as mentioned in the last chapter except that Genjo, the Kurdish zaptieh, had been replaced by a Circassian who, although a serjeant, turned out to be sullen, stupid, and worthless as a guide.

"He does not like to travel during Ramazan," said Ali; "he would rather sit for the whole moon in Kaisariyeh, sleeping all the day and filling his stomach all the night."

I asked if that was not right, since it was the practice of all good Moslems.

"Who knows, effendi?" he replied gravely. "When I am travelling I must eat. Who knows if it is wrong or right? Do people keep Ramazan in England, effendi?"

"They keep fasts—some of them, at least," I added hastily.

"But the effendi does not fast?"

"No," I replied.

"Who knows what is right or wrong?" he continued. "Everything is done better in England than

KAISARIYEH TO MERSINA

here, and yet the English do not keep Ramazan ! But they are honest and they pay their soldiers, while the Turks fast and go to the jammi (mosque), and then they eat up our money and leave us to starve." After a pause he added :

"Is it true, effendi, that the Padishah (king) of England is not afraid to walk alone round London ?"

I said he was not afraid, but that the walk might be rather long.

"He is not afraid, because the English people are happy and contented," said Ali, evidently thinking of the escort which was considered necessary to insure the safety of his own Padishah.

The most noticeable thing on leaving Kaisariyeh is the absence of trees. Presumably every stick that tries to grow dies an early death at the hands of the devijis (camel-men) who have their being on this road backwards and forwards to Tarsus and the coast. Anyway, no wood is to be stolen or bought, and my Primus stove did yeoman's service for the whole party during the day.

At dusk we stopped at Injesu, a village of about a hundred houses. Our new zaptieh at once proceeded to show his incompetence by failing to find any sleeping place ; after a prolonged search, during which we stood shivering in the cold, he returned to us and said the hanji was absent, and he was therefore at the end of his resources.

Accordingly we took possession of the han for ourselves (beginning, I must admit, by breaking in the door), and found a good stable and two very fair rooms, which was more than I had hoped for ; and when the

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hanji did arrive in half-an-hour, he was very glad to see us, and delighted with the *baksheesh* which I thought due to him for injuries to the premises.

When I was supposed to be asleep that night I heard the men talking amongst themselves.

"The effendi gave him twenty piastres," said one of them. "It is enough to build a new han. He will have a big Bairam."

"You will see," put in one of the kirajis, "that he will ask forty piastres to-morrow."

"Never," growled the zaptieh. "He is not an Armenian." The kiraji *was* an Armenian, so the conversation languished.

Next morning we were all afoot before four o'clock, and found it steadily snowing. Murmurs (evidently intended to reach my ear) were to be heard as to the desirability of remaining in a warm han; but I was deaf to all hints, and six o'clock saw us silently following the great road which was already thickly coated with white.

However, having once got to Kaisariyeh, I had of course to go back to my post at Mersina, no matter what the weather or season of the year.

We met long strings of camels, with miserable-looking dogs and stolid, uncomplaining men, trudging along in their sodden clothes. Nothing could be seen but occasional glimpses of a great salt marsh on the left, and bare hills a mile or so to the right.

After a few hours the snow turned into rain, which continued in a steady downpour until Devili-Kara-Hissar, a large mixed village, was reached at noon. Everybody and everything was so wet that I decided

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to march no farther that day, a decision which was received with almost a cheer by the rest of the party.

Leaving Devili-Kara-Hissar before six o'clock next morning, we took a short cut which entailed a climb over a ridge (5200 ft.) before passing through Arablu, and then a seemingly endless stretch of bleak plateau had to be crossed. Shortly before noon we came to a well, and I thankfully gave the order to halt. At that moment a Turk appeared, and we exchanged the usual picturesque greetings of the road :

“May all go well with your journey!”

“And with the effendi's.”

“How many hours to Nigdeh?” I asked.

“It is near,” he answered. “But that well is not to be drunk, effendi; much sickness has come to people who have drunk the water of that well.”

The whole party were up in arms, for they were thirsty, and the traveller explained :

“Last year it was good water, but now to drink it is to drink death. Perhaps it is a dead thing that is in it, or perhaps it was that the fairies came to it.” He looked round apprehensively. “Allah ismaladik! —I commend you to God,” he ended and rode away.

On the principle of prevention being better than cure I forthwith declared the well taboo, and we had a dry luncheon, to the veiled indignation of the men. It was the only unwholesome well I have seen in Turkey. About three o'clock all hope of reaching Nigdeh before nightfall had to be abandoned when a perfect storm of hail descended upon us. The wind was straight in our faces, and the hailstones like so many whip-lashes, so

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much so that the horses, unless individually led, turned their tails to the storm and refused to move.

To add, if possible, to the general discomfort, a thunderstorm came on, and between the wind, the thunder, the lightning, and, worst of all, the hail, our one object was to reach a village which was luckily only half a mile off the road.

The gardens surrounding Nigdeh, which we passed through next morning, are very extensive ; it took an hour and a half to ride through them on to the great plain which extends westwards as far as Koniah.

A halt for lunch, &c., was made at Bor, a large straggling town with a population chiefly Turkish, but comprising some Armenians. As it was very cold we went to the han, where the cook elected to fry tinned sausages, and thereby gave some offence to various Turks who were looking on, and who no doubt thought that to eat pork-sausages in Ramazan was to add injury to insult, especially in a town where the Mussulmans have the name of being rather fanatical. Up to this time I had taken no official steps to report my arrival, and a local lieutenant of police was evidently greatly exercised to know how to proceed. He kept questioning my servants, who gave him no information, and Ali had disappeared. I should mention that during the forenoon I had sent the Kaisariyeh zaptieh serjeant home, as being incorrigible and worthless, from a point where the road branched into two forks, one of which went to Tarsus and the other to Eregli, and the so-called guide did not know where either of them went, but "thought one went to the south," which was fairly obvious.

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The police-officer at last approached, and sat down close to where I was at lunch.

"Good-morning, mulazim (lieut.) effendi," I remarked. He touched his forehead and remained silent. I did likewise.

During the next few minutes he stood up, walked round, and sat down again several times. At last he spoke.

"Who are all these men, and where do they come from?" he demanded.

"From Kaisariyeh—they are my servants."

"Have they got *teskerehs*? They cannot travel without *teskerehs*," he said roughly.

"They have no *teskerehs*," I said.

"You have no *zaptieh* either?" he said, just preparing to show what a fine fellow he was, when Ali entered the han and saluted him.

A rapid conversation followed in an undertone between them, and the lieutenant jumped up.

"*Consolos bey*," he cried, "are you quite comfortable? I hope you have all you want," and turning to the loafers who were standing about, he shouted: "*Haide git*—off with you. What are you doing here? Have you no business to do that you come here to annoy the effendi?"

Six *zaptiehs* appeared as if by magic (I had a strong suspicion that they had originally been collected to arrest us), and swept all the idlers out of the han, after which the production of my *buyuruldu* from the Vali of Adana rendered the officer absolutely grovelling.

I was sorry that Ali had arrived so inopportunately,

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as it would have been a good chance to find out the exact amount of truth in what one had often heard about the hard treatment which Christian travellers, unprovided with credentials, received at the hands of the authorities.

That evening we stopped at Emen Chiftlik, a small Circassian village, where we were set on by a lot of savage dogs, but rescued by the villagers with many apologies. They said the country was so infested with robbers that cross dogs were an absolute necessity. During the following day we came to Bulgurlu, the end of the first section of the Bagdad railway, and the same evening arrived in Eregli, which was full of its new importance and of railway officials in aggressively new uniforms.

Not wishing to follow the usual road from Eregli, *viâ* Ulukushla, to the Cilician Plain, I decided to keep farther to the right, *viâ* Kolan, a small Turkish village on the Bulgar Dagh.

We got there just before sunset, and about ten of the notables assembled to see me using a safety-razor, which occasioned much merriment. When, however, the servants brought in dinner for the dragoman and me, the villagers could contain themselves no longer. They called a lot of others to watch the operation, asking us again and again: "Are you afraid, then, of fighting like two dogs, that you must eat off two separate plates and keep the food on a third from which neither eats?"

Next day we rejoined the main road to the Cilician Gates, and so on to Tarsus, whence the train took us back to the comparative luxuries of Mersina, and the

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questions of its inhabitants. It is a curious fact that, during the two years I spent at Mersina, none of the other foreigners there ever went farther up country than Adana, always excepting the American missionaries.

CHAPTER XXIV
THE TURCO-BULGARIAN FRONTIER

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THE TURCO-BULGARIAN FRONTIER

ON May 23, 1905, I left the Consulate at Adrianople, in Roumelia, to travel to Vassilikos, on the Black Sea, and thence to follow the line of the Turco-Bulgarian frontier from that place to Mustapha-Pasha, the frontier station between Bulgaria and Turkey, on the main line from Constantinople to Vienna and Paris.

Political conditions were at the time in a very unsatisfactory state. The occupants of most of the Bulgarian villages in the northern portion of the vilayet of Adrianople had fled across the frontier into Eastern Roumelia, to seek safety under the Bulgarian Government, and the villages which they had left were half-ruined and occupied by Turkish troops. Most of the villagers who had fled had repented bitterly of having done so, and were only too anxious to return to their former homes, when they could do so with assurance of not being arrested for complicity in the rising of 1903.

The object of my journey was therefore political. I had to ascertain the state of affairs on the frontier, and to discover how much truth there might be in each of the contradictory statements put forward by Turks and Bulgars.

The Turks asserted that they were doing everything possible to assist the return of the Bulgarians who had

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sought refuge across the frontier. The Bulgars maintained that, on the contrary, every possible difficulty was being raised.

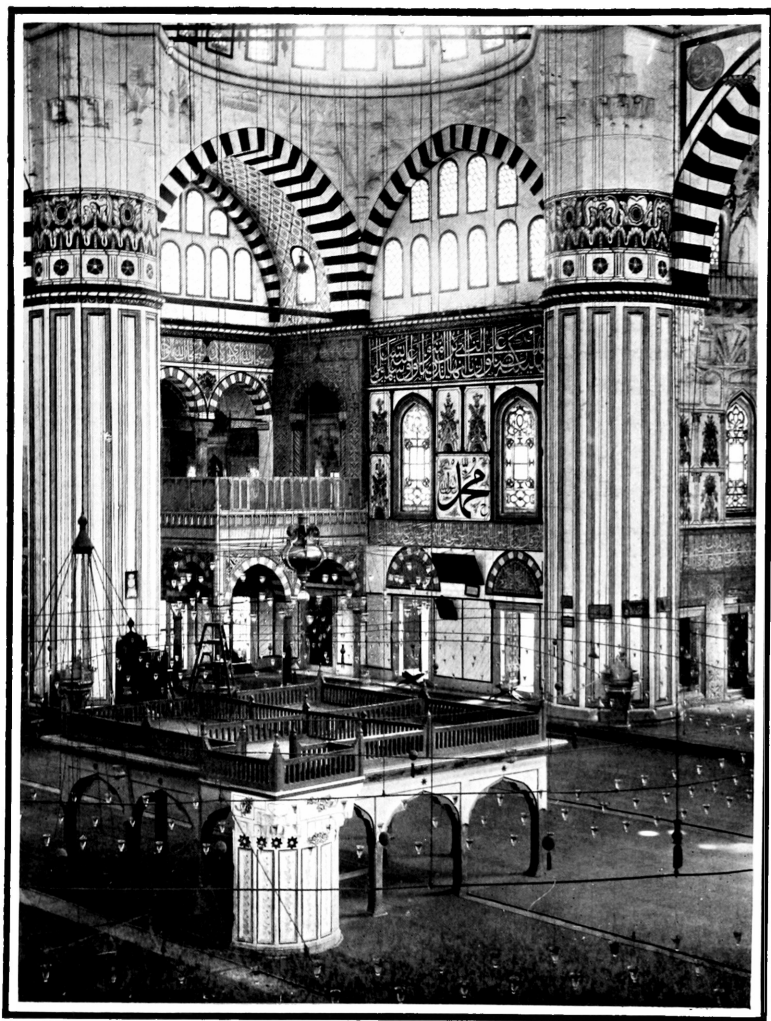
The Turks complained of armed bands and propaganda being sent into Turkey from Bulgaria, and the Bulgars denied the existence of either.

The Turks were positive that the Bulgars were trying to keep all these questions open, and the Bulgars made similar statements about the Turks, so that matters seemed to be at a deadlock; and in the meantime there were thousands of Ottoman-Bulgarians practically starving in Eastern Roumelia under Bulgarian rule. For one cause or another they were not returning to their homes in Turkish territory, and the relations between the two Governments can only be described as bad.

I had great difficulty in Adrianople in finding out anything about roads. Every one knew that as far as Malkotirnovo the road was fit for any carriage, but beyond that point no one seemed to know anything; the fact being that there is no traffic between villages on the Black Sea and Adrianople, except by way of sea to Constantinople and thence by rail.

I therefore decided to make arrangements as best I could on the way, and to drive at all events to Malkotirnovo.

The party consisted of myself and Mr. Kiatibian (the Consular dragoman), in a victoria, with a Circassian cavass, named Ibrahim, on the box with the Greek driver. The luggage came behind in a landau, in charge of a Turkish driver and Jurgi, the Syrian servant whom I had brought from Mersina.



INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE OF SULTAN SELIM, AT ADRIANOPLE

It is claimed for this mosque that it is finer than any at Constantinople

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The rear was brought up by two zaptiehs on horseback.

Progress seemed very rapid and luxurious after previous experiences in Asia Minor.

On leaving Adrianople we followed the old Constantinople road as far as Khas Kieu, and halted beside a stream near it. The village has a mixed population of Turks and Bulgarians, and I was much interested in watching fishing operations carried on by three Bulgarian women.

Their method, having gathered up their skirts, was to wade up-stream all three abreast, each woman having a sort of landing-net with which the two next the banks scraped under the bushes and amongst the roots of the reeds, whilst the middle one, who had the largest net, pushed it in front of her. About every fifteen yards they examined their nets, and seldom had a blank draw. The largest fish they got were about three inches long. I followed them with great interest for about half a mile, until they addressed me angrily in Bulgarian, by which I gathered that my presence was not appreciated.

During the afternoon we stopped to rest horses at Inerji, a large Bulgarian village, and a couple of hours afterwards entered Kirk-Kilissé, a town with a mixed population of 22,000—Turks, Greeks, and Bulgarians—and the head-quarters of a division of the 2nd Army Corps. The streets are clean, and the shops and houses not inferior to those of Adrianople.

We put up at a fair Greek hotel, and I exchanged visits with Ghalib Pasha, the mutessarif.

On leaving Kirk-Kilissé the authorities had saddled

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me with an escort of six zaptiehs, of whom I insisted on sending back two ; but six cavalry-men afterwards made their appearance, and attached themselves to the party with mysterious hints of bands of komitadjis in the forest. The Turkish Government had evidently determined that I was not to be allowed to take any risks.

The day was very hot, and the horses had a lot of heavy collar work until we reached the summit of the Istrandja Dag, and plunged into forest after forest of oak trees.

During the forenoon we passed through Derré Kieu, a partially destroyed village, from which more than half the Bulgarian inhabitants had fled. There was a garrison of a battalion of infantry, and I stopped to speak to the commandant.

"Some few foolish people went into the Eastern Province," he remarked ; "but most of them are here, and are well and happy." (The Turks always spoke of Eastern Roumelia as "the Eastern Province," although it was administered and garrisoned by Bulgaria, and, even before its recent annexation, was practically a foreign country so far as the Turks were concerned.)

I said I should like to walk round the village with him, and did so.

"I see very few people here," I remarked, "and no attempt at repairing any of the houses."

He called a villager and asked him to tell me whether he was happy and well treated by the troops.

"I enjoy great peace," said the Bulgar, "and all the other people here are well and contented."

The officer actually thought I was taken in by the

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statement of this man, made to me in his presence and probably as a result of previous instruction.

Malkotirnovo was reached in the afternoon, and the kaimakam, Yussuf Effendi, having been warned by wire from Kirk-Kilissé, had arranged for our reception in the house of the Bulgarian, Yorgi Meshkoff, who did everything possible to make us comfortable after he had got over his terror of the cavass Ibrahim. The Bulgars here had a lively remembrance of the Circassian regiment which had occupied the town two years previously. The very word "Tcherkess" recalled what they had gone through.

Malkotirnovo is a pretty town, the houses roofed with red tiles and surrounded with woods. I found that the carriage road ended abruptly just beyond it, and that the only way to get on to Vassilikos was by packhorses.

It was soon evident that Yussuf Effendi wanted me to return to Adrianople.

"No one goes beyond this place," he informed me. "We have had several newspaper correspondents—some of them English; but, as you see, they cannot go any farther. You will do well to return to Adrianople."

"Well, then, I must have six horses," I told him.

The usual difficulties were then raised, beginning with the statement that there were no horses in the village, and ending with a description of how bad the path was through the forest.

I turned to Mr. Kiatibian.

"Please make out a telegram in Turkish to the vali pasha, to say that the kaimakam here says he cannot get me six horses on hire."

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“No, no!” cried the kaimakam. “I will do my best. Perhaps I can take them from the army.”

There was a squadron of cavalry in camp beside the town, but he had, of course, no real intention of taking any of their horses.

In the morning six sorry-looking animals turned up, with six Bulgarian kirajis; the path was easy enough, leading through dense woods of oak and beech. We passed through several semi-ruined Bulgarian villages, each occupied by troops.

During the afternoon low mutterings of thunder could be heard to the north-east, and by 5 P.M. we were huddled up in our saddles, enveloped in everything which might help to keep out the rain, while the thunder crashed right overhead, and the wind made an almost equal noise amongst the trees.

We soon came in sight of the Black Sea, which at that moment well deserved its name except for the white crests of the waves which were hurling themselves into the little bay round which Vassilikos is built.

The kaimakam, Ismail Effendi, came out to meet us, followed by over a hundred of the Greek inhabitants, and conducted me to the house of the Inspector of Forests, an Armenian, named Heronymus Parsegh, who spoke French, and made Mr. Kiatibian and me very comfortable.

At 9.30 P.M., being still in my wet clothes, I was just going to bed when the kaimakam arrived to pay an official visit. He was surrounded by other officials, ten in all, and the whole party sat round the room drinking coffee and smoking cigarettes for over an

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hour. Following Turkish etiquette, no one spoke except the kaimakam and myself, so that the conversation was rather difficult, the whole room turning to look gravely at each of us in turn as we uttered our well-worn platitudes.

"I hope the district is quiet here, effendi?" I remarked.

"Thank God, it is quiet, since the Bulgars come no more," he answered, referring to the bands of komitadjis.

"What did they do when they did come?"

That question did not seem to be popular, so he hastily changed the conversation.

"Here is a Greek man, Bey effendi; he knows English."

I turned with surprise to an elderly man.

"Do you speak English?" I asked.

"Liverpool," he answered with a smile.

"Oh, you have been to Liverpool!"

"Yes."

"How many years ago?"

"Yes."

The conversation showed signs of flagging again in spite of the respectful silence with which every one was listening to the English language.

The man from Liverpool then explained in Turkish that he had been there for a year, but it was thirty years since he had returned to Turkey, so he feared his English was not very fluent. "I have so little practice," he added.

"He has no practice here," said the kaimakam, resuming his rightful place in the conversation. "If there is permission I shall now leave the Consolos Bey."

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"It was very kind of you to come," I said.

"It was a duty and a pleasure," he returned.

"It was a pleasure," said all his satellites.

"It was a pleasure for me," I said.

"It was only a worry for you," said the kaimakam.

And so on round and round the same circle many times before they finally, with many bows, made their exit.

At Vassilikos I paid off the Bulgarian kirajis, and after some difficulty got five horses and a mule, and six Greeks to replace them. What was called an exceptionally good saddle-horse was brought for me; he was a rough-looking brute who, being a Christian horse, was invariably terrified by the sight of Turkish soldiers on parade, and as in every village the garrison was turned out to do us honour, he spent a large part of his time in going full speed astern with shrimp-like bounds.

All day it rained persistently and as the path lay through thick forest and the branches had grown down to the level of our heads, we arrived wet through in the evening at Zabernovo, a small Bulgarian village.

The weather was better next day and the country similar. We were joined by a colonel of police and four zaptiehs (we already had four). They made a great show of scouting on the lookout for the supposed bands of komitadjis who were going to fall upon us and hold me to ransom!

We slept in a Turkish village called Evrenese Kieu, practically on the frontier, and had an opportunity of seeing the reverse side of the picture from

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the Moslem point of view. The village mosque was in ruins and half the houses destroyed as the result of a friendly visit from Bulgarians.

Next day, still accompanied by the increased escort, we marched along the narrow path which forms the frontier, passing numerous patrols both Turkish and Bulgarian, who treated each other with the greatest ceremony; every time they met, one or other stood aside with shouldered arms as the other passed. The path was only about eighteen inches wide. Many patrols of each nation complained to me of the violation of the frontier by the other side. There were also guard-houses sometimes facing one another and not fifty yards apart, where the rival sentries regarded each other in silence and with hostility. There were at each guard-house a troop of neutral dogs so to speak, who attended the dinners of the rival guards impartially.

At one point relations were very strained owing to three Turkish soldiers having gone to get water from a well in Bulgarian territory. The Turkish post had a standing permission to go there for water, but on the condition that no arms were to be taken. The three men in question had, however, taken their rifles, and had been ordered back by the Bulgars; the Turks refused to retire, and the Bulgarian sentry fired, killing one of the Turks. The rival sergeants in charge had had all they could do to prevent a regular engagement.

In the afternoon we came to Malkoshlar, a Turkish village, on the frontier. This village, situated on one of the main arteries leading from Adrianople into

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Eastern Roumelia, was occupied by a battalion of Turkish infantry, and was the seat of a commission appointed to inquire into the cases of refugees who wanted to return to their homes in Turkish territory.

Devick Bey, the president of the commission, was also the colonel commanding the garrison, and he would not hear of our going into one of the village houses, insisting on putting us up himself, and had a most excellent dinner ready, which was shared by the two senior officers of the garrison.

Devick Bey was married to a Greek lady, who, I was given to understand, would shortly embrace the faith of Islam, and in the meantime behaved as a Moslem woman, and did not appear at all during our visit, though her voice was audible talking in the next room. Her sister, however, who lived with the family, was very much in evidence. She was still Greek, by race and religion, and she was the master and mistress of the house rolled into one.

Far from veiling or confining herself to the harem, she was to be seen everywhere issuing orders, looking after the household, and sending the Turkish orderlies flying on all sorts of messages. Her brother-in-law hastily abandoned two officers to whom he was issuing orders on hearing her shouting to him to bring another chair, while the two majors who were at dinner quailed before her. I quite expect that she conducted the sittings of the commission on returning refugees.

Two officers came and told me all about the South African War. The fact that I had been there, and that they had not made no difference.

“We will tell you what is wonderful,” they said.

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“England spent much money—she is a rich country—but all the money went to pay for the war and was not ‘eaten’ by the Government. That is different from our country—mashallah!”

Nothing of interest occurred next day. We passed through a series of small villages, some Turkish but mostly Bulgarian, and all showing signs of the recent insurrection. At Vaisol, a mixed village, we left the four zaptiehs who had accompanied us from Kirk-Kilissé, at the end of their district, and in their place were given a sergeant of zaptiehs and two cavalry soldiers, the only ones available. The latter were mere lads, and were mounted on the most pugnacious horses I have seen, even in Turkey. I had to keep them well in front of the party, and at least twenty yards apart.

After sleeping in Demir Kieu, a large Turkish village, we reached the river Tundja on the following morning, intending to cross in a flying bridge and follow the path along the frontier to Dervish Teppé, but the flat square-ended lighter which formed the flying bridge was lying stove in and half buried in the mud. It did not say much for the system of patrolling from Demir Kieu (where there was a force of cavalry and infantry), that the military people thought this flying bridge was in good order.

We descended the river bank for an hour or more till we came to another flying bridge at Jindi Oghlou, where we crossed, and climbed up to Dervish Teppé, a large Bulgarian village on the frontier. A Turkish company was in occupation, and the Bulgarian inhabitants were also present, but complained bitterly of being unable to attend to their crops which were in Bulgaria.

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The village was in the unfortunate position of being built in Turkey while the lands belonging to it were in eastern Roumelia, only about 400 yards away, but still across the frontier (with a very big "F").

Half a mile over the frontier stood a large Bulgarian guard-house, which I determined to visit on the next morning before leaving Dervish Teppé.

When I announced my intention, however, the Turkish officer commanding the garrison had something to say, and took it upon himself to object. He said it was against orders—"Yasak"—to cross the frontier; perhaps the Bulgars would shoot or make us prisoners, and in any case it was not allowed, and he would not permit it. "It cannot be done," he ended, as if that settled the question.

"It can be done, and shall be done," I said, and forthwith set out accompanied by the dragoman and cavass. The Turkish escort accompanied us to the frontier line and stood there looking on with cold disapproval as we disappeared into the Bulgarian guard-house.

I was sorry for the Turkish officer, who had been at the greatest pains for hours to prevent any private conversation between me and the Bulgarians, and was naturally disgusted at his efforts being thwarted.

The Bulgarian post at first regarded us with grave suspicion, but conversation was soon established in Turkish, which one of them knew after a failure on their part to understand French and on ours to understand Bulgarian. The most noticeable thing was the difference between the interior of their guard-house and those of the Turks. We found everything in apple-pie

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order; every man's kit and equipment neatly folded and in its place, the printed standing orders framed and hung up, and a general air of Aldershot, so different from the misery in the rival posts in Turkey.

Of the rest of that day I have the most unpleasant recollection. The rain poured steadily and relentlessly, and, to make matters worse, I was suffering a good deal from neuralgia, but we marched on from 8.45 A.M. to 3.50 P.M., when we reached the railway station at Mustapha Pasha.

I had made up my mind to a wait of five hours for "le train conventionel" from Vienna, when a goods train came in. Where was it going? To Constantinople *via* Adrianople; but surely the Consul Bey would not go in a goods train? Wouldn't he! and in ten minutes the packhorse-men and escort had been paid off and Mr. Kiatibian, Ibrahim, Jurgi and I with our baggage had bundled anywhere we could into the train, wet and chilly as we were, and two hours later arrived at Adrianople.

CHAPTER XXV
THE NEW RÉGIME

CHAPTER XXV

THE NEW RÉGIME

WHAT is to result from the recent events in Turkey, beginning with the action of the Young Turks in July 1908 and the granting of a Constitution, and ending with the dethronement of Abdul Hamid in favour of his brother Reshad, who is now Sultan Mehemed V. ?

One would have to be very long-sighted to give an answer with any certainty, but there are a few factors which we can examine and which seem likely to have a bearing upon the subject.

The Young Turks may be said to consist of two classes—(1) Those who know what it is to live in a European country and the meaning of liberty, justice, equality, &c. ; (2) those who were thoroughly dissatisfied with the position of affairs in Turkey in the past and are anxious to improve them.

It seems likely that if further trouble arises in the ranks of the Young Turkish party it will be owing to the latter class, who have, perhaps, hardly grasped even now what it is that they have been struggling so hard to obtain. They have seen taxes, as they think, unjustly levied, and the proceeds misapplied, and they have had no voice in anything and no sense of security ; therefore they were discontented, and welcomed a change in the system of government.

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But any good system of government must assure, from their ultimate point of view, the supremacy of the ruling race, or at all events of the Moslem, and it is hardly likely that they will be satisfied for long to remain on an equality with the despised Giouar, whether Armenian, Bulgarian, or Greek. If there cannot be two kings in Brentford, there certainly cannot be four ruling races in Turkey ; but, on the other hand, absolute equality is the fundamental principle of the real educated Young Turks, and is what the Christians now expect.

If, then, it is true that a large percentage of the professed Young Turks are not "whole hoggers," what are we to say of the enormous mass of the Moslems of the Asiatic provinces who have just been trying to show their approval of the old régime and their hostility to the new order by perpetrating the massacres which have steeped south-eastern Asia Minor and northern Syria in bloodshed ?

They grasped the opportunity of the temporary re-establishment of Abdul Hamid's power to show what were their real feelings towards their Armenian neighbours, and their appreciation of being asked to receive them as men and brothers.

It is certain that whatever now happens, it will take long years of fair dealing and conciliation on the part of the Turks to allay the suspicion and hatred of the Armenians who have just seen their nearest relations massacred, and their women outraged, just because their Moslem neighbours had heard that the new régime had been overthrown in Constantinople, and that a Christian had again become a despised inferior

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who ought to be well punished for having aspired to equality, and who had nearly succeeded in causing the sacred laws of Islam to be violated. Hand in hand with these fanatical and intolerant Turks of the interior goes the mass of corrupt officialdom who flourished in the old days under the prevailing system of bribery and extortion, and who now find themselves deprived of the only means of raising money which they understood, and which they looked upon as their right.

During the week which preceded the deposition of the ex-Sultan, thoughtful observers must have been struck by what took place in Constantinople. I do not refer to the mutiny of the troops of the 1st Army Corps which, supported by the Palace Guard, ran riot through the city firing their rifles and shouting that the "Sheriat," or sacred laws, should not be broken, but to the attitude of the people towards them. Naturally their conduct was highly disapproved of and condemned in Pera and Galata, the strongholds of Europeans and Christians, but was the conduct and the purpose of these mutinous soldiers so unpopular in Stambul?

I answer that it was not, and furthermore, that the large mass of the inhabitants were in sympathy with the mutineers; and Stambul is the pulse of the Moslem people of Turkey and to a certain extent of the Moslems of the world, in so far as it is the headquarters of Islam in the city of the Caliph—the "Shadow of God upon Earth."

The feelings of the troops of the 1st Army Corps must have been very bitter to induce them to murder their officers and to fight as they did against their comrades of the 2nd and 3rd Army Corps, and the feelings

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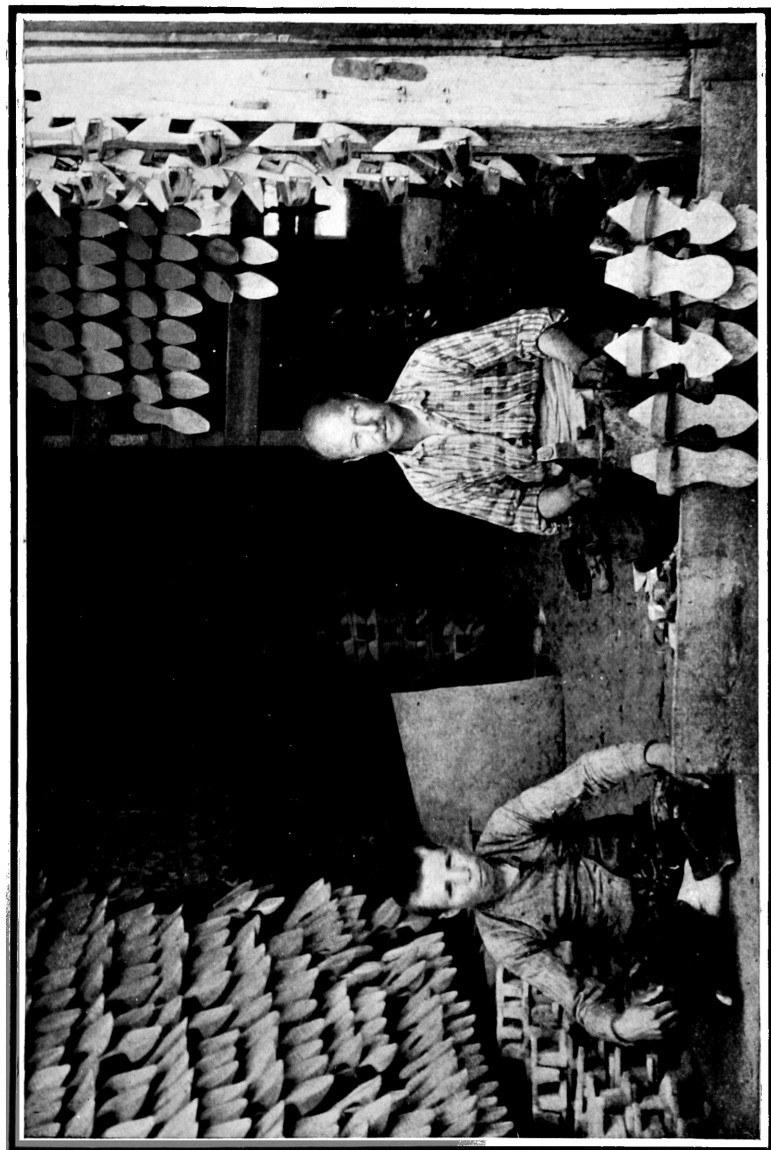
of the soldiers were the feelings of the Mahometans of the city. These feelings, we may be sure, have not been soothed by the spectacle of Turkish soldiers being hanged in Stambul and at the end of Galata Bridge, as an example to Turks and an encouragement to Christians and a warning to all of what befell those who stood up for Islam. It is not that the people mind the death sentence—men's lives have ever been cheap in Turkey—but the disgrace, the bitter humiliating disgrace of good Moslems publicly hanged in the sight of infidels and for such a reason, must needs excite sympathy and indignation.

As yet we have not heard how the new régime has been received by the nomad and powerful tribes who inhabit vast tracts of territory in Mesopotamia, or by the even more warlike Arabs of the Hedjaz and the Yemen, but it is not likely that they have welcomed it *à bras ouverts*.

Altogether I fear that the mass of the Moslem population will prove hostile when they come to find out what is entailed.

In the present state of feeling it is almost impossible to picture a regiment with, say, an Armenian colonel, a Turkish second in command, and a Greek major. I do not believe discipline could be maintained for forty-eight hours, but possibly regiments composed entirely of Armenians or entirely of Greeks might do very well. I think, however, that it would be a dangerous experiment to quarter a Moslem and a Christian regiment in the same garrison; they would end up something like "Kilkenny's wild cats."

But military service, including permission to bear



A TURKISH SHOEMAKER'S SHOP

The shoes or slippers are generally of the brightest colours

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arms, is one of the things for which the Christians are already clamouring.

The most remarkable feature of the situation is the loyalty of the troops of the 2nd and 3rd Army Corps (the men from Adrianople and Salonika) to the Young Turks. They must have been absolutely won over to the new cause when they consented not only to march upon the capital, but to fight their brothers and co-religionists in the various barracks and through the streets of Pera, albeit they are recruited not so much in the semi-civilised European vilayets as in the mountains of Asia Minor. It would be very interesting to follow these men, when they have finished their military service, back to their villages in the wilds and see what reception they meet with there. Perhaps they may be the best missionaries of the Young Turks.

Let us now consider the relations of the Christian races *inter se*, and let us start by remembering that the Young Turks are establishing everything on a new basis, and that the past is to be blotted out, so that they are in no way concerned with historical rights and wrongs, nor does it matter in the least to them what was done by Alexander the Great nor what portions of the Turkish Empire are considered at Athens as Greek provinces, any more than it matters what was or was not given to a semi-independent Bulgaria at the treaties of San Stefano and Berlin.

We have seen in Chapter IV. how bitter is the hatred between the Greeks and Bulgars of Macedonia, and how, while each could perhaps get on with the Turks, they seem unable to get on with each other. It is as hard to believe that these two races are now

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going to lay aside their differences as it is to think of the Turkish-Kurdish-Circassian lion lying down beside the Armenian lamb on the other side of the Bosphorus.

The Greeks are no doubt perfectly ready to accept equality with the Turks, provided the Bulgars are not admitted to the partnership, and the Bulgars are of the same mind as regards the Greeks.

The course, therefore, to be steered by the Young Turks through their own home waters is beset with dangers and difficulties; let us now see what they must expect from abroad.

All European nations must, at the commencement of the Constitution, profess pleasure at it and express hopes for its success, but how does it coincide with their several especial aims? Austria and Bulgaria seemed to think it would be positively hurtful to them, inasmuch as they grasped what might have been their only chance—the one to annex Bosnia and Herzegovina, and the other to declare her independence followed by the annexation of eastern Roumelia—and this they did at the very moment when the new régime was still struggling for its existence, and when but a very little thing was needed to throw discredit on it in the eyes of Moslems. It was hardly kind of two neighbouring peoples to give its enemies the opportunity of saying that the first thing the new régime did was to lose more territory.

The boycott of Austrian trade was, nevertheless, a weapon which was able to strike hard at Vienna, and which does not seem to have been taken into previous consideration.

Austria would be glad to extend her recent acquisi-

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tions farther South, and eventually to establish herself in Salonika ; while Italy casts longing eyes across the Adriatic, not to say farther afield to Tripoli ; and none of these territorial ambitions are likely to be assisted by the growth of a strong, contented, and United Turkey. As the Belgian motto says, “l’Union fait la force,” and “l’Union” of the various Ottoman races will not be made easy for the Committee of Union and Progress if Austria can prevent it.

Russia is somewhat in the same position. Leaving aside the fact of the hereditary enmity between her and Turkey, she cannot be expected to welcome anything which will place a greater obstacle than ever between her and a warm-water port. Checked in her expansion in the Far East, and with England to reckon with in the Persian Gulf, Russia must have seen that since the unfortunate ending of the Japanese War her best chance of a suitable seaport lay in the Mediterranean, *i.e.* in the dissolution of Turkey. If that possibility is now to be made more remote she cannot be expected to rejoice at the fact. Of course she may obtain the sanction or the acquiescence of the other Powers to the passage of her fleet through the Dardanelles ; but even then it could do so only with the consent of Turkey, which could at any moment send orders to numerous well-armed forts on the Bosphorus and at the Dardanelles to oppose the passage of the Russian ships.

There are thus three Great Powers who must be thoroughly unselfish if they are to further a movement tending to strengthen the Ottoman Empire and to secure for it a new lease of life.

As regards Germany the new state of affairs was

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for her a veritable bolt from the blue inasmuch as it meant a serious blow to her influence in Constantinople ; she had for some years posed as the champion of Turkey—that is, of the Old Régime—refusing to join in measures of coercion against it, or to associate herself in any practical way with the steps taken to effect improvements in Macedonia. No German officers were sent under the International Gendarmerie Scheme, no German ship took part in the last international demonstration at Mytelene.

In this way Germany rendered her influence paramount, extended her commerce, and obtained concessions and contracts. But all this was done at the expense, so to speak, of the people who are now to control the country, or to have a voice in its management, and they do not forget who it was who backed up the Old Order and time after time rendered the Concert of Europe a Concert in name only.

It is true that German influence has reasserted itself, and that Germany has been careful to adapt herself to the changed circumstances, but the old paramount influence came to an end in July 1908.

There only remain two Great Powers of those who signed the Treaty of Berlin. These two, England and France, have no axes to grind ; and since their only objects are the welfare of the down-trodden, the preservation of peace, and the extension of facilities for trade, they only can be expected to look with satisfaction and approval on the efforts of the Young Turkish party.

Another difficulty which is now presenting itself is the absence of statesmen ; the deputies are all

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new to their work, and the cabinet is in the same position. At present the army is practically the Government; but that cannot continue, unless a military dictator is appointed, which seems scarcely likely. The nation has been for so many years under an absolute monarchy that it cannot begin, without previous experience, to govern itself without making many mistakes, and these mistakes will all be grasped at and turned to account by the adherents of the former régime.

It was a bold step to dethrone Abdul Hamid, but it is open to question whether it was a wise one, or whether it would not have been more prudent to retain him, deprived of power, as the nominal head of the nation. It may of course be argued that he would always have been a danger, and might have used his undoubted skill in diplomacy and intrigue to regain his former position, and, by an appeal to the Faithful, might some day have succeeded in overthrowing the Constitutional Government in favour of the Caliph of the Prophet; but it by no means follows that he may not pursue the same tactics now, and perchance be in a more favourable position to carry on intrigues in his seclusion than he would have been had he remained at Yildiz surrounded by councillors and an entourage who had given proof of their devotion to the Young Turks.

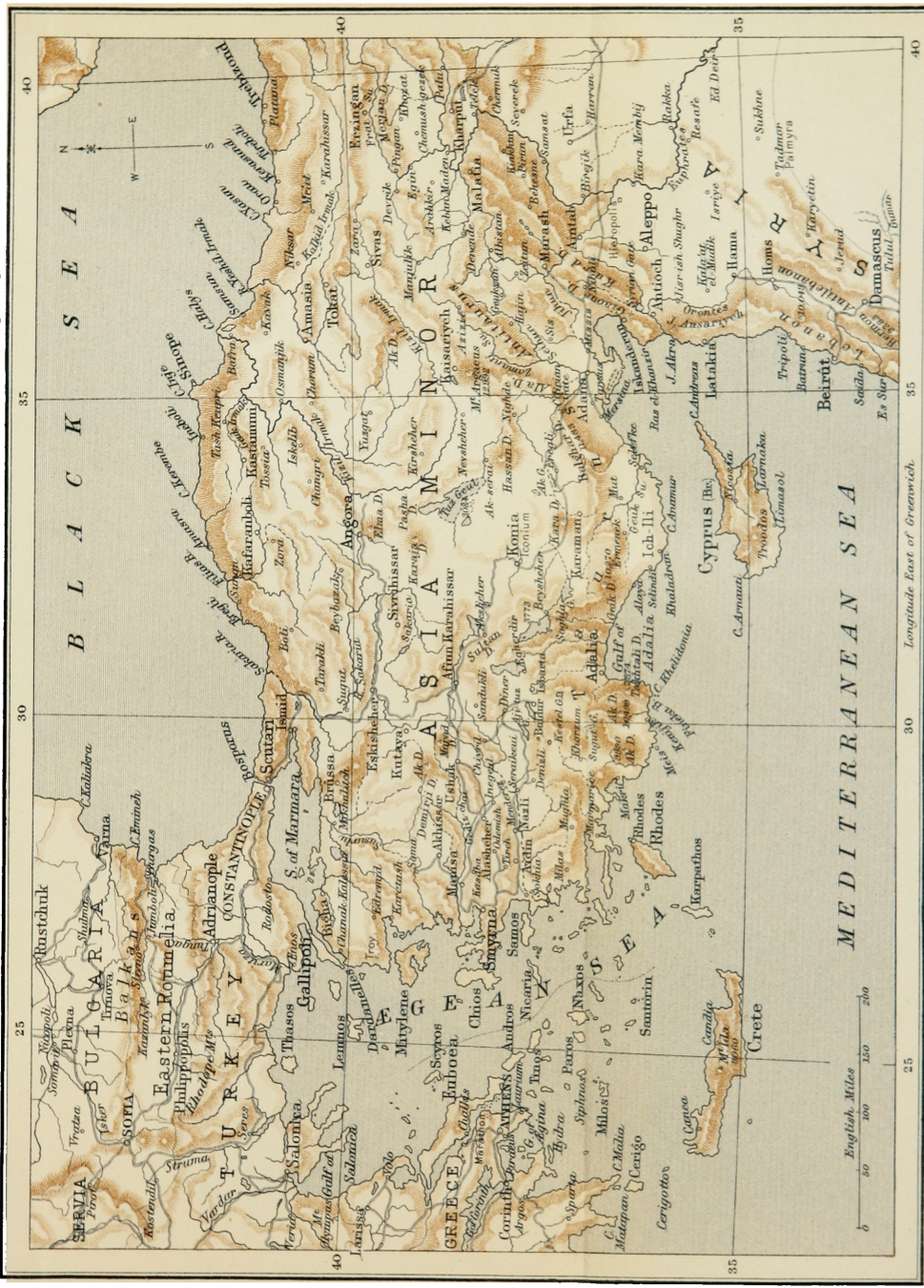
A deposed ruler, especially in an Oriental country where he has been the head of a faith like that of Islam, must always remain an anxiety and a danger to the State.

It has thus been shown that the battle is by no

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means won, and that the Committee of Union and Progress is still likely to meet with a determined opposition from various quarters within and without the Empire, and that we have not as yet sufficient grounds for the optimism which we wish to feel. Not until the teaching of the Koran ceases to be what it is will the mass of the Turkish people be content for the Christians to have the same privileges as they enjoy themselves, privileges which they know full well would enable the Giouar to get the upper hand in every thing which requires intellect, energy, and business capacity.

ASIA MINOR AND PART OF TURKEY IN EUROPE



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